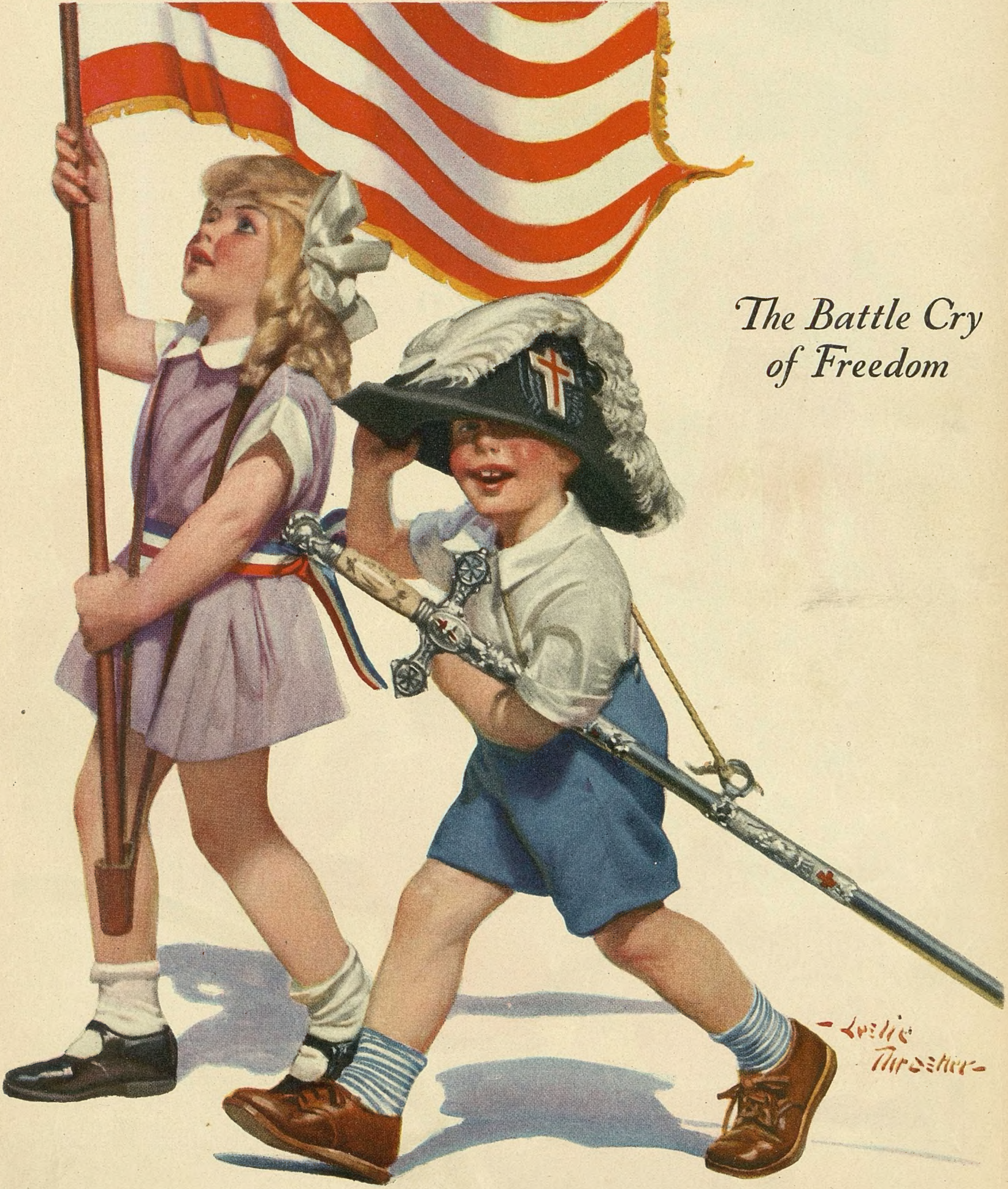
WEEK
ENDING
JULY 5, 1930

5c

Liberty

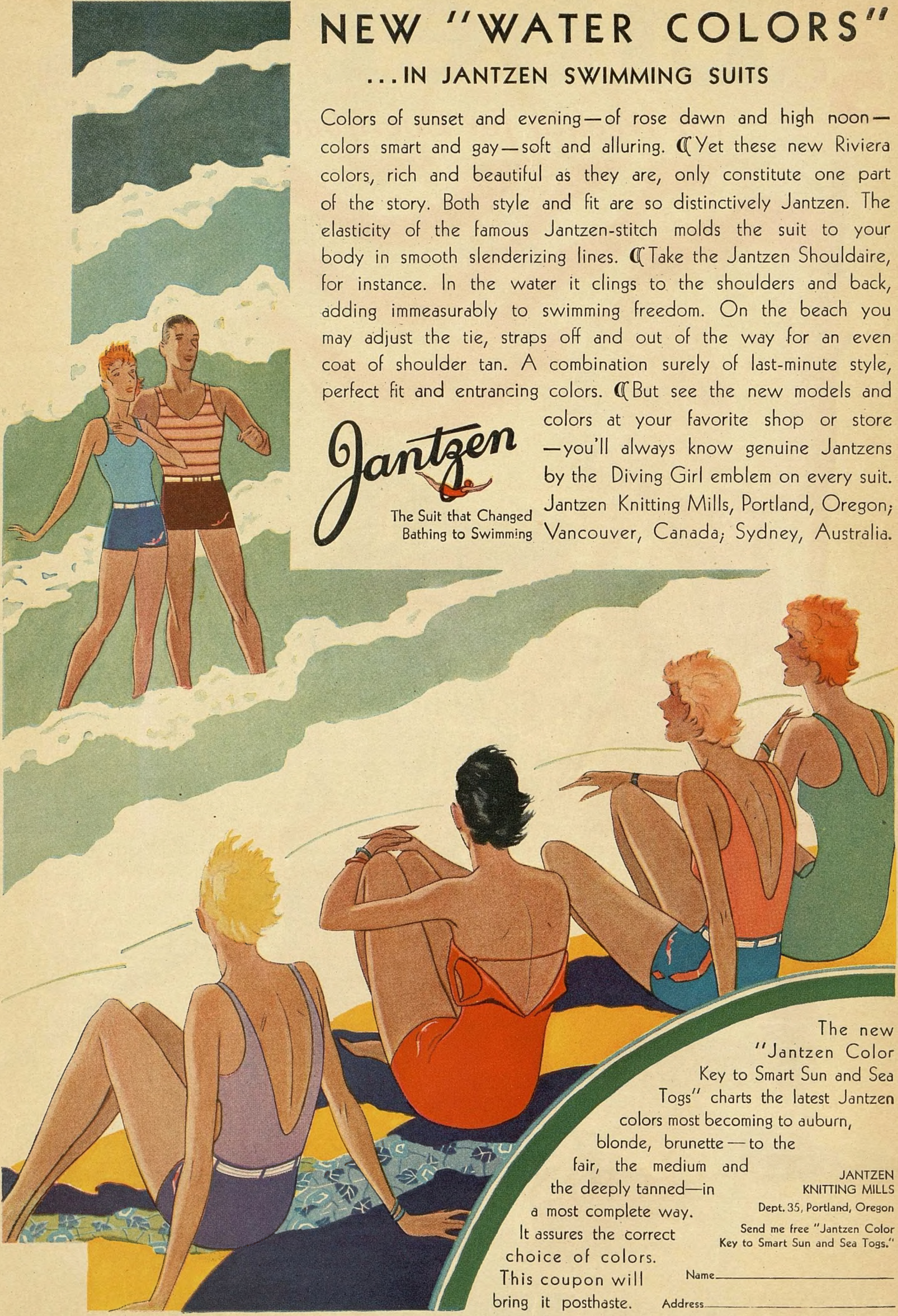
A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION



The Battle Cry of Freedom

GIBBS ~ WINSLOW ~ BENCHLEY ~ DUGANNE ~ DOHERTY



NEW "WATER COLORS"

...IN JANTZEN SWIMMING SUITS

Colors of sunset and evening—of rose dawn and high noon—colors smart and gay—soft and alluring. ℂ Yet these new Riviera colors, rich and beautiful as they are, only constitute one part of the story. Both style and fit are so distinctively Jantzen. The elasticity of the famous Jantzen-stitch molds the suit to your body in smooth slenderizing lines. ℂ Take the Jantzen Shouldaire, for instance. In the water it clings to the shoulders and back, adding immeasurably to swimming freedom. On the beach you may adjust the tie, straps off and out of the way for an even coat of shoulder tan. A combination surely of last-minute style, perfect fit and entrancing colors. ℂ But see the new models and colors at your favorite shop or store—you'll always know genuine Jantzens by the Diving Girl emblem on every suit. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The Suit that Changed
Bathing to Swimming

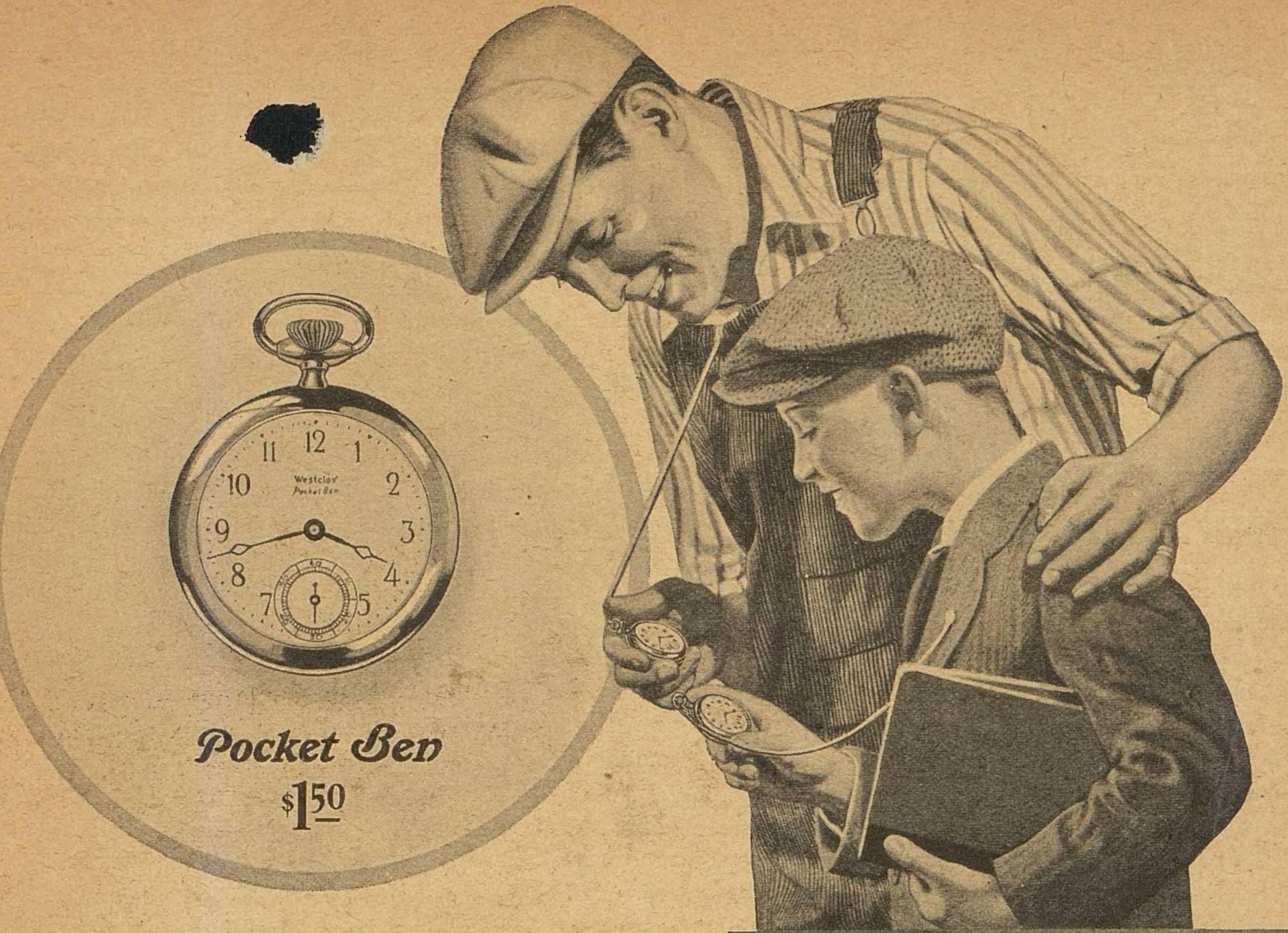
The new "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs" charts the latest Jantzen colors most becoming to auburn, blonde, brunette—to the fair, the medium and the deeply tanned—in a most complete way. It assures the correct choice of colors. This coupon will bring it posthaste.

JANTZEN
KNITTING MILLS
Dept. 35, Portland, Oregon

Send me free "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs."

Name____________________

Address____________________



Pocket Ben
$1.50

"RIGHT!"

watches that keep time like Big Ben

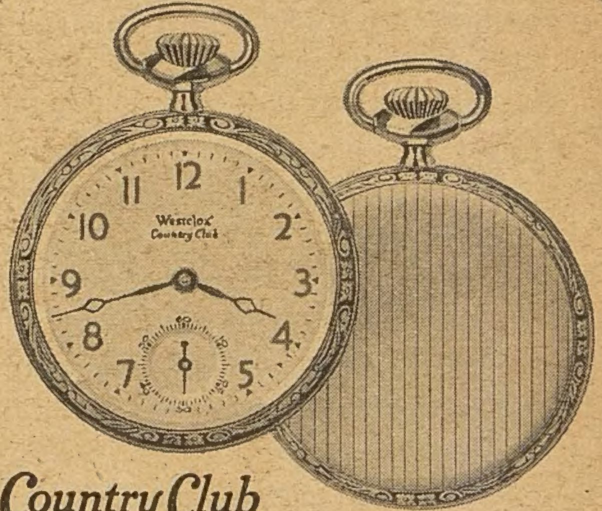
EQUALLY popular with men and boys everywhere, for work and for play . . . this new model Pocket Ben is smaller, thinner, modern to the very minute. You'll like the rich silvered metal dial, the gracefully pierced hands, the artistically designed numerals, antique bow and crown and the convenient pull-out set.

Pocket Ben, finished in lustrous nickel, embraces *many* important improvements, *many* distinctive features . . . a watch that you can buy and carry with positive assurance that it will give you a *full measure* of service for which Westclox are world-famed. Pocket Ben is priced at $1.50 . . . with luminous dial that tells time in the dark, $2.25.

Pocket Ben, Country Club, Dax . . . all built by the makers of Big Ben. Made right . . . run right . . . stay right and are backed by a long established reputation for reliability . . . and fully guaranteed.

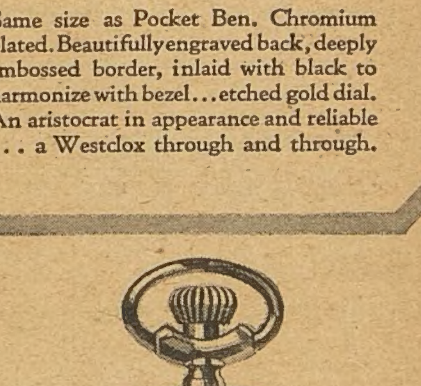
Prices slightly higher in Canada

Westclox
ALARMS · POCKET WATCHES · AUTO CLOCKS



Country Club
$2.50

Same size as Pocket Ben. Chromium plated. Beautifully engraved back, deeply embossed border, inlaid with black to harmonize with bezel . . . etched gold dial. An aristocrat in appearance and reliable . . a Westclox through and through.



DAX $1.00

A sturdy, durable, good looking watch for knock-about use . . . outstanding value at the price.

JULY 5, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7 No. 27

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

EXECUTION BY GAS

Recently in Nevada a man was put to death by hydrocyanic acid gas. The crime for which he died was the murder of a fellow-gambler in 1928. When it was over, the warden of the State prison at Carson City gave it as his opinion that Nevada's method of inflicting capital punishment is "by far the simplest and most humane yet devised."

"The prisoner is subject to no torture or violation of any kind," he said. "The prisoner's body is not disturbed or distorted in any way. Death by gas is quick, sure, and painless."

It is strange how human beings in this country have endeavored to soften this matter of capital punishment.

All these vain attempts to take the terror out of being executed, first by electricity and now by lethal gas, are based on a completely false premise. That is that the agony of death depends for degree on the method of inflicting it.

As a matter of fact, the agony of foreordained death resides almost wholly in the anticipation of it. The actual pain of garroting or hanging cannot be much more than the short, sharp pain one feels in a dentist's chair when the drill hits a nerve. Compared with the misery of a day-long splitting headache, for example, the actual pain of such a death is slight indeed.

It is just another of the things about which the American people—American legislators, at least—do not think realistically. It does not seem to occur to anyone that a man going into a lethal chamber to be gassed suffers exactly as much pain as a man mounting a scaffold to be hanged.

Hitherto gas has been reserved to kill heroes with in war. Now it is degraded to the task of killing felons. We don't know why, unless it is a matter of sheer unthinking tender-mindedness.

In the state of New Y[illegible]ot long ago the cases of two murderers came be[illegible]e Lieutenant Governor Lehman, in Governor Roosevelt's absence, on the day before that set for their execution, and the sentence of one of them was commuted to life imprisonment.

Strangely enough, it seems to us, the man the Lieutenant Governor selected to keep alive was one whom the prison authorities believe to be insane. The other, who was sane, was executed.

We don't comprehend the logic or common-sense of preferring to keep alive an individual who cannot be useful to the community or to himself, even in prison, and kill one who could at least have earned his keep. Why Lieutenant Governor Lehman should choose to execute the sound and save the unsound we don't know.

It seems to us that a lot of sentimental thinking is done on this question, but we realize we are on the losing side. The soft-heartedness of the public will continue to have its way in this country, probably, until we have no more capital punishment at all.

We believe statistics show that in the United States only one in three hundred murderers is executed—and those who are put to death are practically all very poor men. And far more Negroes than whites are executed, not only because they are poor, but because they are black. Race feeling enters into that.

A rich man, in this country, is safe from execution as long as he is rich. The notorious cases of Harry Thaw and of Leopold and Loeb demonstrate this.

It is one of the places where we must admit our English and Canadian cousins do things better than we. If an Englishman or a Canadian commits a murder he is usually caught, and if the murder proves to have been a deliberate one it is almost certain that he will be executed—not with gas or electricity, but with the rope, which has been the age-long symbol of the felon.

The reason why their way is effective does not lie in their method of execution; it is simply that justice, with them, is as certain as man can make it. The stalls and delays, the evasions and errors and appeals and commutations of sentence which characterize our attitude toward murderers, exist in very much less degree in England and Canada. That is why, we believe, they have far fewer murders than we in proportion to population.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Secret Friend—*A story* . . . . PHILIP GIBBS 7
Heist Guy . . . . ROY CHADWICK 18
A crook's true story of how he got his start
Hearts at Sea—*Movie reviews* . . . . KATE CAMERON 26
Still Another Juliet—*Part II* . . . THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW 28
Sporting Life: Following the Porter . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 38
$500 a Week for Limericks—*An announcement* 42
Balfour—Aristocrat . . . . ROBERT HIELD 44
A retrospective view of the last of England's elder statesmen
He'd Have Said Good-by . . . . PHYLLIS DUGANNE 51
A short short story
Jeanne Eagels—*Part VI* . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 55
Snug Harbor—*A story* . . . . FRED MACISAAC 67
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (36); News of the World (37); For the Love o' Lil (43); Vox Pop (52-53); How Many Mistakes (54); Bright Sayings of Children (62); Cross Word Puzzle (63); Food (64); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (77); Fashions (78) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for The Mystery of the Target Range, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 54.

Manage THESE *or they'll manage you!*

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours . . . without getting much of anywhere.

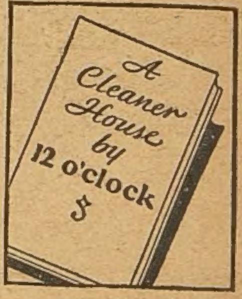
Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves . . . to read or ride or rest in . . . to walk, or visit, or go to the movies . . . to keep as young as their families.

Of course our homes must be spic-and-span. That's what homes are for. Everyone knows that when woodwork and curtains and porcelain and glass get dingy, home happiness, too, may become less bright. And we can no more get along without fresh towels and sheets, and spotless table linen than we can put up with dirty clothing or unwashed bodies.

Nevertheless, now-a-days there *is* something wrong when "a woman's work...is never done." Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of the many *surprising* ways in which soap, the simplest and cheapest of cleansers, can be called upon to save backs and long hours.

***Send for this extraordinary book —it's* FREE!**

If you, too, have days when work piles up, we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.


A Cleaner House by 12 o'clock
5

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, L-2
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock."

Name....................

Address....................

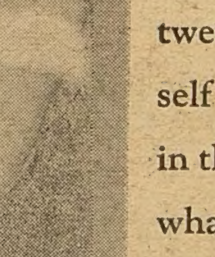
DOES LOAFING ENLARGE YOUR CIGARETTE APPETITE?

• • • • RELAX IN "HAPPY-MOUTH" AND COOLER SMOKE!

When summer brings the time and weather for loafing . . . do your cigarettes work overtime? What a great time to smoke right through your first Spud pack! Finish your twentieth straight Spud and you find yourself still mouth-happy . . . tongue and throat in their natural, moist-cool comfort. That's what Spud's 16% cooler smoke does! It sustains your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor, of Spud's choice tobacco blend. Everywhere, Spud is the growing, grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

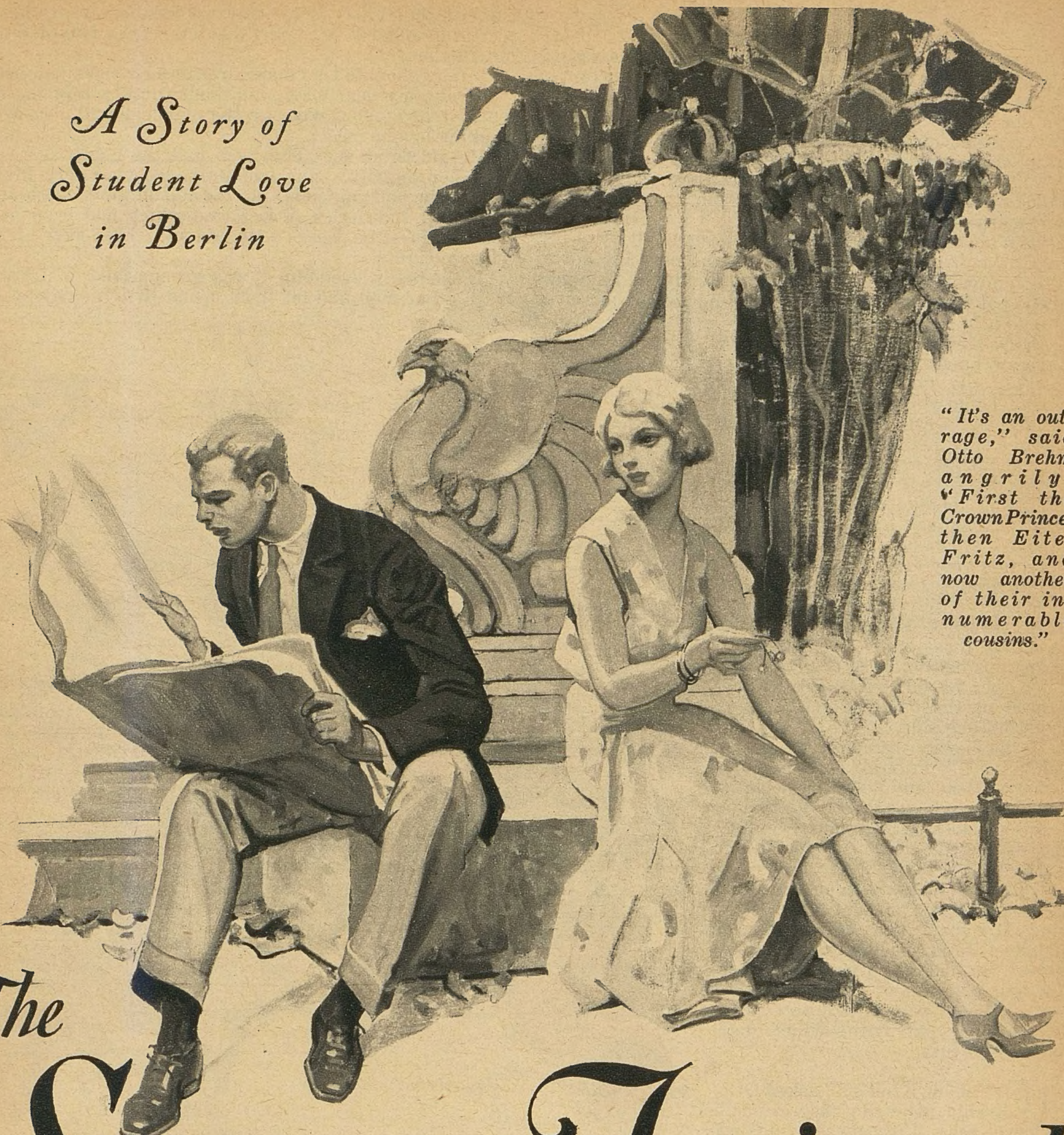
MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

A Story of Student Love in Berlin



"It's an outrage," said Otto Brehm angrily. "First the Crown Prince, then Eitel Fritz, and now another of their innumerable cousins."

The Secret Friend

By

PHILIP GIBBS

whose first job emboldened him, at twenty-one, to marry on £120 a year. Editorial work, reporting, and fiction writing occupied him till 1914. He emerged from the war as Britain's most distinguished correspondent, and was knighted. He has written about forty books.

Pictures by J. E. ALLEN

"THESE swine are creeping back," said Otto Brehm, who was no more important than a third-year student in the University of Berlin.

He was reading something in the 8-Uhr Abendblatt which he had just bought from an old woman who shuffled past the seat in the Tiergarten where he was sitting with Anna Marberg, who was eating cherries out of a paper bag and seeing how far she could spit the stones without being vulgar. She was rather successful. She spat one as far as the statue of Friedrich der Grosse, down the Siegesallee almost five yards away.

She looked very nice in a white frock so short that it revealed a pair of pretty legs and bare arms richly tanned by sun bathing on the Wannsee—that big lake outside Berlin—during the August heat wave. She also was a third-year student, and responsible for neglected studies among earnest young Germans who attended the same lectures in physiology, organic chemistry, and allied

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SECRET FRIEND
Continued from page seven

subjects. There was even a professor who became absent-minded and ridiculous when he saw her sitting in front of him making notes of his lectures, but that perhaps was not her fault. God and the mysterious law of chromosomes had made her like that—alarmingly attractive to the male creature.

"What's that?" asked Anna Marberg, putting the stalk of a cherry between her lips and drawing it into her mouth very skillfully.

"It's an outrage," said Otto Brehm angrily. "First the Crown Prince, then Eitel Fritz, and now another of their innumerable cousins. Back to Berlin, by kind permission of President Hindenburg. And we call ourselves a republic!"

"Have a cherry!" suggested Anna Marberg, handing him the paper bag. "Isn't it too hot for politics? And haven't I told you that I'm an ardent monarchist? And doesn't it always lead to a silly quarrel and much argument about the *Jugendbewegung* and all that nonsense? . . . Where are you going to take me tonight, dear Otto? If you say Luna Park, I shall scream!"

He didn't say Luna Park. He didn't say anything for the moment. He put his hand in the pocket of his gray flannel trousers—somewhat the worse for wear, those trousers—and made an anxious inspection of certain coins which he pulled out while Anna glanced at the paper which he had thrust on one side.

"Prince Ivo returns to Potsdam. . . ." Portrait of Prince Ivo with eyeglass—and not a bad-looking man, either. . . . Poof! Very hot at seven o'clock on a summer evening. She wondered whether Otto Brehm could run to a little dinner at Kroll's. It would be pleasant there tonight, under a blue sky without a breath of wind stirring. Too hot to dance, though. Hans Wedderkop would be there. He had asked her to go with him and a group of third-year students. It was only loyalty to Otto—this jealous old Otto—which had made her refuse.

"HOW about Kroll's?" asked Otto Brehm, after that inspection of his loose cash. "It's always amusing there, although personally I would rather take a stroll in the Grünewald and get away from the mob. Can't we be alone ever? You and me, Anna, in a quiet spot where we can kiss each other now and then and forget the world, and lectures, and examinations, and all but love?"

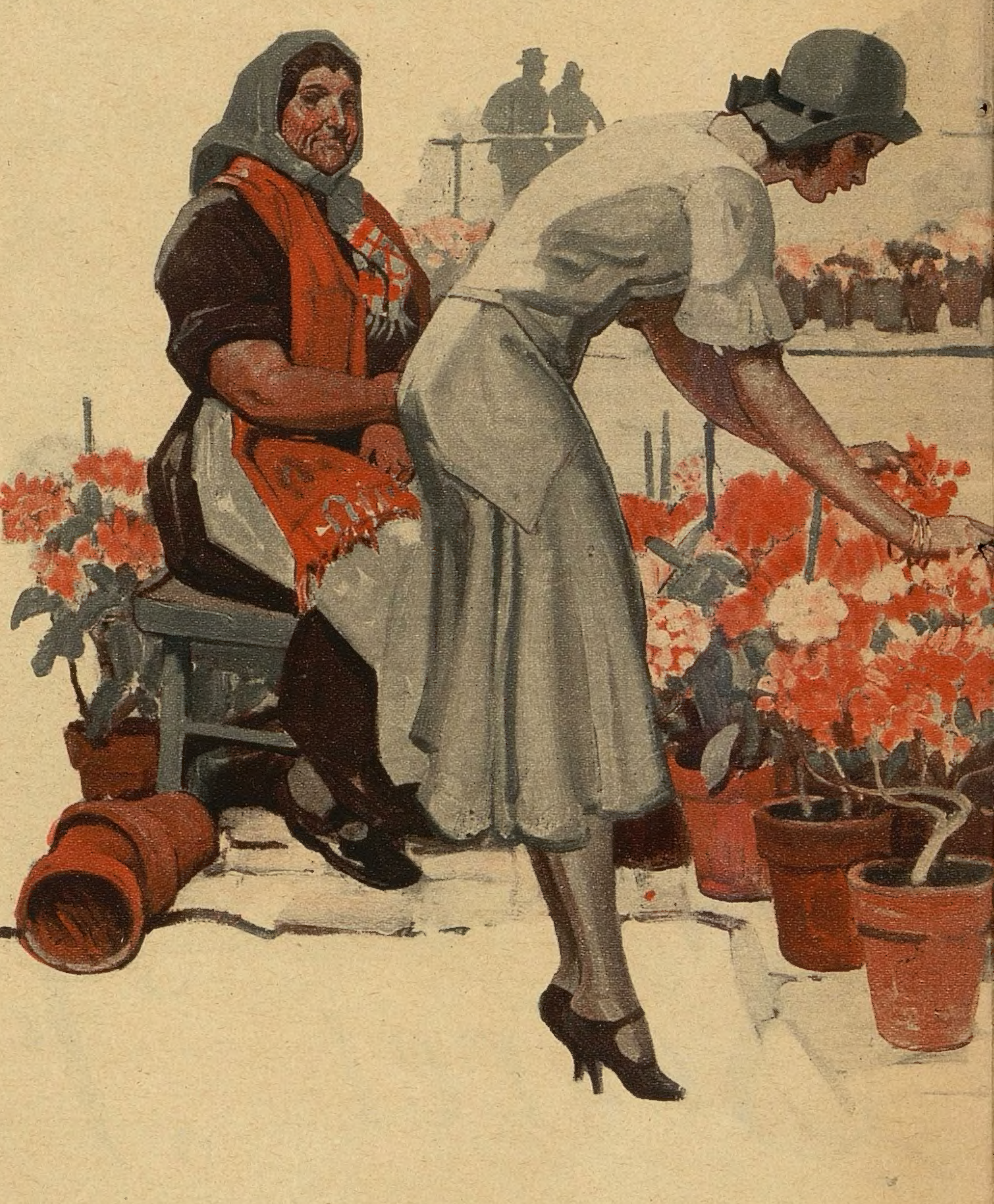
"I like that!" cried Anna, with her best satirical laugh. "Here we are, sitting alone, away from the world, and all you do is to read an evening paper and growl because some harmless Hohenzollern has come back to Potsdam. Besides, kissing is very unhygienic in hot weather. Also, I am very fond of music and a merry crowd. Kroll's, did you say? Certainly, my dear Otto!"

She was teasing him. She was always teasing him. Sometimes he didn't believe she loved him. The other night she had gone off with Hans Wedderkop—the most reactionary young swine in Berlin and a very bad influence in the university, as could be seen by his dueling scars and his swaggering insolence—simply because he had plenty of pocket money and could afford to take her to expensive places. A week ago she had slipped off to the Wannsee with Paul Kraus, and stayed out late with him on the Pfaueninsel—Peacock Island—where he had certainly made love to her, the dog. They had quarreled about that.

"Why shouldn't he make love to me?" she had asked. "Surely, my dear Otto, you don't think you're the only third-year student who has the privilege and pleasure of making love to me?"

He did think so. That was just the point, as he had told her angrily. She had promised to marry him as soon as he had gained his degree and obtained a job in the Chemical Industries Association which had been promised to him if he passed with honors. That gave him exclusive rights.

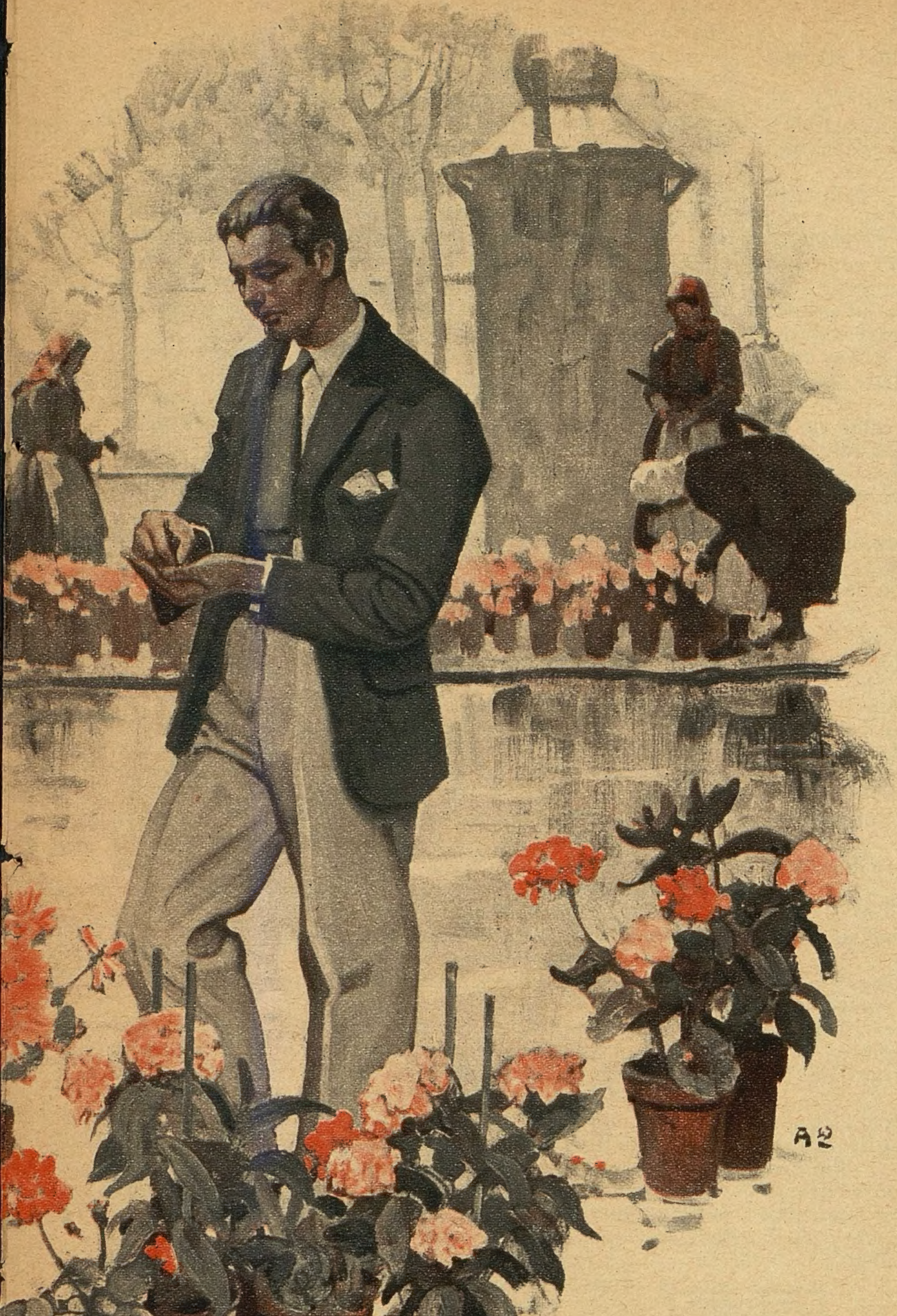
If she really loved him, it was wrong of her to flirt about with other men and let them spend their money on her.



She had utterly disagreed. She thought it extraordinarily egotistical and absurd. It was only kind of her to let the poor boys make love to her a little, in a perfectly harmless way.

"You know how miserably poor you are, my dearest Otto," she reminded him. "I'm sure you go without *Mittagsessen* sometimes in order to buy me ices in the evening at Luna Park. It's much better to let the other young men share expenses now and then."

That had made him furious. It was perfectly true that he went without his midday meal sometimes so that he could take her to Luna Park in the evening. And she didn't know that he had sold some of his science books for the same purpose, and that he was three weeks behind with his board and lodging because he had spent so much on her entertainment lately—just to keep those other



SHE didn't know that he had sold some of his science books because he had spent so much on her entertainment lately.

fellows at bay. But now she spoke as though she jeered at his poverty.

"If you're ashamed of a poor man for your lover, why did you promise to be my wife?" he asked savagely.

She had rumpled his hair and pulled his left ear.

"I'm very proud of my poor lover. I promised to be his wife because I like his beautiful ideas—the brotherhood of man and all that nonsense—as well as his nice blue eyes and the sulky line of his lips. But I don't see why I shouldn't give the other boys a treat now and then and let them pay for my iced lemonades."

Tonight he promised to take her to Kroll's to make up for that quarrel. It would be the last time for two weeks that he would be able to take her out to an expensive place like that. He was down to his last fifty marks. He would have to go in for severe economies, perhaps sell another science book which he wanted for his examination, until he received his next allowance from home, where his father was getting worried about him. In this hot weather it was unnecessary to eat much. That would be a saving.

"Shall we go?" asked Anna Marberg, crumpling up the paper bag from which all the cherries had now disappeared. She smoothed down her white frock and looked cool and beautiful in his eyes.

THEY strolled through the Tiergarten hand in hand. There was a golden dusk under the trees and shafts of sunlight slanted between their branches. Other lovers lingered there on the seats. City clerks and typist girls, carrying their leather cases, were walking home through the park after their day's work, the men without hats, the girls lightly clad because of this heat wave.

"This is the shortest way to Kroll's," said Otto Brehm, taking a path through one of the glades. He took it because of its solitude, as Anna Marberg guessed, knowing the nature of young men. Suddenly he stopped and took hold of her bare brown arms.

"Kiss me!" he said.

"Poof! It's too hot for kissing," she protested teasingly.

He held her close, in spite of the heat wave, and kissed her under the right ear.

"I love you with all my soul!" he whispered. "And I'm terribly jealous of you. And I hate any man who looks at you."

"Egoist!" she cried, laughing at him. "Every man looks at me. I'm rather nice to look at, though it's not my fault, you know. . . . And I want my supper!"

At Kroll's—that famous outdoor restaurant in the Tiergarten—most of the tables were taken when they arrived, but they found one vacant under the colonnade. The great orchestra was playing a selection from the Meistersinger. Many foreigners—Americans mostly—had come here to escape from their hotels and dine *al fresco.* City men, still with those leather cases, which they put under their chairs, had brought their girls with them, some of those lightly clad typists.

Students were there, scattered around in groups or couples. Every now and then a girl and a boy would leave their lemonades or rose-tinted ices to take a turn on the dancing floor when the orchestra changed from Wagner to the latest fox trot. There was hardly room to dance, but they could waggle around. Only youth could dance in such heat.

A bald, middle-aged man, next to Otto Brehm and Anna Marberg, mopped the back of his head and looked on the verge of apoplexy. As a contrast to him in coolness, elegance, and insolence, came Hans Wedderkop, in a white shirt and trousers without a crease, immaculate, exhibiting his dueling scars as though they made him beautiful, which wasn't really true.

He clicked heels before Anna Marberg and smiled at her, ignoring Otto Brehm.

"*Gnädiges Fräulein!* . . . You look very charming tonight!"

"I happen to be with my friend," replied Anna in a cool, smooth voice. "I think you know him—Mr. Otto Brehm."

"I'm afraid not," answered Hans Wedderkop, without a glance at Otto Brehm, as though he might be a million miles away. As the leader of the most militant *Bund* in the university he could not be expected to know—socially—the leading spokesman of a republican and pacifist group whom he regarded with contempt.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SECRET FRIEND
Continued from page nine

He clicked heels again, smiled at Anna, and strolled to a table at the other end of the colonnade.

"A disgusting cad!" remarked Otto Brehm.

"Oh, no," answered Anna. "Slightly too pleased with himself, perhaps, but quite pleasant in many ways, and very well-to-do."

"I believe you value a man for his money," said Otto sulkily.

"Well, it enables a man to make himself agreeable," she argued. She was teasing him again. She could not refrain from teasing him. Although he had very high ideals and a beautiful conception of life, he lacked a sense of humor, she thought. When they were married she would have to teach him a sense of humor. It was very important, especially for a poor man. A little teasing was good for him.

She had another chance when Paul Kraus came along. It was the first time she had seen him since that late evening on the Pfaueninsel when he had made love to her rather ardently—much depressed, poor boy, when she told him she was going to marry Otto Brehm.

Paul Kraus was a good-looking boy of the fair Saxon type, unlike Hans Wedderkop, who was dark and Prussian. He bowed and blushed, and would have passed on if Anna had not called out to him:

"Hello, Paul! Are you all alone this evening?"

"I thought perhaps I might meet a friend or two," he explained shyly.

"Join us," she suggested. "You know Otto."

He blushed even more deeply, and gave a shy look at the young man who was going to marry Anna when he could afford to keep her—unless she changed her mind, as sometimes he hoped with secret passion.

"Good evening," he said to Otto. "I do not wish to intrude."

"Then don't intrude," said Otto Brehm in his most sullen voice.

Paul Kraus took the insult amiably, with a nervous laugh, before he bowed to Anna again and walked away.

But Anna was angry.

"That was very rude, Otto. Paul is charming."

"Why should you ask him to join us?" asked Otto angrily. "Am I not paying for your refreshment tonight? Isn't it my turn to have the benefit of your society? Do I bore you so utterly after half an hour?"

"YOU are like a bear with a sore ear," she told him. "I believe you would like to chain me up in a dark room so that no other boy could come near me! I'm getting a little tired of this absurd jealousy, my dear Otto. I am a free-born German girl, living in the twentieth century. I decline to be enslaved. I love you very much when you are good-tempered, but I am not going to let you be rude to my friends."

"I shall be extremely rude to men who make love to you," said Otto. "I have a right to be."

"I do not acknowledge it," answered Anna Marberg, and this time she was not teasing but serious and angry. Their argument, which Anna had begun in fun, developed into a quarrel. She had tears in her eyes even though he did not see them because she turned her head away. Presently she left her seat as though going to the toilette to powder her nose. German girls do that sort of thing. But she walked straight out of Kroll's back into the Tiergarten and across to the Brandenburger Thor, where she jumped on to a *Kraftomnibus* on its way to Charlottenburg, where she happened to live.

"That will teach him a lesson!" she thought. He was getting too absurd with his jealousy. She loved him very much more than she let him see—as much, she thought, as any girl had ever loved a man—but she objected to his medieval views of their relationship. Certainly she could not and would not deny herself the pleasure of flirting with other boys in a harmless way and having a good time with them at their expense. Otherwise life would be intolerable. Otto was as poor as a church mouse. Her mother could not afford to give her much pocket money, although she drudged all day long, and sometimes in the evenings, giving singing and music lessons, poor dear. One day Anna would be a *Hausfrau* with babies and the usual drudgery. It was nonsense to think that while she was a university student she should live without amusement, especially as something—well, it was no use pretending she wasn't pretty!—made her popular with the men students.

IN that omnibus on the way to Charlottenburg she thought of Otto waiting for her at Kroll's, wondering why she stayed so long, getting anxious, and then making inquiries and finding she had gone. She began to feel sorry for him. Poor Otto! He was so desperately in love with her—so fiercely jealous! But he really mustn't be so rude to her friends!

So her thoughts chased each other while she sat with a smile on her lips.

Her mother would be surprised to see her home so early. She was quite used to Anna coming back after midnight, especially during these hot nights when it was stuffy in a little apartment at the top of a big block. And in the old days before the war, when Anna was a child of eight, it was her little mother who had come home late, night after night, from the opera where she sang small parts. Anna remembered this lovely little mother waking her up sometimes by kissing her when she came back like that—before the war, when she was half starved and lost her place in the opera, and moved, because of poverty, to this little top room.

Anna let herself in with her latchkey. There were voices in the sitting room, where the door was ajar—her mother's voice and some stranger's. A man's voice, speaking quietly. Who could that be? Perhaps it was some student who had called round with an invitation for Anna.

Anna smoothed down her white frock, put her fingers through her short hair, and opened the door of that sitting room, surprised when her mother gave a cry of dismay at the sight of her, and even more surprised because it was not a student there, or any friend of hers, but a tall, middle-aged man whom she had never seen before. At least she could not remember having seen him before, though his face, very good-looking, seemed vaguely familiar to her.

He had been holding her mother's hand, until she had withdrawn it hastily when Anna appeared. Then he rose quietly from the chair in which he had been sitting, and smiled and looked at the girl through his eyeglass as though amused and astonished.

"Is this little Anna?" he asked. "I had no idea—the years have slipped away so quickly—that infernal war!"

"Yes, it is Anna," said Mrs. Marberg, with a strange, nervous laugh. For some reason there came a rush of tears to her eyes, though she was smiling.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Anna, who felt bewildered by her mother's emotion. "Have I the pleasure of knowing this gentleman?"

The gentleman laughed quietly.

"You don't remember me," he said. "I used to see you sometimes, years ago, when you were a tiny mortal with chubby arms and little pink toes. I am an old friend of your mother's. I have been away from Germany for some years—since the war. Now I have come back and felt impelled to call on your charming mother again."

"I should so much like to know your name," suggested Anna rather freezingly. She did not quite understand why this middle-aged man should have been holding her mother's hand when she came in.

The stranger—she couldn't remember him in the very least—glanced at her mother. "Why not?" he seemed to ask with those raised eyebrows.

"I am Prince Ivo," he said simply. "Perhaps for a little while you had better not mention me to your student friends. I am on ticket of leave, so to speak. As long as I keep quiet—like a good dog—" He laughed again and shrugged his shoulders.

Prince Ivo! . . . Anna remembered suddenly and sharply that paragraph which Otto had been reading in the Tiergarten, and his angry comment—"These swine are creeping back"—and the photograph at which she had glanced over her bag of cherries. So that was why this man's face had been vaguely familiar to her. She felt overwhelmed. She was not, like Otto, a fanatical republican. She had a romantic sentiment for the Hohenzollerns. Now she gave a quick curtsy and blushed deeply because she had been just a little rude and spoken to Prince Ivo as though he were one of her student friends.

"Oh, Highness!" she said.

"Oh, no," he answered quickly. "Don't call me that!"

He took her hands and raised her up, and then looked over his shoulder with a whimsical smile at Anna's mother. "What shall I ask her to call me, Elsa?"

Anna's mother—Elsa Marberg who had once sung small parts in the Imperial Opera—had become pale, as though this visit had flustered her and made her nervous.

"You are still Prince Ivo," she said in a low voice. "We believe in the old titles."

"They mean nothing now," he answered lightly. "The world is one big democracy. I'm just a plain nonentity."

He lit a cigarette and began to question Anna about her studies, her friends, her way of amusing herself. She was a third-year student in the university. Excellent! The boys took her sometimes to Luna Park? Democracy at play. Rather vulgar? Well, there was nothing wrong with vulgarity. He liked to see people enjoying themselves. Those pretty arms of hers were very brown. Sun bathing on the Wannsee—and very nice too!

He quizzed her through his eyeglass, which made him look very distinguished. He seemed attracted by her in a friendly way.

"I have a house at Potsdam," he told her, "with a garden sloping to the lake, and a boathouse in which there happens to be a motor boat, and even a yacht or two. They've been lying idle ever since 1914. It would be very pleasant for me if you and Elsa—your charming mother, I mean—would come and do a little sailing with me now and then. How would you like that?"

"Oh, it would be marvelous!" said Anna, who never in her life had been on a yacht.

"Well, we must fix that up," he said gayly. "And now I must be going. I feel—less lonely. Less exiled."

He took Elsa Marberg's hands and raised them to his lips.

"After all these years!" he said tenderly. "After many agonies and all the world in ruin and the downfall of our German pride! Now there is nothing left but love and friendship and laughter—and these young people to whom the new world belongs."

Anna's mother drooped her head.

"Please!" she said. "Please!" as though she implored him to release her hands.

He did so, and stood smiling a moment at Anna.

"Little Anna!" he exclaimed. "Just a baby girl when I saw her last, and now a tall young woman with her head full of knowledge."

He hesitated for a moment, and then took hold of her bare arms and drew her close to him—as Otto Brehm had done—and kissed her on the forehead—not as Otto Brehm had done.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

He picked up his hat and gloves and, with another kindly smile at them and a humorous sort of sigh, strode out.

FOR a moment or two there was a silence between Elsa Marberg and her daughter Anna. Anna was looking at her mother with a kind of puzzled intensity of thought, and Elsa Marberg avoided her daughter's eyes.

"Mother!" cried Anna, with a kind of wonder in her voice. "How long ago is it since you knew Prince Ivo? Why did you never tell me?"

"It was years ago," said Frau Marberg nervously. "He used to call for me at the opera. Before the war, you know."

"Before I was born?" asked Anna thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, before you were born."

Anna stood there motionless, thinking.

Suddenly she slipped over to her mother and put her arms around her neck.

"Oh, mother! . . . Poor little mother! . . . Why did you pretend that my father was dead all this time? . . . It wasn't fair. I was old enough to know."

Elsa Marberg wept, with her daughter's arms round her neck. So that ghost had crept out of the cupboard at last! This man for whom she had broken her heart—so many years ago that it had seemed to be healed—had come back because he felt lonely after his exile, because he wanted to look up old friends whom he had forgotten so long, because he felt in need of sentiment. The wife for whom he had deserted another woman was dead. He had been allowed back to Potsdam because Germany was no longer afraid of her princes, because Hindenburg was kind to them, because the German people were too busy to bother about them. For Anna's sake and her own he ought to have stayed away forever.

THAT night, before going to bed, Frau Marberg kissed her daughter again.

"It is very dangerous, this secret you have found out, my dear," she said more calmly. "Promise me you will not tell anyone. Not even Otto."

"Oh, he will have to know one day," said Anna.

"Not yet!" pleaded Elsa Marberg. "The Prince is here privately. And my own reputation, my good name among the people who are kind to me. Promise me, Anna! You won't breathe a word to a living soul?"

"Timid little mother!" laughed Anna. "No one is going to worry about it. But it's between you and me, mother—this wonderful secret. Word of honor!"

She was a third-year student at Berlin University. She was as poor as a church mouse, with no pocket money for all the things her soul desired. She was in love with Otto Brehm, whose greatest extravagance was to take her to Luna Park or—if she tempted him—to Kroll's on a summer night. But, all the same, she was a Hohenzollern, and in her veins was the blood of Friedrich der Grosse, at whose statue in the Siegesallee she had spat a cherry stone that day. She could not sleep that night. . . .

Otto was deeply hurt by her desertion at Kroll's. She met him at the corner of Dorotheenstrasse, after attending a lecture, and because of this new secret which dominated all her thoughts—she hadn't heard a word of that lecture!—she had forgotten their little quarrel.

"I waited for you almost an hour," he said. "I thought you must be dead. It was almost unforgivable, leaving me in the lurch like that."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried, putting her hand on his arm. "We had a little tiff about something, didn't we? How stupid of us!"

She was desperately tempted to tell him this terrific secret in her mind. After all, he had a right to know, in a way, as her lover and future man. But she had promised her mother, and anyhow it might be well to say nothing just yet, for her father's sake. Fanatical republicans might make things unpleasant for him. She remembered suddenly that Otto was a fanatical republican, and the thought brought a smile to her lips and eyes.

What would he say if she told him suddenly that she was a daughter of the Hohenzollerns, that she was descended from Frederick the Great?

"Why are you laughing?" asked Otto suspiciously. "You look as if something had happened to you."

"Oh, nothing!" she assured him. "It's a dull old life. Nothing ever happens! What are you going to do this evening? How about the *Zoologische?*"

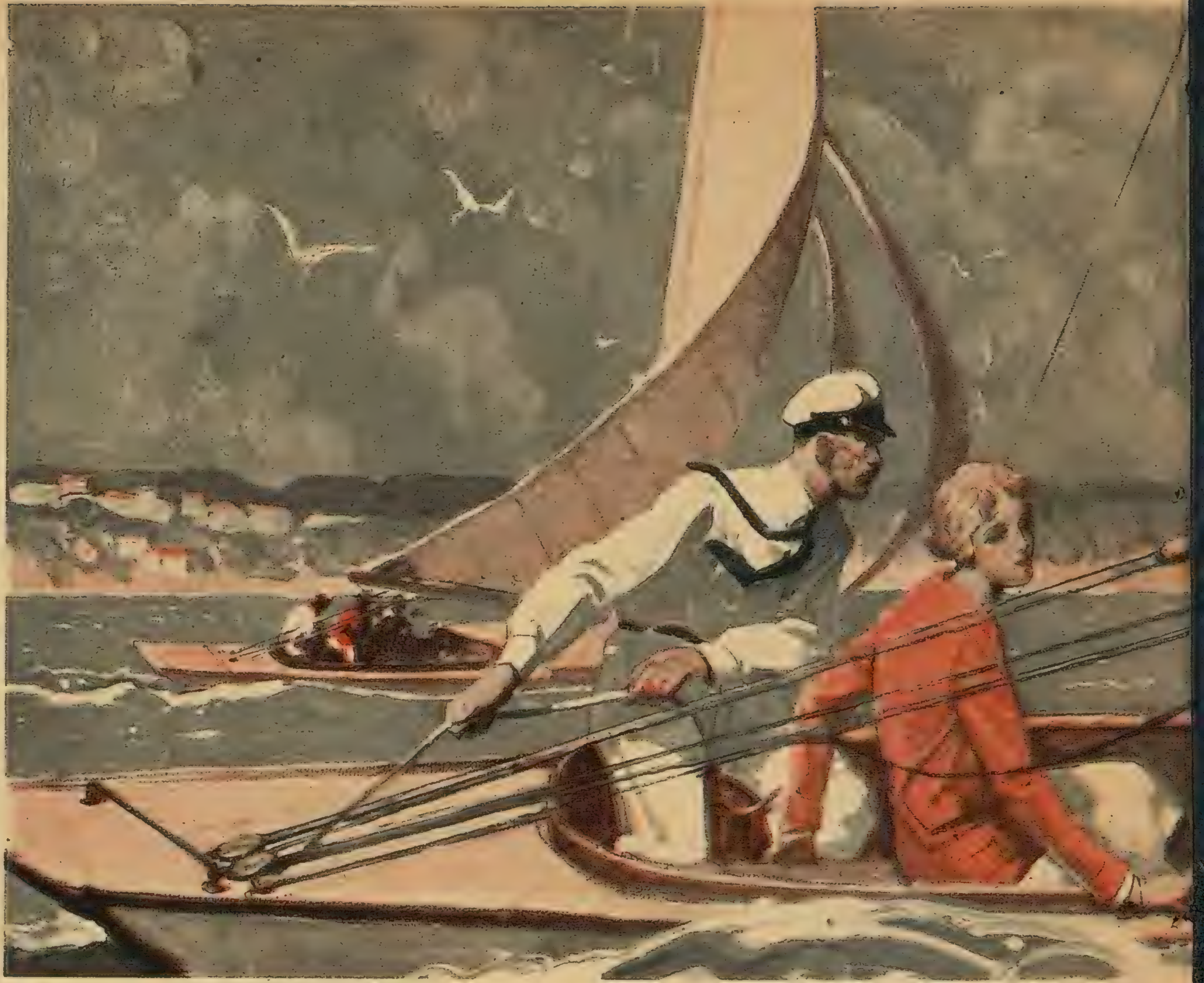
He mumbled something about having to do a bit of study. That exam was coming on.

"Oh! if you're as huffed as all that!" she exclaimed. "Don't bother about me, if you want to work. I dare say Paul Kraus will be glad to spend an evening with me. Or Hans Wedderkop."

Teasing again! She couldn't help it. That was how she was made. She didn't see that this boy's eyes were filled with tears suddenly—tears of anger and shame because he couldn't afford to take her out. He had come to the end of his allowance for at least a fortnight. He was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SECRET FRIEND Cont'd from page 11]



The rest of the afternoon he taught her how to sail, and was amused

going without lunch today. And it was really true that he would have to put in some hard study. He was getting frightened about the exam. He had been playing about too much because he loved her. If he failed he wouldn't get that job in the Chemical Industries. That would wreck everything.

"Don't you understand loyalty?" he asked. "Don't you know what love means?"

She put a finger down his shirt collar.

"Silly old Otto! Jealous old bear!"

She promised not to go out with Hans Wedderkop, even if he asked her. She couldn't go quite so far as promising not to go with Paul Kraus, who was very harmless.

He hated to tell her that he was "broke" for the time being, but at last he forced himself to do so.

"I'm afraid I shan't see much of you for the next fortnight. The fact is, I'm down to my last mark, more or less. I shall have to economize. Meanwhile I shall have to do a bit of reading."

She failed to realize the extent of his poverty. She thought he was still huffed with her for deserting him at Kroll's.

"Well," she said, "I shall have to endure life without you for a while. Tell me when you're ready to talk to me again."

She laughed, with a hint of vexation in her merriment, and then, with a wave of her hand, left him.

As it happened, it was rather convenient that Otto did not monopolize her evenings just then, or want to take her to the Wannsee during the week-ends. That newly found father desired to know more of her. He sent round a note one morning, asking her to dine with him at the Eden Hotel by the Kurfürstendam.

"I HAVE your mother's permission to make friends with you," he wrote, "if you will not be too bored with my company. Your dear mother tells me that she has to give many music lessons just now, and so cannot give me the delight for which I hoped."

"Oh, mother, that's absurd!" cried Anna. "Why don't you come? Fancy dining at the Eden!"

"I dare not ask you not to go," said Elsa Marberg. "And yet—I'm sorry this has happened. It's unsettling. It's dangerous. Supposing some of your student friends see you with—that man? What will they think?"

"They won't see me," Anna assured her laughingly. "My student friends don't dine at the Eden. *Wienerschnitzel* at Luna Park is more their style."

She was worried about the dress she should wear. The best thing she had was a white silk frock as simple as a schoolgirl's. And there was a ladder in one of the white stockings which went with it. She sat up late that night darning it.

And she was wrong about not being seen by any of her student friends. One of them saw her. It was, of course, on the terrace, out of doors, that she dined with her father, whom her mother had called "that man" because she was too timid to call him by his right name. He was kind and gracious to her, and put her at her ease after her first few moments of embarrassment because of this strange meeting and the elegance of the women about her and the general grandeur.

"That is a charming frock you are wearing," he remarked, and her sense of humor was stronger than her shyness, so that she laughed at him.

"Off the peg at Wertheim's," she told him.

"What does it matter, so long as it suits you?" he asked.

He was quite unrecognized by the crowd of newly rich who were dining near them. Only the head waiter knew him, and called him *Hoheit* in a low voice, and hovered round anxiously. The Prince talked about his exile. He had been in the United States for a year or two, and then in the Argentine. "Really and truly the New World," he said, and was quite interesting for a time, describing his experiences. Then he tried to draw Anna out about her studies and her life at the university, and she found herself prattling.

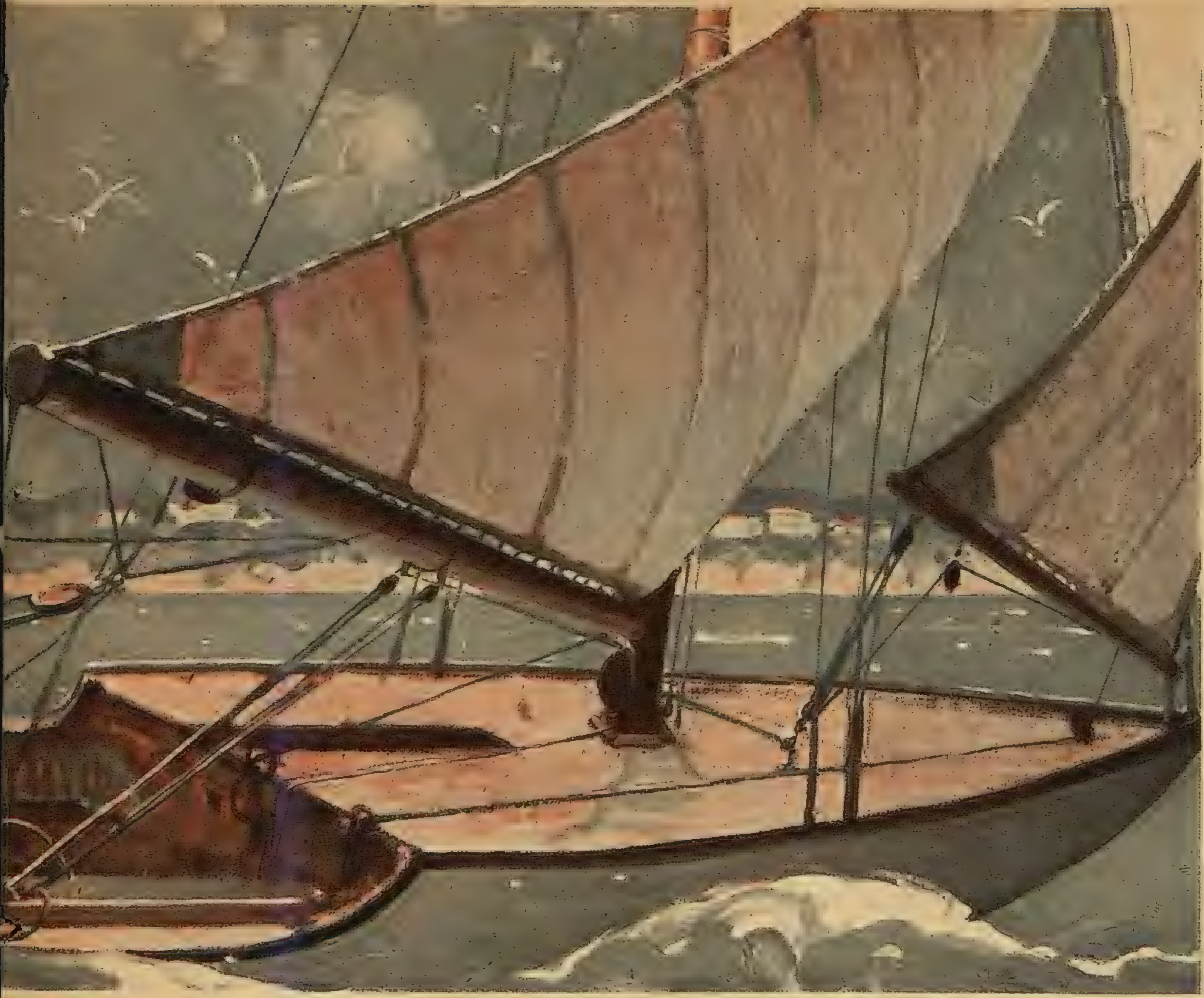
"Any nice boy friends?" he asked presently, with a quizzing smile through that monocle.

"Lots!" she told him. "They seem to like me."

"I'm not surprised," he remarked. "I don't see how they could help it."

She laughed rather too much at that remark. She was not quite used to this wine she was drinking. It was perfectly marvelous, and a lovely color.

She was tempted to tell him all about Otto Brehm, but decided that she would wait a bit before she told him everything.



by her delight as they went with a fair breeze across the lake.

Presently he asked her another question, very simply and in a voice that could not be overheard:

"I suppose you know who I am? I mean, why you and I ought to see something of each other?"

"Yes," she answered, with a flutter of eyelashes.

He lit a cigarette, after asking her permission.

"Your mother was very beautiful," he said. "I lost my heart to her. But my position and all that made things difficult. It's a curse to be born with—that sort of responsibility. It's much better to be a nonentity. I couldn't marry the woman I loved. Not that I disliked my wife. She was a dear good woman, poor soul. But our marriage was arranged for us, and so on. Absurd, all that! Now it's all finished. A different kind of world. On the whole, perhaps, a better kind of world. I'm a republican."

"I'm a monarchist," said Anna firmly.

She raised her glass of red wine and gave a toast:

"*Hoch—der Kaiser!*"

"My dear child!" exclaimed this secret friend of hers, with a nervous laugh. He glanced round uneasily, and then rebuked her with a smile.

"For goodness' sake, be careful, my child. You can never tell who's listening."

ANNA took one of his gold-tipped cigarettes and smoked it. It was the first time she had ever smoked a cigarette with a gold tip as grand as this.

"I suppose you're rich?" she inquired.

He shook his head at that.

"As poor as a church mouse! The old house at Potsdam, some rather good pictures and a lot of vile ones, and just about enough to live on simply in the barest possible way."

Anna smiled enigmatically.

"I suppose most things are relative," she remarked. "I don't call a dinner at the Eden living in the barest possible way."

"Oh, this—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Not a bad pothouse."

It was, she knew, the most elegant hotel in Berlin, built by Stinnes, the great financier. Across the flowers in their green tubs she could see the line of automobiles in the street outside. People who dined at the Eden were not as poor as the students in Berlin University.

"I THINK you were rather cruel to mother," she remarked presently. She had been waiting for an opportunity to say that. It needed saying, she thought.

He sighed and flicked the ash from his cigarette into one of the green tubs.

"Not intentionally cruel. . . . Fate intervened. . . . And then the war. . . . It seems like a dream now, our love affair. Twenty years ago. Lord!"

"You never came to see her," said Anna. "We have been living in the direst poverty. Mother nearly starved during the war."

"Yes," he said, "I understand. The women of Germany suffered in those days. They were magnificent."

He did not excuse his own forgetfulness. He put all that down to fate. Life was like that, it seemed, especially if one happened to be born a Hohenzollern.

"You must come and see me one day at Potsdam," he suggested after a while. "Some of the pictures are interesting. Old Frederick and all those people. How I hated them! Now I laugh at them. Ghosts! Utterly unimportant in the present scheme of things. The ancestors of a dynasty that has fallen, like most others when their day is done."

"How about that yacht?" asked Anna.

He agreed that he used to have a very good yacht. He would be charmed to take her for a sail one day, unless it was water-logged after all those years.

It was while they were talking about the yacht that Otto Brehm passed in the street below the green tubs. He was striding along moodily, after a day of hard reading and short rations. He turned rather sharply on his heel at the sound of a girl's laughter. There was only one girl in the world who laughed like that. Perhaps he was daft or something. He had been reading too hard. Going without lunch, and almost without dinner, had made him light-headed. And yet the sound of that laugh was unmistakable. He knew the note of it, and its mockery and mirthfulness. Through the green tubs and the flowering plants he could see on to the terrace of the Eden where the waiters were moving about. One of them shifted his position, and very clearly, in the light of a rose-shaded lamp, Otto saw Anna Marberg and her companion, a middle-aged man with a touch of silver in his hair and a monocle. There was a joke between them, and Anna seemed to be enjoying her-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SECRET FRIEND
Continued from page thirteen

self. She raised a glass and drank a little wine. . . .

Otto Brehm was startled. He was even a little frightened. How could Anna come to be dining at this great hotel, the rendezvous of the new rich—those swine, as Otto thought of them with political hatred and the angle of vision of a man without much food in his stomach and no money to take his sweetheart out. Who was that middle-aged man with a monocle who was paying for her dinner? She had never talked about a friend like this.

Otto Brehm was deeply thoughtful, and uneasy in his mind and soul. He stood on the curbstone so absent-mindedly that he must have been there five minutes or more without stirring—a shabby young man, bareheaded, with a student's face and moody eyes. Suddenly he started and slunk back behind the lamp-post. Anna had come out. She was talking gayly. The middle-aged man hailed a taxi for her, and Anna said, “Thanks, a thousand times!”

“We must see each other often,” said the man. “Do you think you can love me just a little?”

“Quite a lot!” said Anna.

She leaned forward and gave him her cheek to kiss before she jumped into the taxi and waved her hand.

Otto Brehm walked away with a sense of death in his heart.

Perhaps the Furies who weave the thread of fate had something to do with it all. It was certainly unlikely in an ordinary way that Anna should have been observed by any of her student friends when she went sailing with her father on the lake at Potsdam. It was by the oddest coincidence that Hans Wedderkop—that young man who had three dueling scars on his cheek—should have passed in a hired canoe just as Anna was being handed out of an expensive-looking yacht to a little private landing stage next to a lawn which came down to the water's edge. The man who gave her his hand was a distinguished-looking person of middle age who undoubtedly, in the opinion of Hans Wedderkop, was the owner of the yacht, the landing stage, the lawn, and an old house half hidden behind the distant trees.

“Impossible!” said Hans Wedderkop, who lay in his canoe naked to the waist and beautifully brown. He stopped paddling and stared across at the lawn.

“What's impossible?” asked Paul Kraus, who was at the other end of the canoe with his hands clasped round his knees, in some daydream of his own, with the warm sun on his bare back.

“It's true, all the same,” said Hans Wedderkop in a startled way. “That's Anna Marberg with some elderly amourist who seems to be very rich. . . . Paul, my innocent poet, we are deceived! We have wasted our time and many marks on a girl who has sold herself to a millionaire. . . . Women are essentially corrupt, my blue-eyed boy. I always told you so.”

Paul Kraus was staring across the water at Anna, who had put her hand on the arm of a German prince and had her head against his shoulder as they walked together over the smooth lawn toward the shelter of the trees.

“You have a foul mind, Wedderkop!” said Paul angrily. “That girl isn't Anna Marberg. It's someone like her. It can't be Anna.”

Hans Wedderkop laughed scornfully.

“LOVE is blind. I swear it's Anna Marberg. And I'm sorry for that pitiful young swine Otto Brehm, who starves himself to death so that he can take her to Luna Park now and then.”

“Paddle on, can't you?” said Paul Kraus irritably. “What the hell is the use of hanging around here?”

It *was* Anna Marberg on that lawn over there. . . . Well, why not? he asked himself. It must be some rich friend of hers. It was only Wedderkop who would put some evil construction on a meeting like that. So he argued to himself, uneasily.

Meanwhile Anna was quite unconscious of these suspicions she was arousing in the minds of her student friends. She was living in a kind of dream with this newly found father. He had taken her over his old house at Potsdam and shown her his family portraits, and jeered at them, though she was thrilled. In his wife's dressing room he had been silent, after a deep sigh, until he had unlocked a small table and taken out some jewels that had lain there for years.

“Are you fond of trinkets?” he asked.

There was a little old ring set with pearls which he put on the third finger of her left hand.

“You can have that if you like,” he said casually.

“Oh, father!” she cried, overwhelmed by this gift.

“It's not worth much,” he told her. “It was the engagement ring of Elizabeth Christina, who married Frederick the Great. Old-fashioned workmanship, but rather quaint, don't you think?”

Then he took her down to the landing stage where a man had made the yacht ready, and for the rest of the afternoon he taught her how to sail and showed himself to be an expert in that science, and was amused by her delight as they went with a fair breeze across the lake, heeling over so that she was tempted to scream once or twice but showed great pluck and plenty of humor.

“This is the best adventure in the world!” she cried.

“Yes. One forgets the little worries of life,” he agreed. “Do you mind pulling on that rope a bit? . . . This is what I liked best when I was a boy. An escape from etiquette. No clicking of heels. The sky overhead and a good breeze blowing. Quite good!”

AFTER that he came to their apartment again once or twice and was very charming to Anna's mother, until he saw that his visits distressed her because of her timidity about the neighbors and public opinion. He was more at ease with Anna, and perhaps she amused him a good deal because of her freshness and frankness, and her delight in the little treats he gave her. Twice he took her to the theater, and several times in the evenings they sat outside one of the restaurants in the Kurfürstendam, smoking those gold-tipped cigarettes over coffee or iced lemonade. Now and again he was recognized by men who came up and clicked heels and spoke deferentially in hushed voices. He was civil to them, but rather bored, it seemed.

“These baldheads live in the past!” he remarked to Anna. “And that's as dead as a doornail. Germany is getting used to being a republic. They'll never go back.”

“Oh, yes!” said Anna. “We shall be a monarchy again before many years have passed.”

“I hope not. . . . Far better not. . . . Forward, not backward—that's my view of things.”

Several times Anna had a twinge of conscience about Otto Brehm. She had only caught a glimpse of him now and then, coming out of lectures or going in. And he had looked surly and rather ill, she thought. It was that horrible examination ahead which was worrying him, no doubt. And he was still in a black mood with her about something. Silly old Otto! She loved him exceedingly, but after all it was for him to make it up first. And meanwhile she was having a wonderful time with this unofficial father. Perhaps tomorrow she would give Otto a chance of taking her out again. Luna Park! It would seem very shoddy after the Eden Hotel. . . . The *Zoologischegarten!*

She met Otto in the Tiergarten that afternoon. He came striding toward her, staring at the ground without seeing her until she called out to him:

“My dear boy! You look as if a devil were after you.”

As a matter of fact he looked ill and haggard.

He halted and glanced at her moodily, as though not glad to see her.

“What's the matter?” she asked. “Don't you love me any more?”

She was distressed by his look of anguish. Perhaps she had been a little unkind to him. He was so very sensitive and jealous. He magnified a tiff—a lovers' quarrel—into a tragedy.

“Come and sit down,” she said coaxingly. “If you like we can get a kiss behind the trees.”

“Your kisses are too freely given,” he told her harshly.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

I'm being agreed with!

All over America girls are discovering there never before was any complexion soap so gentle as Camay

REALLY, I'm so *pleased!* Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are *quite* as enthusiastic over Camay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Camay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Camay towards this great success? Of course, I don't *know*. But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't*, even on a desert island!) *ought* to want to try it, because Camay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous approval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Camay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Camay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Camay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Camay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Camay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't *that* a wonderful combination?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-70, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE

for Economical Transportation

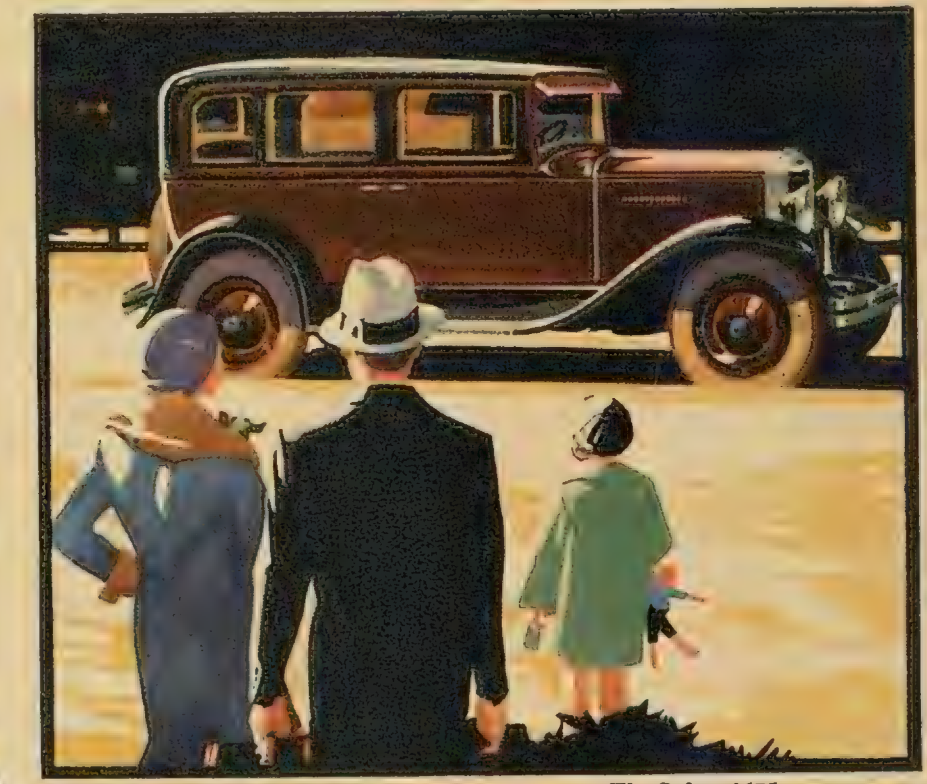
CHEVROLET

For Restfulness and Comfort IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

Restfulness, comfort and a sense of security are distinguishing characteristics of the truly fine automobile. And because Chevrolet's modern design assures these qualities to an outstanding degree—everywhere, more and more buyers of low-priced cars are finding it wise to choose a Chevrolet Six.

Because it *is* a Six, the Chevrolet motor is always smooth, quiet and responsive. And you know how smoothness, silence and responsiveness add to the pleasure of driving and riding! No disturbing noises. Never any feeling of effort or strain. You are free to relax and enjoy every mile. You are rested and fresh at the end of the trip.

Furthermore, the frame of the Chevrolet Six is 35 inches longer than the wheelbase. This supports the body throughout its entire length and uses to best advantage the restful action of the four semi-elliptic springs equipped with Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers. As a result, you can travel the roughest roads in a Chevrolet Six without pitching or jouncing.



The Sedan, $675

But, aside from these qualities, there are many other reasons why it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six. Visit your nearest dealer and note these features—smart, roomy and quiet Fisher Body—adjustable driver's seat—a 50-horsepower engine—a ball bearing steering mechanism—and scores more, equally modern and equally important. Find out, today, how easy it is to own a Chevrolet Six on the convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster	$555
Coach	$565
Coupe	$565
Sport Coupe	$655
Club Sedan	$665
Sedan	$675
Special Sedan	$725
(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)	
ROADSTER or PHAETON	$495
Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
Roadster Deliv'y	$440
(Pick-up box extra)	
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
With Cab	$625

Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, flushing angrily.

For a moment he was silent and some fury or madness seemed to be smoldering in his brain. Then his eyes blazed at her.

"I saw you kissing a man outside the Eden. You had been dining with him—drinking wine which I can't afford to buy you. You spoke words of love to him."

She laughed. It was really too funny. He was jealous of her father. He must have seen them that evening!

"My dear Otto! How utterly absurd you are! If you only knew—"

"Why do you laugh?" he asked in a low voice. "Do you laugh because I have been suffering so hideously? Does it seem funny to you—to wreck a man's life?"

"Don't talk nonsense," she said, still laughing at him. "I assure you, you have no reason to feel jealous, or hurt, or huffed."

"Who is that man?" asked Otto. "Why do you go to Potsdam with him?"

"Who told you that?" asked Anna. "Who has been spying?"

"Paul Kraus told his sister," said Otto. "His sister told a friend of mine. It is all over the university. They all believe you have a middle-aged lover."

"And do you believe that?" asked Anna in a cold, hard voice. The laughter had gone from her eyes now.

For a moment he was silent again, and some spiritual struggle surged in his mind.

"I cannot believe it," he admitted. "And yet, I saw him kissing you—unless I was mad. I heard you say you would love him—unless some devil deceived my ears. If you hadn't been a flirt, if you hadn't valued men for the fun they could give you, if you hadn't teased me about my poverty—"

NEXT WEEK—

The Gap

An unusual short story by
a master story-teller

Arthur Stringer

The Girl Who Came Back

How Betty Compson fought
Hollywood and won—by

Adela Rogers
St. Johns

"I have never teased you about your poverty!" she protested angrily. "I have loved you—I have promised myself to you—in spite of your poverty. I knew I should be a poor man's wife. Is that nothing to you?"

"Who is that man?" he asked again. "I demand to know. I have a right to know."

She was tempted to tell him, in spite of that promise to her mother. But she was angry now. She was hurt. His suspicions were so utterly unjust.

"He is a friend of mine," she told him. "A secret friend. One of these days I will tell you, but not now, when you are in such a black mood and say such horrible things."

"You are his mistress!" shouted Otto. "This secret friend is paying for the things you want more than an honest man's love. Why do you accept his filthy jewels?"

HE was staring at that little ring set with pearls which had belonged to Elizabeth Christina. She had meant to take it off before meeting Otto, and had forgotten.

"You are mad!" she cried. "I can't forgive you. How dare you say such vile things to me?"

He did not answer her, but put his arm over his eyes and his body was shaken by a sob.

"Oh, Anna!" he cried.

Suddenly he turned and strode away from her, and did not see her burst into tears.

That evening she told her father. They were sitting in the garden of the Adlon Hotel—that palace at the corner of Unter den Linden. A fountain was splashing among the flower beds. An orchestra was playing quietly.

"Father," said Anna, "I'm getting into a lot of trouble about you!"

"So?" He raised his eyebrows and smiled at her. "What kind of trouble?"

"You are wrecking my young life," she told him with a smile, but with a hint of tears in her eyes.

"Explain!"

"You see," she said sturdily, "I'm really a third-year student in the university, as poor as a church mouse. I oughtn't to be sitting in the Adlon Hotel with a distinguished gentleman. I ought to be at Luna Park, drinking lemonade with a boy who wants me to be his wife one day. At least, he *did* want me until you came along! Now he thinks I'm a bad woman kept by a middle-aged millionaire."

"*Gott im Himmel!*" exclaimed the Prince. He laughed quietly at this astounding statement until he saw that she had tears in her eyes.

"Tell me about it," he said sympathetically. "Is he a nice boy? Do you love him very much? How does he get such absurd ideas?"

She told him how Otto had seen him kissing her outside the Eden, how Hans Wedderkop and Paul Kraus had seen her on the lawn at Potsdam, how she had refused to tell Otto the meaning of this secret friend and of her ring. He listened, with only now and again a smile.

"Poor boy!" he said, referring to Otto. "No wonder he's worried. He ought to be told. We shall have to put it right."

HE lit another cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully.

"I have an idea we ought to go and tell him tonight," he said presently. "Where does he live, that boy of yours?"

Anna told him. In the Dorotheenstrasse. But she thought if she told him tomorrow it would be time enough.

Prince Ivo shook his head.

"Now is best," he said. "A boy like that is very sensitive. We might save him from—a bad night."

He hired a taxi outside the Adlon, though it was not far to the Dorotheenstrasse. Otto Brehm lived five flights up, and it was rather a trial on a hot night.

"Poof!" said Anna. "You see how we students live, father! Close to the gods."

"Where romance dwells," he answered. "The best dreams are in the attic."

Anna rapped at the door.

"I expect he's deep in some beastly book," she said.

There was no answer to the first knock or the second.

"I'm afraid he's out," said Anna. "Probably he's striding through the Tiergarten and hating me at every step, poor dear!"

"I think he's in," said her father. "And I smell something rather—alarming. Isn't that a whiff of gas?"

Anna drew a deep breath, and then gave a sharp cry.

"Oh, father!"

"Stand back," he said.

He thrust his shoulder at the door, which didn't yield. Then, after several efforts, he burst it open.

"*Achtung!*" he cried. "Put a handkerchief over your face, Anna. Don't breathe it in, for heaven's sake."

He was first to go into the room, holding his left arm across his nose and mouth. He did not pay any heed to the body of a young man lying on the floor until he had flung a stool at the window and smashed the glass.

Then he dragged the senseless boy out on the landing, where Anna stood trembling and coughing, with her hands clasped about her throat.

"It's a good job we came tonight," said the Prince. "A happy thought of mine!"

Anna was down on her knees beside the boy who had liked to kiss her in the Tiergarten, who had starved himself for her sake, who had called her frightful names because of jealous love.

"Otto!" she cried. "Otto!"

Out of the darkness of despair the boy awakened in her arms.

THE END

Heist Guy

A Crook's True Story of How He Got His Start

As told to EUGENE SEGAL

By

ROY CHADWICK

whose name is an alias. He is a racketeer widely known around southern Ohio. He was born in Piqua, in that state; moved with his parents to Middletown, was expelled from the high school there, and at seventeen hoboed to the West to embark upon a criminal career. He is now thirty-two, a success in life according to his own lights.

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

Foreword

By CHARLES P. TAFT, 2ND

(of Cincinnati; son of the late William Howard Taft)

DURING the last nine months of 1928, while I was prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, our office was engaged in the pursuit of a gang of six gunmen who held up a suburban pool room and shot and killed the marshal of the village in which it was located. The first trial of these men began on December 12. On that night one of the state's principal witnesses, a decent, respectable young man, the son of the assistant superintendent of mails at the Cincinnati post office, was taken out by the associates of the defendants, stabbed and shot, and burned to an unrecognizable crisp.

Charles P. Taft, 2nd

In connection with that and other experiences, I came in contact with a good many underworld characters, among them the individual whose memoirs have here been set down by a friend of mine. I know the man and I know that this story is his story. I also know that the man had no inducement to exaggerate or limit the truth. The story originally was not told for publication. Of course, some names and places have been omitted, and in a few cases it has been thought wise to change the locality somewhat.

The information contained in this story was first gathered by John H. Clippinger, assistant to me when I served as prosecutor. His work in the preparation and prosecution of cases involving the operations of professional gangs was unusual. Instead of waiting for evidence to be presented to him by the police, he personally investigated the gangsters' activities, often visiting their haunts alone. Thus he was able to obtain convictions against a number of the county's most dangerous criminals.

It might be said that by the publication of this story harm is being done in circulating criminal information and in giving the wrong kind of ideal to young fellows who might read it. Well, the man in the case had excitement, all right, but he had little satisfaction in life. His type is steadily but surely being shown up in its true light. Its ruthlessness, brutality and selfishness are here frankly revealed. My experience has been that in a group of business men the mere description of the kind of thing set down in the following pages enlists them wholeheartedly in constructive efforts to destroy this canker. In no other way that I know of can public sentiment be marshaled to an insistence upon the divorce of police and politics, and to an insistence upon private observance of all laws.

I GOT into a saloon brawl with a half-breed Mexican. It turned out to be the beginning of my past fifteen years in hustling. I've been a smuggler, highwayman, burglar, house prowler, bank robber, safe blower, auto thief, hijacker, and I don't know what else. If I could count all my jobs there certainly would be no less than a thousand.

I said a fight started it. Actually, it grew out of a cigar butt no bigger than your thumb.

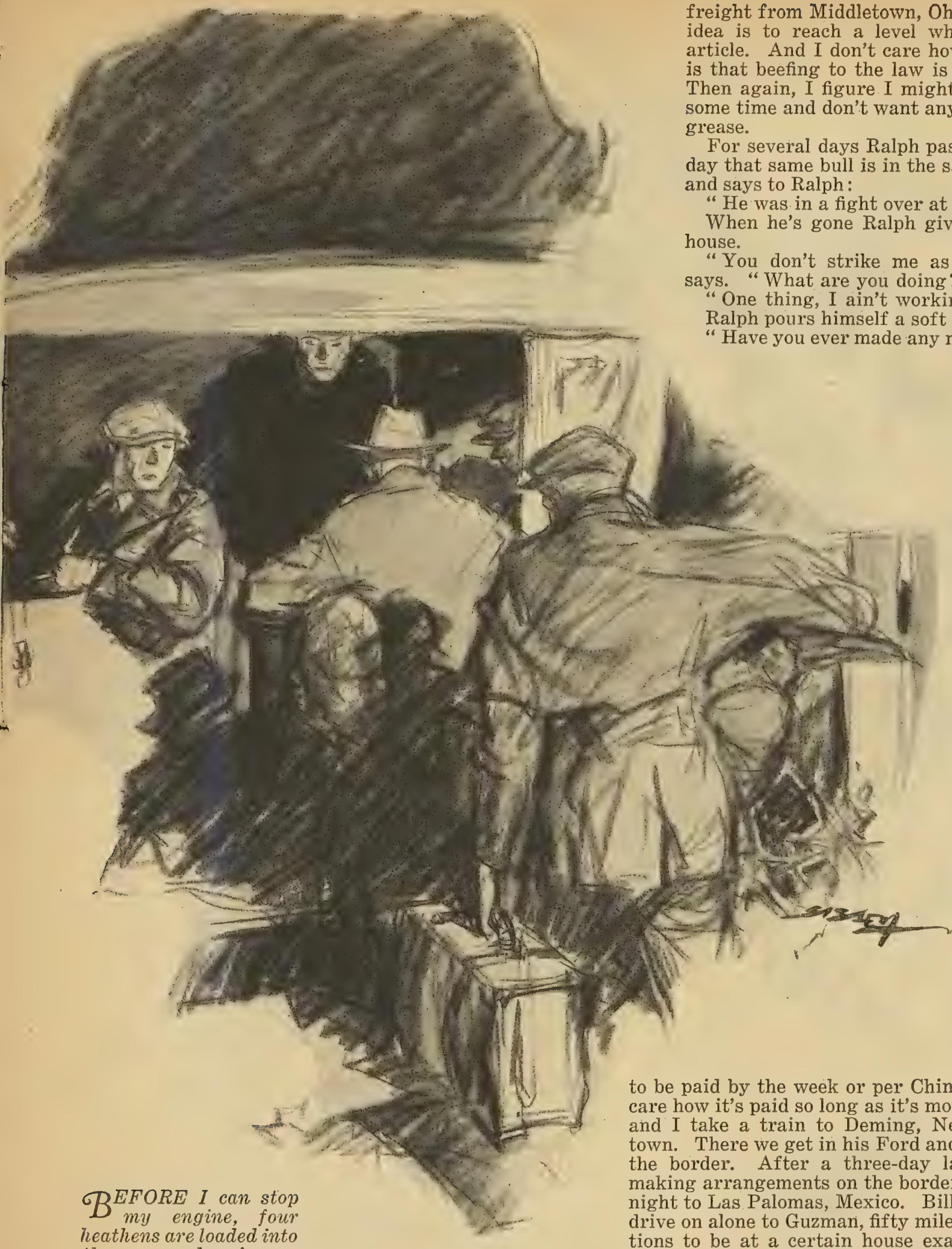
I'm having a drink in the saloon and this little greaser is standing beside me. He's one of those serious drinkers. He never says a word—just tosses one off and shoves his glass back to the bartender for another. Every drink he needs more room, edges me and scowls. I take it from him because the bartender gives me the wink to lay off.

All the time the greaser's cigar butt is resting on the edge of the bar. Suddenly he remembers it, but while he's elbowing me it gets lost in the sawdust. He sees me smoking and starts yelling something in bad English I can't understand. I don't know what's bothering him until he yanks the cigar from my mouth. He gets a good smack in the nose and comes at me with a knife.

I back off, sparring with the knife and trying to make the door. But I'm cornered. The greaser is quick. He lunges at my face; I duck and the knife blade cuts through the fleshy part of my hand. I leave the place on the hot.

Next day a harness bull comes to my furnished room. When I see his uniform I'm scared. I know what he wants. I didn't do anything, but I'm afraid he'll make me talk. My mind is made up to keep my mouth shut.

"Look here, bud," he begins, "if you want to raise hell, go to some other guy's beat. Are you trying to get me in Dutch?"



BEFORE I can stop my engine, four heathens are loaded into the car, and we're on our way.

"You got the wrong man," I tell him. "I'm a stranger here."

"Where were you last night?"

"Right here," I answer. "I just got off the train."

"Where'd you get that hand?"

"Over in Juarez. I was in a fight," I answer.

"All right. Remember, this fight was over in Juarez. But you're a damn liar, anyway." He goes out.

Back at the saloon later, the bartender, named Ralph, won't talk to me. He slides a drink across without even asking what I want. He probably thinks I'm the one who talked to the law. The reason I told the bull nothing is that I'm trying to better myself. I came out here on a freight from Middletown, Ohio, to get a start. My idea is to reach a level where I'm a mentioned article. And I don't care how I do it. All I know is that beefing to the law is no way to get ahead. Then again, I figure I might be in trouble myself some time and don't want anybody to put me in the grease.

For several days Ralph passes me up. Then one day that same bull is in the saloon. He thumbs me and says to Ralph:

"He was in a fight over at Juarez."

When he's gone Ralph gives me a drink on the house.

"You don't strike me as being a sucker," he says. "What are you doing?"

"One thing, I ain't working," I answer.

Ralph pours himself a soft drink. Then he asks:

"Have you ever made any money?"

"Sure I've made money," I answer.

"How old are you?" he questions.

I tell him twenty-two, though I'm just turned eighteen.

"Do you care how you make a little dough now? And I don't mean a pay envelope," he goes on.

"I'll take any kind of dough if the proposition sounds good," I answer.

"You can run a few Chinks over the border, can't you? It'll pay you plenty," he says.

I tell him to count me in.

A WEEK passes, Ralph saying he's trying to make a connection for me. At last he introduces me to Bill.

"Meet my friend Roy. He's all right," he tells Bill.

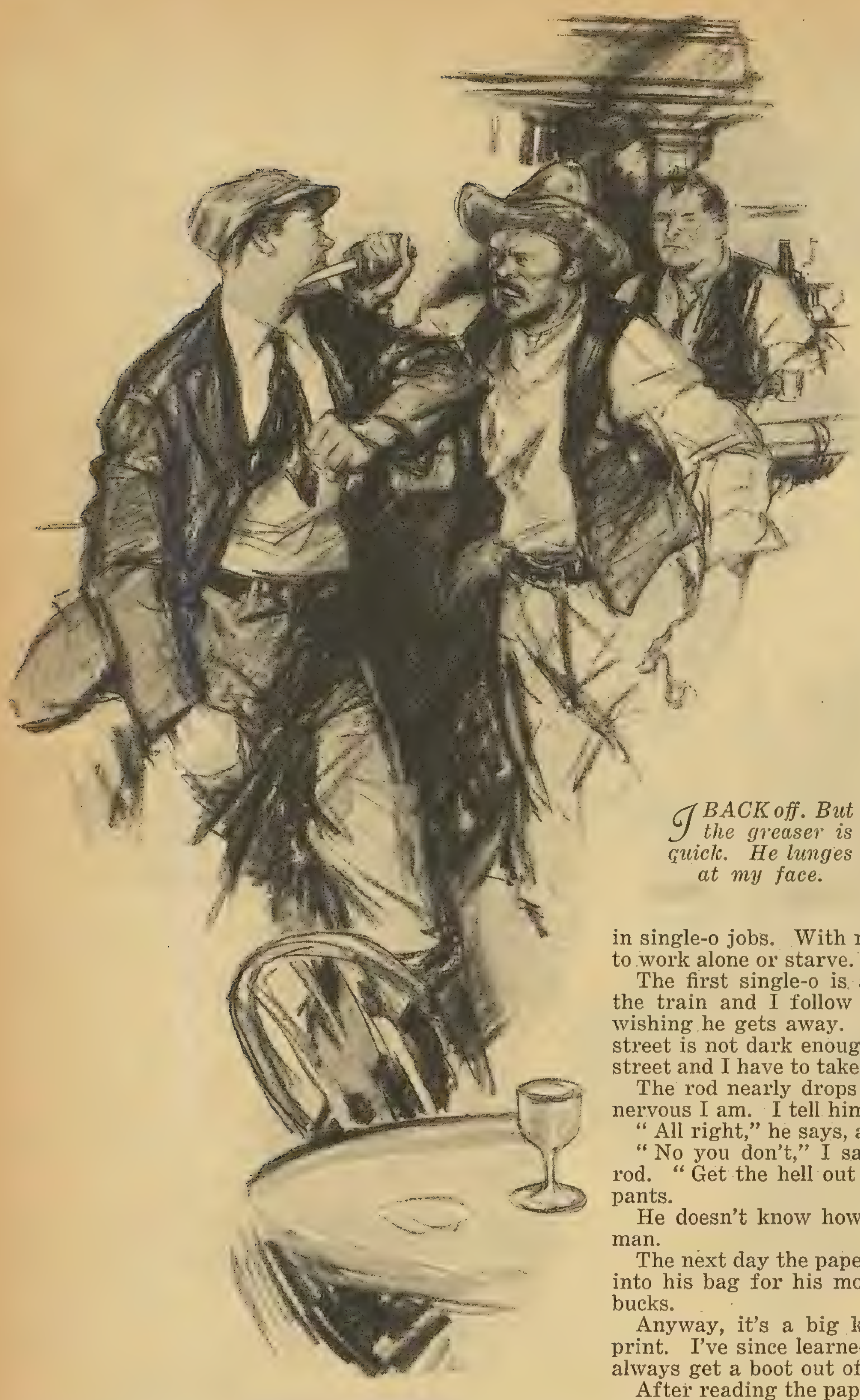
It's the first time I'm called that, but I'm Roy from then on.

Bill asks if I want to be paid by the week or per Chink. I tell him I don't care how it's paid so long as it's money. That night Bill and I take a train to Deming, New Mexico, his home town. There we get in his Ford and drive to Arena, near the border. After a three-day layover, while Bill is making arrangements on the border, we drive across one night to Las Palomas, Mexico. Bill leaves me here and I drive on alone to Guzman, fifty miles south, with instructions to be at a certain house exactly two hours later. Though it's a hard drive, through level wheat country, but over bad roads, I pull up to the house on time, 11 P. M. The whole business runs like clockwork. Before I can stop my engine, four heathens are loaded into the car and we're on our way back to Palomas. Then Bill takes charge of the Chinks and I wait for him to return in a few days.

One of the heathens, a doctor who can speak my language, tells me the Chinks come in through Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, and are brought to Guzman, 300 miles across the mountains, by train. They're herded into a room, as many as fifty at a time, and may have to live that way six weeks until the border can be weakened. I know the payoff at that time is fifty dollars a guard.

Bill turns the Chinks loose to shift for themselves in Deming.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I BACK off. But the greaser is quick. He lunges at my face.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

During the month I work for him sixty Chinks go over. I get about three hundred bucks and keep.

I blow the job because I can't see myself getting anywhere. Nobody ever made a name for himself chauffeuring a lot of heathens around Mexico. And another thing, I get it that most of those Texas border men are risky to play with. I'm not fixing to get myself mixed up with the Federal law before I even get a good start.

I go back to El Paso, to the saloon. Ralph tells me he heard from Bill I'm A-number-one, which makes me feel I'm heading for a big future. I give Ralph to understand I'm ready for another proposition. He writes the name of a John Dandridge with a Peach Street address in Kansas City, and tells me to go see him.

A few nights later I'm at the door of the Peach Street house, asking for John Dandridge. At first I think it can't be the right place, as it's one swell joint. I heard of guys making big money out of a racket but I never knew any of them could afford a layout like this, or if they could, that they would invest in a piece of property the law could lay its hands on. I suspect Dandridge is in on something good, but I don't get smart till later that he's the big shot of the Kansas City underworld. He's an influential electioneer and the politicians have to lay off his mob.

Dandridge comes to the door of his house, a big brute of a man with a flat, round face.

"A very dear friend of yours in El Paso by the name of Ralph said I should call on you and you might throw something my way," I tell him.

He doesn't stall a second.

"What can you do?" he asks.

I GIVE him an account of my experience in running Chinks. When I'm through he asks if I have enough dough to hold me over a few days. I tell him I have plenty because I don't want him to get an idea I'm just a punk in the business.

The truth is, I'm nearly flat and have to make some money to keep me. It is during this time I have my first experience in single-o jobs. With no friends in Kansas City I have to work alone or starve.

The first single-o is a street heist. A man gets off the train and I follow him. I'm so nervous I'm half wishing he gets away. I make an excuse to myself the street is not dark enough. Then he goes up a dark side street and I have to take him or admit I'm yellow.

The rod nearly drops from my hand. Show you how nervous I am. I tell him to hand over his dough.

"All right," he says, and begins to open his grip.

"No you don't," I say, thinking he's reaching for a rod. "Get the hell out of here," and I kick him in the pants.

He doesn't know how close he came to being a dead man.

The next day the paper cracks that the man was going into his bag for his money, a hundred and twenty-five bucks.

Anyway, it's a big kick seeing my first single-o in print. I've since learned this isn't my youth; old heads always get a boot out of publicity.

After reading the paper, I tell myself I better get over the nervousness or quit where I am. This is the game I chose, I say, and if I don't like the risk I ought to become somebody's hired help.

I don't wait any longer than night to give myself another trial. I take a young guy as he's getting out of his car to go into a house. He looks as if he's calling on his girl and I figure he should have dough. He comes for forty-eight bucks. But again I'm nervous. I never have gotten over it. Going through with a job in spite of fear is what makes hustling adventuresome.

I know very few old heads who don't show yellow some time or other. There was a guy who worked with me a few years ago around Cincinnati. He's safe-shy. Whenever the mob has the nitro in the safe and is getting ready to blow, he's always hunting excuses to get away.

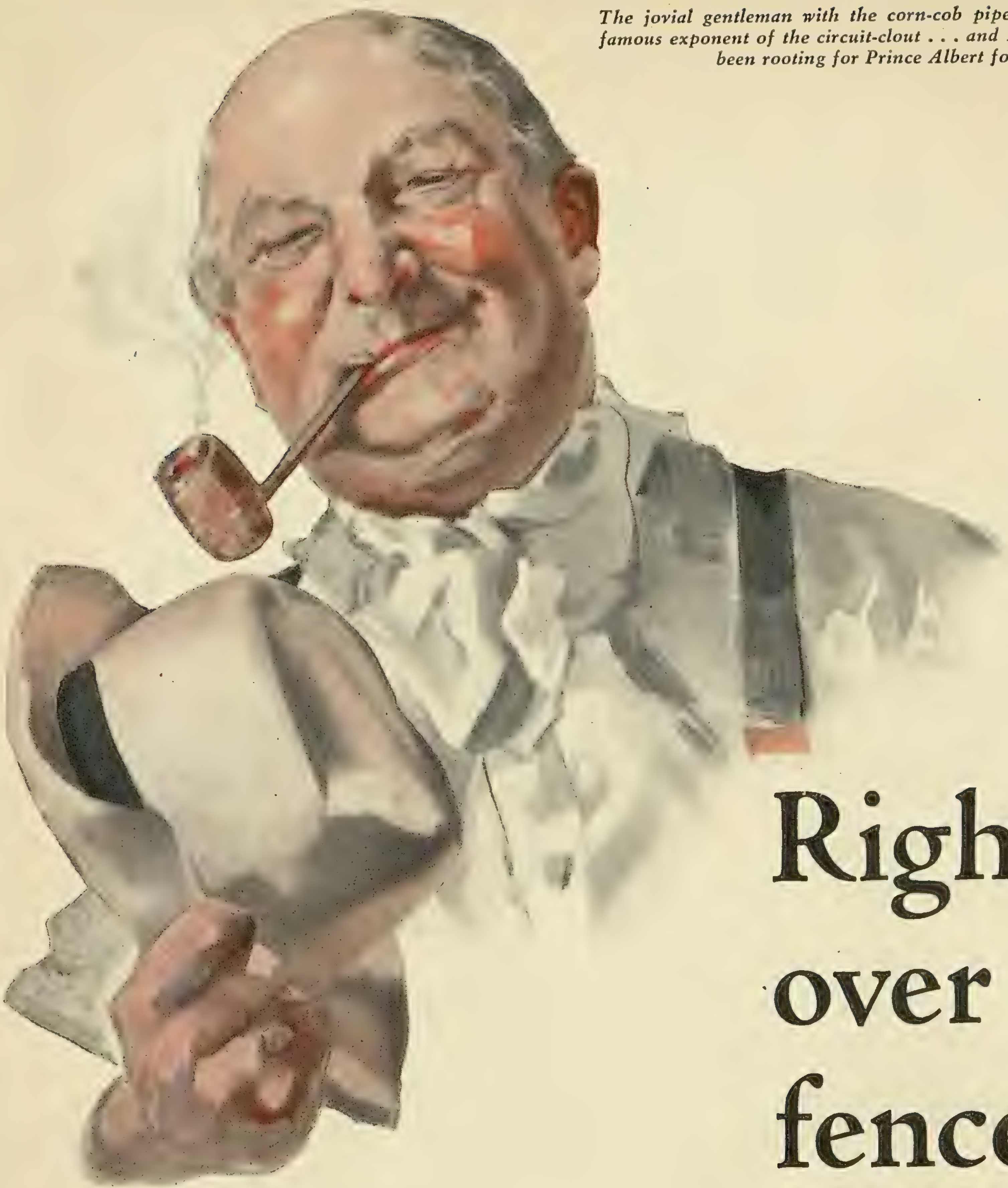
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Deficient oils may come from high-grade crudes

For perfect performance in your automobile you must have a *correctly proportioned* oil—an oil that performs ALL FOUR of these functions in your engine: 1. CONTROL CARBON so that hard carbon deposits will not pile up in your cylinders. 2. CONTROL OXIDATION so that your oil system is kept free from clogging and your valves do not gum and stick. 3. PROVIDE OILY CHARACTER sufficient to hold down wear so that your engine won't "loosen-up". 4. LAST LONG—resist heat—to prevent excessive oil consumption. ALL four of these properties must be present, and in the correct proportions. When you hear that an oil is the best oil for your engine because it comes from a particular crude base, ask yourself whether that oil is DEFICIENT. No CRUDE, in itself, can be a guarantee against deficiency—a dozen oils of widely different quality can be made from the same high-grade crude The necessary properties may be lacking or in the wrong proportion. Motor oil is MADE, not found. The factors that produce a *correctly proportioned* oil are the factors behind every quart of MOBILOIL. They are: 1. The maker's KNOWLEDGE. 2. The maker's PROCESSES and EQUIPMENT. 3. The maker's ability to SELECT the right crudes. When you buy MOBILOIL, you can be sure of the KNOWLEDGE, the processes, the equipment and the judgment of the leaders of the world in scientific lubrication. When you want to buy MOBILOIL, just drive in where you see this sign. Ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car as recommended on the Mobiloil chart. Mobiloil is MADE by the Vacuum Oil Company.

Ask here
for GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

The jovial gentleman with the corn-cob pipe is "Old Hunch"—famous exponent of the circuit-clout . . . and P. A. for pipes. He's been rooting for Prince Albert for years!



Right over the fence

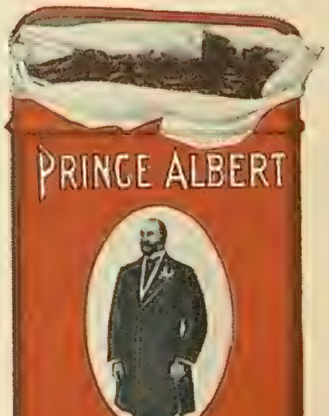
YOU CAN always count on Prince Albert to come through. It was a hit from the start and numbers its fans by the million. No use beating about the bush-leagues . . . it's just the greatest pipe-tobacco that ever stepped up to a match for a joy-drive into deep center.

Buy a tidy red tin of good old P. A. Swing back the lid and catch that rich, rare aroma. Pop a load into your pipe and light up. Cool as an umpire deciding: "Strike TWO!" Sweet as a homer that wins in the ninth. Mellow and mild and long-burning, down to the last sweet drag. That's Prince Albert, Men.

Jimmy-pipe or makin's papers, it's all the same to this double-header. No matter how many innings you play, morning to midnight, you're safe . . . and satisfied . . . with P. A. Team-up with this big-league pennant-cincher, and see what a team-mate it is. The password's "P. A."—don't muff it!

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

More tobacco and more pipe-joy. There are TWO full ounces in every tin.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

One time we're on a pete job in Elmwood, just outside Cincinnati. We have the soup set and, before blowing, the mob is waiting in a side entrance until two harness bulls on the corner can beat it. This guy is so nervous he keeps dancing, which is about the worst thing he can do under the circumstances, there being a hard crust of snow on the ground. He could easily flush the bulls. So I have to stick the heat on him and tell him I'll blast his guts out if he don't stand still.

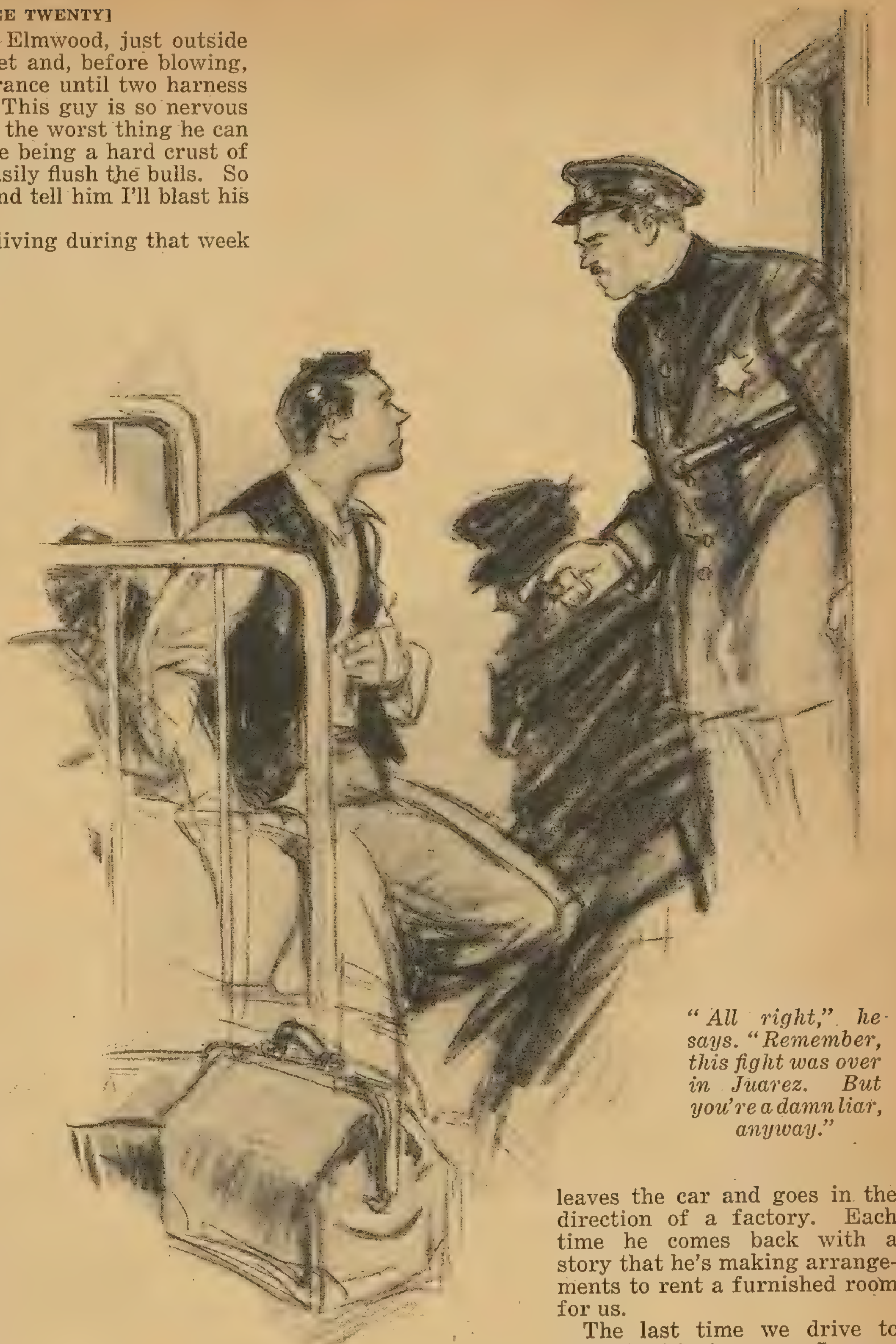
Nervous or not, I make a fair living during that week I'm waiting to see Dandridge. I guess he wrote to Ralph, because when I go back he says, first thing:

“ Step in. They tell me you're all right.”

Inside, I sink nearly up to my shoe tops in rugs and there are oil paintings with lights over them on the wall. A little pale guy, a swell dresser, is sitting in a plush chair. Dandridge calls him Bob Rondell.

“ Bob,” he says, “ here's a kid I like. His name is Ray ” —he turns to me— “ ain't it? ”

“ Roy,” I tell him.



“ All right,” he says. “Remember, this fight was over in Juarez. But you're a damn liar, anyway.”

RONDELL just glances at me and blows his nose.

“ This boy comes well recommended, and I'd like you to do what you can for him,” Dandridge goes on.

Bob nods once and stares at me. Dandridge helps me out.

“ Tell him what you can do,” he says.

“ Well,” I answer, “ I'm good enough to pull ten heists in the past week for a total of a grand and a half. Over in El Paso I kicked in a couple of stores and cracked a few petes.”

“ What can you do? ” That's all Rondell says the whole time we're there.

I'm sore and brag about a list of jobs I wouldn't even know how to begin. In the midst of it Bob gets up and puts on his hat.

“ Go on along with him,” Dandridge whispers.

Bob takes me to his room and here is my home for the next few months. I never get to know him well. He don't tell me a thing about himself, and when we're going out together he takes a needle out of a drawer, junks himself in the arm and says, “ Come on.” What I'm getting into I never know until I'm there. This is his way, I guess, of breaking me into his mob. It's a good way at that. He probably knows I'm raw, despite those stories I give him, and don't want me to be leery before we get to a spot.

On our first job together he takes along a small tool kit that fits his inside coat pocket. It contains a small hammer, jimmy, and screwdriver. He packs no heat.

We drive to a swell part of town and Bob leaves me parked down a side street. He disappears around a corner and is gone only twenty minutes. When he gets back, he says, “ Step on it,” but tells me nothing else. This happens two or three times. Bob gives me a hundred a week, pays the rent, and buys me a suit.

I'm in on one payroll holdup without knowing anything about it until it's over. Several times Bob and I drive out to Sheffield, a suburb of Kansas City, where he leaves the car and goes in the direction of a factory. Each time he comes back with a story that he's making arrangements to rent a furnished room for us.

The last time we drive to Sheffield it's in a car I never saw before. Bob opens the door and, without a word, gets a sawed-off shotgun from the rear of the machine and sits waiting, the gun between us. It isn't five minutes before another car beats it around the corner and passes out of sight over a hill before Bob can close the door.

“ Turn around and give it the gas,” Bob orders. “ The damn fools are going the wrong way.”

His job, I imagine, is to tail the law if they're following the first car and stop them by filling their tires full of lead. We're doing sixty for a mile or so when Bob stops me.

“ Ditch the car and go home,” he says. “ Put the gun under your coat.” Then he beats it up a side street.

Next day the news cracks about a twenty-grand payroll robbery at the factory in Sheffield. Bob comes in at night loaded with paper and gives me five hundred bucks of it.

I'm with Bob more than a month before he lets me meet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEIST GUY
Continued from page twenty-three

any of the other members of his mob. He takes me to an apartment in a good section of town where there are three of them, Bender, Roach, and Luther. He doesn't tell me the connection between them and us. He just says:

"Listen, you guys. Here's Roy. He's a friend of mine. We used to make a little dough together around Detroit. You can talk."

This makes me feel good. I'm in. From this time on I'm never without a connection in any large city where I might want to work.

In my first conversation with Bender, Roach, and Luther I make a reference to Dandridge. Bob busts in with:

"Dandridge is a guy we knew in Detroit."

From that I understand I'm not to mention Dandridge again; that the members of the mob don't know who is the big shot behind them.

Bob leaves me for periods of a week at a stretch. While he's away I begin to be bothered by the idea I'm just wasting time, getting nowhere. For company, I hunt up Bender, Roach, and Luther. They tell me that Bob has a girl, another junker, with whom he goes on sleigh rides during those weeks he's away. They say he's the son of a millionaire perfume manufacturer in the East who pays him by the month to keep out of sight, and he's rated the greatest house prowler in the country.

Since seeing the work of other house prowlers, I believe that. The others too many times fail or get a rumble by making a misstep. When Bob goes to work on a door with those three little tools of his, it's as good as open. He moves like a cat, knows exactly where the paper and jewelry is hid, and is out in no more than twenty minutes.

What the Crooks' Lingo in This Story Means

Heist guy—Crook, stick-up man.
On the hot—Quickly; "burning up the pavement."
Beefing to the law—Telling a policeman.
Put me in the grease—Put me in trouble.
Thumbs me—Accosts me, buttonholes me.
Big shot—Chief of the racketeers; "the man higher up."
Single-o job—A crime committed alone, without accomplices.
Hustling—Racketeering, criminal activity in general.
Paper—Money; sometimes phony checks or forged documents.
Pete job—A job of safe-blowing.
Stick the heat on him—Stick a gun in his ribs.
Pack a heat—Carry a gun.
Junker—One who uses drugs.
Sleigh ride—The dreams of one under the influence of drugs.
Night hack—Night watchman.
Casing a bank job—Planning and executing a bank robbery.
Harness bull—A policeman in uniform.
Street heist—A holdup committed on the street.

A good house prowler is a tin god in the underworld, rating only one below a bank robber. He is the only thief who sticks to a single racket. A pete man may try his hand at auto stealing one day and hijacking the next. Bob's part in that payroll holdup was unusual for him, and I don't think he could have been induced to be the gunman right on the job.

Bender, Roach, and Luther get to be my friends, especially Luther, a redhead with a short leg. Bender and Roach come from Junction City, Kansas, and Luther from Peoria, Illinois, they tell me. Them, too, I fill full of stories about my crimes which never existed. I prowled a rich woman's house single-o and found money in back of pictures, under mattresses and in envelopes. I never saw a place so lousy with money. But I hold just enough of the story in the dark to show them I know how to keep my mouth shut.

I LIKE the way they warm up to me. I'm not the kind who can get any fun out of hustling singlo-o. There's greater safety in playing a lone hand, but I say you might as well be in the stir as without friends. If a hustler holds off from his own kind he hasn't anybody, because, in the first place, the other kind won't make up to him and, in the next, he can't trust them. The single-o life is all right for guys like Rondell who are in a racket only for the money, but if you want to enjoy the work you've got to have friends.

I don't like the way Bob is keeping me on the outside. Another thing about him, when he has the junk in him there is no telling what he'll do. One day he grabs a woman's purse in the post office at Eighth and Peach Streets. He runs like a wild man to a suburb a couple of miles away. There he drops exhausted and crawls under a porch where the law finds him. Dandridge sees to it he isn't indicted.

I figure Bob is too much of a risk and not enough of a help, so when the others invite me to join them on a flyer, I count myself in. We ask Bob, on his return, to come along, but he says:

"If you guys don't know where you're safe, go ahead."

We four pick up a Ford and go first to Independence, Missouri, where we take a bakery for two hundred and fifty. We ditch the car, a hot job, and take a train to Iola, Kansas, where we suddenly decide to get off because we see a freight depot that looks good. We kick it in around midnight, making more noise than necessary as we figure it's unguarded. When we flash on the lights we see a night hack asleep on a cot. He doesn't wake up until we have the rod on his head.

IN an unlocked safe we find three hundred. Then we crash all the express cases, one of which contains a few dozen revolvers and a shotgun. Roach wants the shotgun—a very bad choice, as it's highly engraved and can be spotted among a million. He straps it under his coat. The gun turns out to be our downfall.

We grab a freight out of Iola and arrive at Chanute, Kansas, early next morning. While waiting for our breakfasts to be served at a restaurant near the station, I go to a washstand in the corner of the place to clean up. Smart as I think I am, that's how dumb I am. I take off my coat, forgetting a rod is sticking out my hip pocket.

My face covered with suds, I feel the gun leave my pocket. I can squint enough through the lather to see two guys and I figure they're the law. So I stall while rinsing and drying to think up a story.

"Do you know it's ag'in' the law to tote a gun in Kansas?" one of the dicks begins.

"No, sir," I say. "I'll put it in my grip right now."

"What you doing with it?" he asks.

"For protection," I answer. "I been making a harvest and got it off a hobo. I heard the brakies hit you on the head and take your money."

"First we'll take you over to talk to the chief. Your partners, too," the bull says.

We're taken to the police station and searched. The chief gets wall-eyed when he sees Roach's shotgun and we're thrown in the brig. That afternoon we're taken back to the chief's room. We know right away we're through. The night hack is there and identifies us without any ifs or maybes. An express agent with him shows a bill of lading that gives an exact description of the shotgun.

We are taken over to Yates Center, a county seat, and, during our three weeks in jail awaiting grand jury action, we decide to plead guilty. Each of us gets one to seven years. I'm sentenced under the name Roy Chadwick.

While on my way to the reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas, handcuffed to Luther, I'm not sorry I joined the hustling class. I'm only sore I made a bad play. Before ever I see the inside of the reformatory I decide I'm going back to the game no sooner I'm out. And, above all, they'll never catch me again.

The reformatory seems a friendly place. My old pal, Bob Rondell, who stayed in Kansas City to play 'em safe, is there on a robbery charge. He was so junked up he walked right into the law. I don't know where Dandridge was in this play.

Hutchinson reformatory has four cell blocks. As your conduct improves you are transferred from Block D to C to B to A. In A you have a few privileges, and what strikes me right off is the sight of a lot of tough hoodlums you couldn't control with a machine gun outside, behaving like school kids in the hope of enjoying the little freedom they'll get in the first cell block.

Bender, Roach, Luther, and I are in D. First time we get together, I say:

"Let's make a break."

"That's what I been thinking," Luther says.

That's what we're all thinking, but none of us knows how to go about it. This makes me bad tempered, so up in my cell I'm always yelling to Stevenson, the screw, for something.

"Up on 19 D!" I keep calling.

Half the time I haven't anything to ask for when the screw gets there. On one of these occasions, he says:

"Listen, kid. What do you want to try to escape for?"

"You're a damn liar," I answer.

"All right," he says. "But all I wanted to say is, you can make it out of here in a year, and if you try to make a break you get that much longer."

When Stevenson is gone, I pick up a sack of tobacco that's lying just outside the bars in violation of the Kansas anti-tobacco law.

"Up on 19 D!" I yell.

Stevenson returns.

"How did you know I wanted to escape?" I ask.

"I been around here fifteen years," he answers.

AFTER that I feel better towards the reformatory. I begin to keep my cell clean because a prisoner gets one day in thirty off the end of his term if his cell passes inspection 100 per cent every day of the month. At first they had to kick me out of the dining room for breaking the rule of silence, but after the talk with Stevenson I make it my business to learn the finger signals used in asking for things at the table. One finger up means bread. Two means water. Four fingers are coffee. Shaking all the fingers like playing the piano calls for salt and pepper. The whole hand up brings the screw.

Tinsely is another good screw. He teaches me painting and I learn so well he asks for me when there is county work to be done. This is after I'm moved to C Block. I like the outside jobs. They make the time go faster.

All in all, the Hutchinson reformatory is not a bad place. A prisoner who actually wants to go straight has all the chances in the world to do so. But all the time I'm preparing myself to get back into hustling. For self-improvement, I hunt out the oldest heads and the toughest guys among the prisoners. One of these is a trusty who is up for bank robbery. His is the kind of work I want to learn. He tells me how to case a bank job. His chief advice on how to keep out of the stir is, "Never round or burn the law," which means, don't go to the other side of the street when you see a bull coming your way and don't turn to look at him after he's passed.

At the end of fourteen months I'm paroled to a Greek restaurant owner in Hutchinson. I'm a hash slinger. The warden gives me a big diploma with a seal and ribbons. But I'm not allowed to leave town. So I arrange with a Cincinnati friend to send me a letter which is supposed to land me a good job in his city.

I show the letter to M. E. Jollif, the probation officer, who permits me to go to Cincinnati. He gives me thirteen papers, one to be filled out each month and sent to him, telling what work I'm doing, how much I'm saving, and where I spend my spare time. I mail all the papers, filled out and signed, to my friend, who returns them one a month to Jollif.

Six weeks after I'm back in Middletown a letter from Jollif is forwarded to me. It says he's glad to learn I'm making a man of myself. I get it just as I return from sticking up a fruit store. I wasn't in Middletown a week before I'm hustling again. At nineteen, I'm an old head with a long and successful career before me.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

Don't buy *until you're sold*

We take the risk, not you. This remarkable shaving cream is its own salesman. *Just mail the coupon, please, for your free test.*

GENTLEMEN: A remarkable sales policy—and a remarkable product—have made records in the shaving cream field in the past few years.

A comparative newcomer has become the world's fastest selling shaving cream. A simple, man-to-man introductory plan has been largely responsible.

When we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove at our expense, the things we claim.

The coupon is for your convenience. If you have not made our test, please make it now.

Now, the test, please

Whether your present method suits you or not, won't you try our new way? We have endeavored to free you from old inconveniences and discomforts. We think our product deserves a trial. After all, *we* take the risk of pleasing *you*. So won't you mail the coupon now, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company. 5901

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

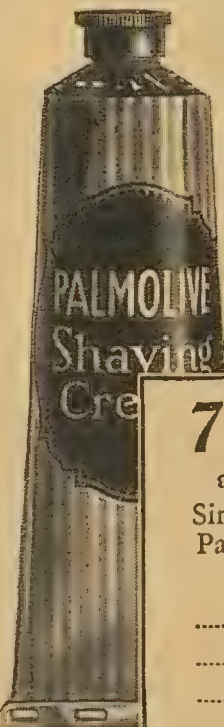
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-860, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

....

....

....

(Please print your name and address)



Hearts at Sea

The Misses del Rio and Bow Take Turns at Vamping the Navy

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Two believers in the new freedom for women: Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio in The Bad One.

★ ★ ★ THE BAD ONE

DOLORES DEL RIO and Edmund Lowe are together again in The Bad One. They make a good combination here, as they did in What Price Glory. The character of Lita, portrayed by Dolores del Rio, is somewhat the same as Charmaine of the war picture, only here she is the sweetheart of the sailors who disembark at Marseilles, instead of soldiers from the line. Lita does her best to live up to her reputation as the Bad One. She is an entertainer in a water-front café. She is a notorious vamp and goes her carefree way, loving no man but fooling them all until Jerry Flannigan from Brooklyn arrives and changes all that. Jerry, of course, is Edmund Lowe.

The story is by John Farrow, and George Fitzmaurice directed it under the supervision of John W. Considine, Jr. The method of direction is anything but subtle. Very little is left to the imagination, either in the love scenes or the melodramatic episodes of the last half of the film. But it moves at a good pace and will hold your interest throughout.

This is a United Artists picture.

Vivienne Segal and Alan Prior, in The Bride of the Regiment, enact this courtly scene.

★ ★ ★ TRUE TO THE NAVY

If Clara Bow ever had a better part in a picture than that of Ruby Nolan in True to the Navy, I didn't see her in it. This suits her from the top of her mop of red hair to the soles of her restless feet. It is an original screen story by Keene Thompson and Doris Anderson. The direction was cleverly handled by Frank Tuttle, who kept a good cast and the star working through every foot of the film.

Ruby is a soda jerker in a San Diego drug store and she spends her spare time collecting sailor sweethearts. She boasts one to every ship. But on a fatal day the whole fleet steams into San Diego Harbor and brings plenty of trouble to Ruby. When she really falls for a sailor she falls hard. Fredric March plays Gunner McCoy who convinces Ruby that it is dangerous to fool with the navy, and he makes a hit in the part.

Join the navy and see—Clara Bow. At least, that's the luck enjoyed by Ray Cooke and Fredric March in True to the Navy.

★ ★ ★ LADIES LOVE BRUTES

Rowland V. Lee, who directed George Bancroft in The Wolf of Wall Street, also directed him in his latest Paramount picture, Ladies Love Brutes. The story is based on a play by Zoë Akins called Pardon My Glove and is a natural for Bancroft. The dialogue throughout is good and the action is either thrilling or dramatic when it isn't trying to be amusing. Mary Astor and Fredric March have featured rôles and they play them intelligently. Young David Durand, who takes the part of Joey Forziati, shares honors with the star whenever they are together in a scene.

The part of Joe Forziati, who puts the finishing touches to New York's sky line, fits Bancroft like a glove. Rich and powerful through his construction work and known as the skyscraper king, Joe is dissatisfied because his business friends never express a wish to meet him socially. A friend finally opens a Park Avenue door for him, but he walks straight into trouble. The weak spot of the picture is the comedy.

George Bancroft and Mary Astor in Ladies Love Brutes.

★ ★ THE BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT

The Bride of the Regiment has undergone many changes since it was first introduced on the stage in London as an operetta under the title, The Lady of the Rose. I doubt whether its creators, Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch, would recognize the Lady of the Rose (which was later presented to American theatergoers as The Lady in Ermine) as it now appears under the banner of First National in this Vitaphone production. It is no longer an operetta. It is a comedy with a few songs and a dance thrown in.

A touching scene in Courage, as played by Leon Janney and Belle Bennett.

Vivienne Segal is lovely as the Countess Anna-Marie. Technicolor becomes her. But she appears to be disturbed by the lights. Her one song is so charmingly rendered that it seems a shame to limit her to one.

Besides the lovely pictures presented by Vivienne Segal and Myrna Loy as Sophie the ballet dancer, and the one song and dance performed by Louise Fazenda and Lupino Lane together, The Bride of the Regiment is distinguished by Walter Pidgeon's performance of the enormous colonel of Hussars.

★ ★ COURAGE

Warner Brothers, probably at a hint from Will Hays' office, displayed an appalling lack of courage in the making of a play based on that human attribute. The film version of Courage, which as a play had a popular run on Broadway last year, is changed in a vital particular, and so, for this beholder, was slightly spoiled.

However, Archie Mayo, as director, did his best with the changed version to make it an appealing and dramatic struggle of a misunderstood and harassed mother to keep her children with her and to give them, no matter how, more than the ordinary advantages.

Belle Bennett is the mother, Mary Colbrook, and while she rises to the more dramatic scenes beautifully and even gives a magnificent performance, aided by Blanche Frederici, in the climax of the play, she is rather irritating in her optimistic and smothering moods.

Do you know that—

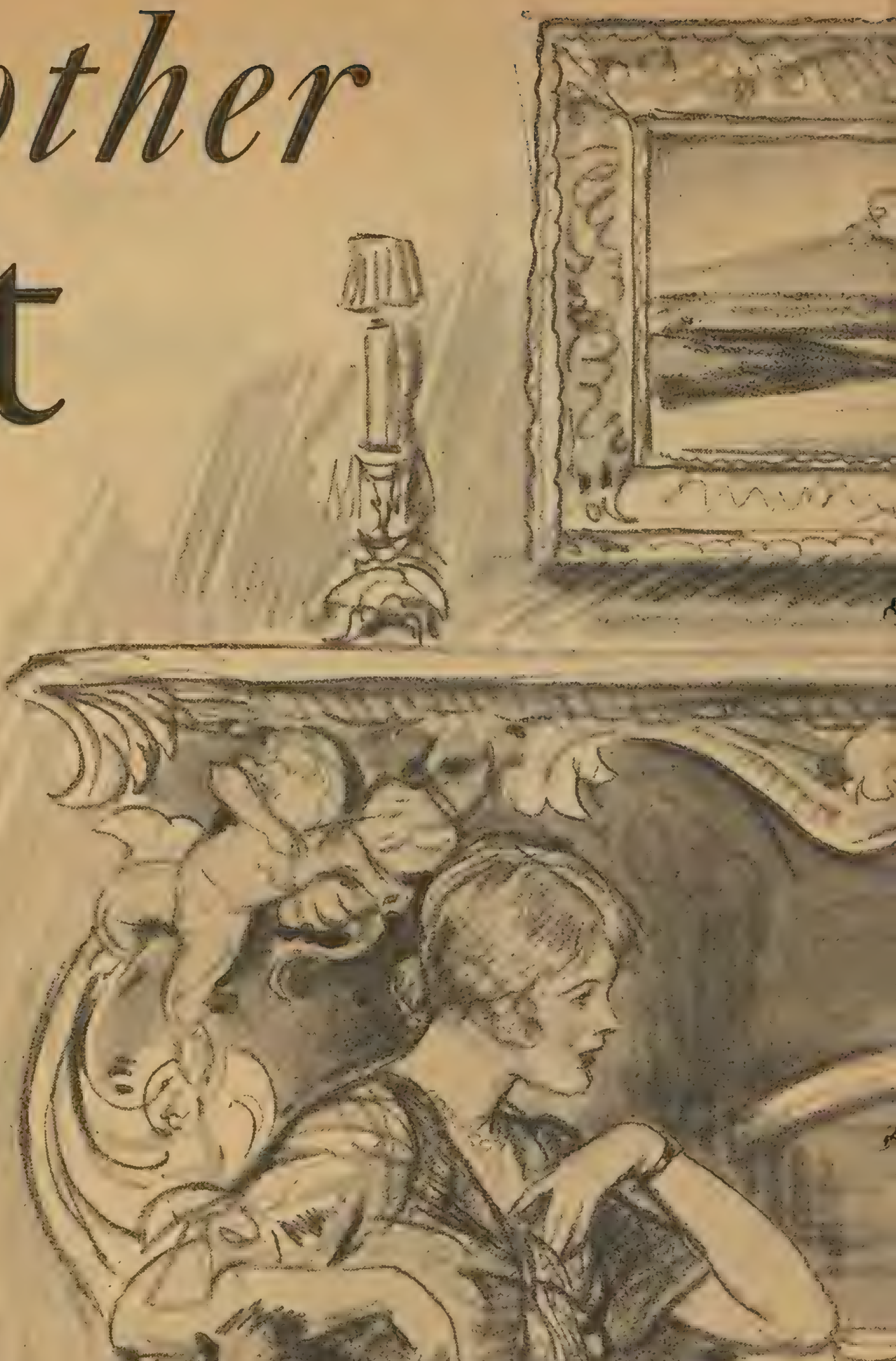
Will Rogers will follow So This Is London with See America First? This sounds like a world tour series. He did They Had to See Paris last year. . . . Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, who impersonates the young Indian brave in The Silent Enemy, is a World War hero, having fought with the Canadians and won three citations?

Four- and three-star films of the past month

★★★★—The Floradora Girl, The Silent Enemy, All Quiet on the Western Front.

★★★—The Texan, King of Jazz.

Still Another Juliet



A New Romance of Today in America

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

THEY called her "Sleeping Beauty." Her name was Juliet Rogers. She was a stenographer in the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency. Her hair was red-gold, and she had just turned twenty. The other girls in the office said she pulled a line of never caring about men.

Well, this couldn't be said of Thelma, Juliet's sister. Thelma always had a current man with whom she was in love. At the moment it was Steve Gill. Steve, with his flow of latest slang, was forever in and out of the Rogers home in Glen Hill, a Long Island suburb. Not much else happened there. Dad made his daily trips to the office, and mama cooked, cleaned, manufactured grievances, and revived her old ones against Minnie Streeter, her hated girlhood rival back in Missouri.

Juliet wanted something new and fine out of life. Love. Beauty. There was "J. D.," of course—the head of the firm. He was rich, a widower, and the girls in the office teased her about him, but that was all nonsense.

What could she do to make life more romantic? A girl couldn't hunt adventure.

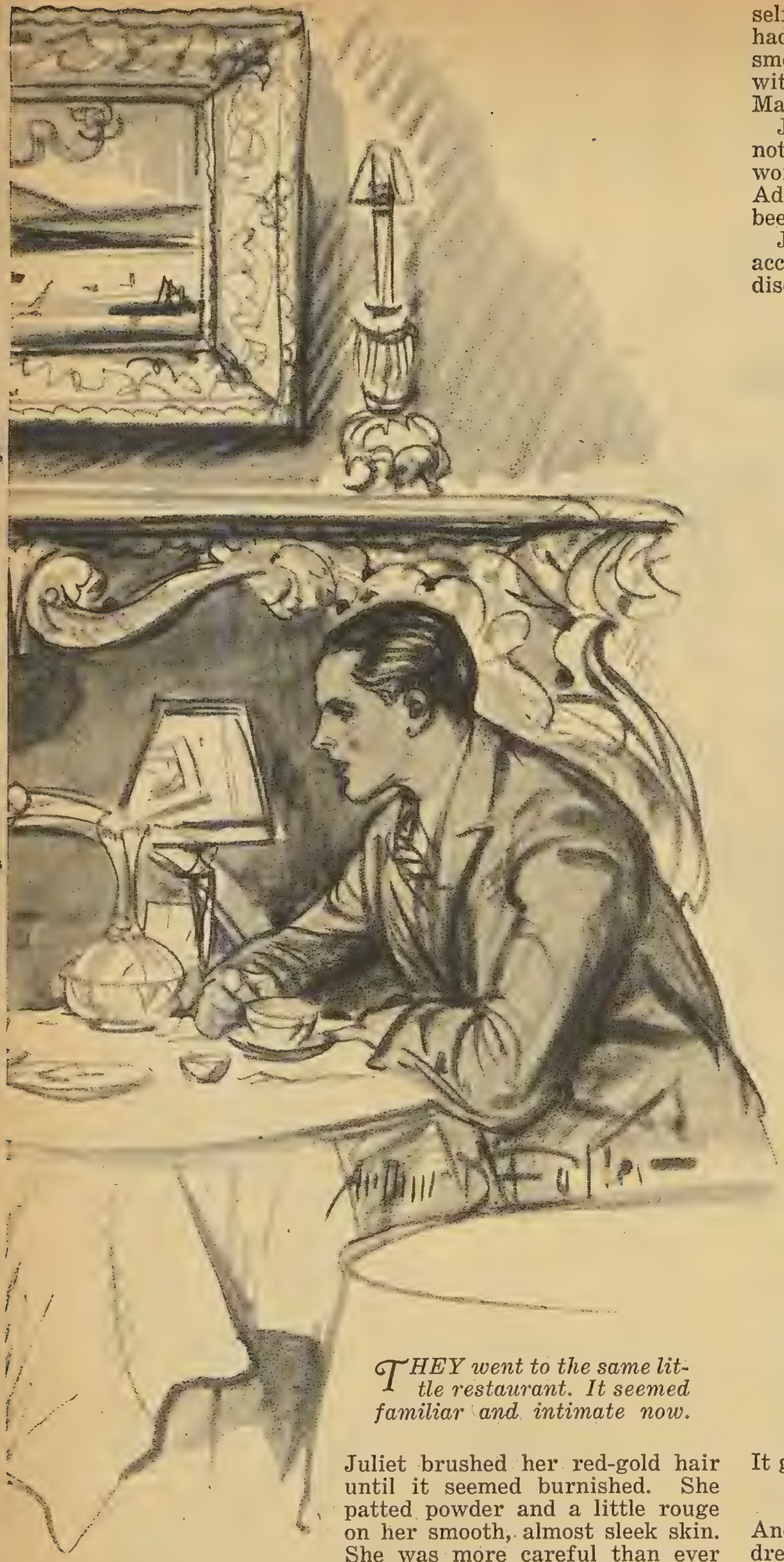
And then something happened that made her hold tight to her desk. A tall, broad-shouldered stranger was introduced to her as Mr. Morris, a new member of the copy department. Their eyes met, the new man smiled—and the office was transformed into a magical place. Now go on with the story.

PART TWO—JULIET LIVES A DREAM

EVERY morning, now, when her mother knocked on her door, Juliet woke up with the feeling that something important was happening to her. Then she remembered. Of course! Keith Morris would be in the office—right in the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency—with her all day long. That fact made waking up in the morning and going to work seem almost daily miracles. Juliet knew his first name now. She wondered why she hadn't known always that Keith was the most beautiful name in the world. Keith! Keith! Keith! She said it over and over to herself.

Being waked up meant being dragged out of wonderfully pleasant dreams. It was always as if Keith's arms had been around her. She could still feel them when she was only half asleep. Yet she didn't mind waking up, because it meant that in a little while she actually would see Keith himself.

She dressed quickly. Spring had come—the first green promises of spring—and the air was glowing and cool.



THEY went to the same little restaurant. It seemed familiar and intimate now.

Juliet brushed her red-gold hair until it seemed burnished. She patted powder and a little rouge on her smooth, almost sleek skin. She was more careful than ever about her appearance — Keith Morris might look at her!

She ate breakfast with dad as often as she could. She couldn't tell dad what had happened, how wonderful life had become suddenly, but it was nice being with dad. He seemed to understand things without saying a great deal. There was something comfortable and homy about him. Mama was fine, of course. But mama was always fussing over little things, trifles. About what the grocery boy had said, or how the new neighbor reminded her of Minnie Streeter, or even echoes of Minnie Streeter herself. Mama's little habit of fussing over nothing at all hadn't seemed important before. Now it broke into the smooth circle of Juliet's dreams, made her a little angry with mama, though of course she couldn't say anything. Mama didn't know what was happening, either.

Juliet had to admit that, when you came down to it, nothing really had happened. A new man had come to work in the copy department of the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency. That, actually, was all. He had been there a couple of weeks now.

Juliet wondered how the other girls in the office could accept his presence there so calmly. She had heard them discussing him in the ladies' room.

"He's got nice eyes," Ethel Wright had said. "I like blue eyes with dark hair, especially for a man."

"I haven't noticed the new blue-eyed boy trying to start anything with any of you, in spite of the hints you've passed out," Irene Little observed.

Juliet hadn't said anything. But she wondered because they talked about him just as they talked about any other new man. Couldn't they see how different he was? Different from any other man in the world! Going in on the train, now, Juliet mooned over Heywood Broun's dramatic criticisms, only half reading them. Or, if she was reading the Daily News, she stopped right in the middle of the comics.

To think that she could see Keith Morris every day! For the first few weeks that was enough. The wonder of knowing that he existed at all satisfied Juliet. She dreamed little dreams about him. She made up a lovely, never completed, and rather vague story, added to it every day.

THEN, just when dreams were beginning to be not quite enough, the miracle happened. Keith Morris came to her desk with some copy for a final typing. When he gave her the papers and leaned over to explain them to her, she wanted to reach out her fingers and touch his hair.

Business details finished, he hesitated a minute.

"I wonder," he said then, "if you'd care to go to the theater with me tomorrow night?"

Juliet knew the routine of an office flirtation. She knew that she should have preened herself a bit archly and told him, regretfully, that she had an engagement on that particular evening, but another night perhaps— As a matter of fact, Juliet did have an engagement for tomorrow evening. Harry Foster had telephoned her an hour before to ask her to go with him to a party a friend of his was giving. Juliet never even thought of that engagement, nor of the usual routine. Nor of any of the other rules and tricks concerning How to Capture a Man that the girls in the office were always talking about.

"I'd love to go!" she said.

Keith Morris included dinner in his invitation. They planned to meet in a drug store a block away, after they left the office.

Keith Morris cared enough about her to ask her to go to the theater! And she had thought she would have to use little tricks to gain his attention—had wondered what she could do. It seemed too wonderful to be true. All day she milled it over in her mind. It got mixed up with

BUY THIS BIG KIDDY CAR FOR YOUR BOY.

And at night it got all mixed up with the fantasy of her dreams.

The next morning Juliet wore her best dress to the office. Her new pink taffeta evening dress was really better, of course, but you couldn't wear that to work; and, besides, Keith Morris wouldn't be wearing evening clothes. The dress was of black satin with a long, tight-fitting bodice. The skirt came just above her ankles and was quite full. Only a pretty girl could have worn it. Juliet took her coral beads in her bag, to put on after office hours.

The day lagged unbelievably. Each hour seemed four hours long. Even when J. D., the "big boss," stopped

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page twenty-nine]

for a word with her, it seemed actually unimportant.

Usually, at lunch hour, when she went with the girls to one of the little neighboring tea rooms, she looked around, hoping that Keith Morris would come in. Today, curiously, she rather hoped he wouldn't. Ordinarily she tried to make excuses to go into the room where the junior copy writers worked. Today she was glad she didn't have to go in. She sat at her desk and clicked out letters and advertisements—and little dreams and hopes strayed in between them.

Five o'clock came finally.

"It looks as though you've got a big date," Irene Little said, in the ladies' room. All the other girls, busy with make-up, paused. "It's funny seeing you dolling up so carefully for a date."

"Just the theater," said Juliet.

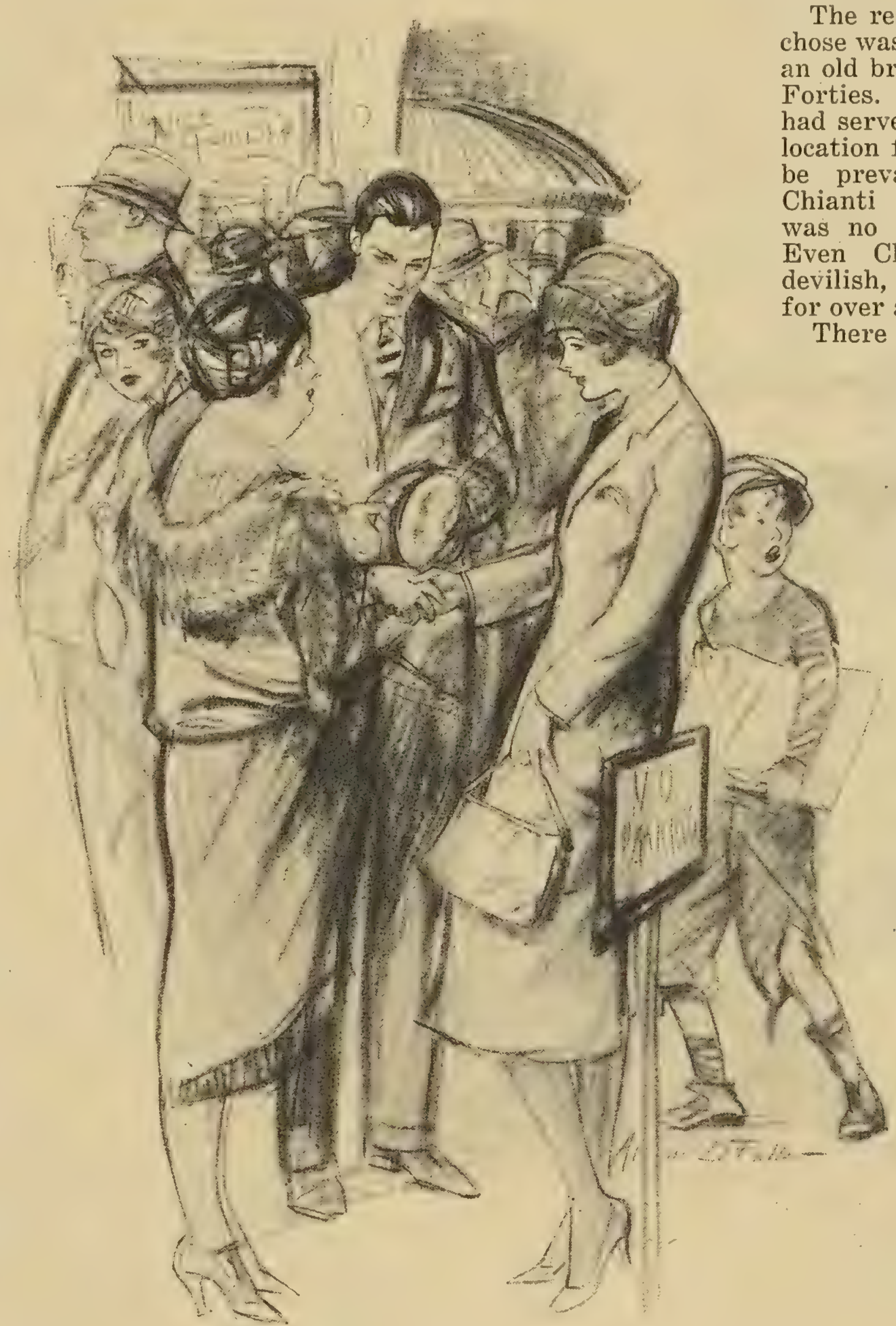
"Oh, my," mimicked Irene. "'Just the theater'! *My* word! Isn't it too bad that you aren't going to the opera! Theaters are getting so ordinary these days, aren't they!"

Oh, well, she didn't care what Irene said. The girls laughed at Irene and didn't ask her any more questions. She noticed that Murphy seemed a little put out. Murphy was usually awfully nice to her. What was the matter? Didn't Murphy want her to have dates?

SHE powdered and added fresh lip rouge, regretting again that her underlip was so full; but she was pleased because her skin was smooth and she was slender. She wasn't pleased for herself, though. It was so Keith Morris might feel proud of her. She hoped he liked the way she wore her hair. Maybe he wouldn't even pay any attention to it—to her. Maybe he was asking her only because she had been nice about showing him the office routine. Oh, well, she was having dinner with him and going to the theater—that was something. She could feel her heart beat, and in her throat there was a lovely flutter of expectation.

She gave a little gasp when she saw him waiting for her. She could feel the muscles of her throat tightening. She hoped that he couldn't tell about the beating of her heart. And the next thing she knew they were walking down the street together.

She was so conscious of being with him! She had never been so conscious of being with anyone before. She was above average height herself, and here he towered way above her. And his shoulders were so broad and he looked so big in his gray topcoat. She noticed that passers-by glanced at them. She wondered what people thought. Why, anyone seeing them might think they went together all the time—were married, even. She was very proud of being with him.



Mrs. Morris was coolly polite to Juliet. No more than that. She accepted the introduction without an answering smile.

"Do you like Italian food?" Keith asked.

She knew she would have said she liked any kind of food, even though it were the national dish of a country of which she had never heard. She really did like Italian food.

The restaurant Keith Morris chose was in the second story of an old brownstone house in the Forties. The proprietor, who had served dinners in the same location for fifteen years, could be prevailed upon to serve Chianti in teacups, but there was no other liquor for sale. Even Chianti seemed a bit devilish, with prohibition a law for over a year.

There was the usual table d'hôte dinner. Decidedly good hors d'œuvres. A thick soup. Chicken that was rather tasteless. Juliet was hardly conscious of what she ate. She paused in between mouthfuls to look at Keith Morris and wonder all over again because she was with him.

THEY discussed the office. The girls. The men in the copy department. J.D. The accounts that Keith Morris was handling—Beauty Overnight and the mail-order accounts that the newest junior copy writer always drew. Oh, he'd get bigger accounts before long! Martin Fronds and his amusing peculiarities. The new accounts the firm was trying to land.

There were little pauses. Sometimes Juliet was embarrassed for fear she would say the wrong thing. And sometimes she was embarrassed because she didn't know what to say. And sometimes, because so intent had been her contemplation of the man across from her, she hadn't the least idea what they had been talking about. Here she was—having dinner with Keith Morris! Actually having dinner with him! And he was talking to her just as if he were any ordinary man! Keith Morris told her about himself. She didn't even have to use Rule One of Win the Man You Want: Make Him Talk About Himself, and she really wanted to hear about him.

Keith Morris was several years older than Juliet. He had been born in 1898 and would be twenty-four on his next birthday, in November. He had come from a little Illinois town named Monroe. He had finished high school there. Then he had gone to work for a year, and had had just a year at the University of Illinois when, at the beginning of 1918, he had gone into training. He had gone abroad in August, but hadn't had much chance to fight before November 11 came. He had got back in March of the next year.

His father had died while he had been away at war. His mother, who had been all alone then, had had rather a terrible time of it. His father had always looked out for everything. At his death she had sold their house and got his father's life insurance and had lived on the money until Keith came home. He was all his mother had, excepting some cousins in New Jersey. The New Jersey cousins, in fact, were one of the reasons that Mrs. Morris had been willing to come east. She could get to see them occasionally.

Keith and his mother had come to New York just a year before, and had taken a little apartment on Washington Heights, and Keith had gone job-hunting. He had started with another advertising agency, but business had got pretty bad with them. That's why he had changed jobs. He liked it at the J. D. Fredrickson Agency. He felt it offered a lot of opportunities.

It was time to go to the theater. Keith had bought seats for Sally and had been awfully afraid that Juliet had seen the show—it had been running a long time. She hadn't seen it. Perhaps the seats were not in a location that would have pleased more critical theatergoers. Neither Keith nor Juliet cared. It seemed definitely the best show that Juliet had ever seen. She thought Marilyn Miller quite the most beautiful actress in the world and Leon Errol the funniest comedian.

After the show they had to rush to the station so that Juliet could catch the 11:49. She told Keith she had to catch that train. She didn't want him to take her to supper—didn't want him to think she was "working" him so that he would have to spend too much on the evening's entertainment.

And that night Sally and Look for the Silver Lining and Keith were all mixed up in a lovely rosy dream.

The next few days were still full of dreaming over Sally and the evening together. Then, just as Juliet was beginning to worry about whether Keith was interested—cared at all—or whether he had just taken her for politeness, or if he had tired of her after just one evening, he asked her to have dinner with him again.

THEY went to the same little restaurant. It seemed familiar and intimate now. The same waiter served them, and he smiled as he brought the teacups of red wine. The walls of the restaurant were papered in red, and on them hung colored pictures of the Bay of Naples in wide gilt frames. There weren't many people in the restaurant, and they were mostly couples, each alone in a little world.

Keith and Juliet went to see Wallace Reid's new picture at the Rivoli. Juliet was only half aware of the film. She couldn't get interested. All she cared about was being near Keith Morris. Afterward they had sandwiches in a funny little place where chauffeurs went. Keith knew the proprietor. He had been an old sea captain and still walked as if he were on shipboard. Keith had gone there one time, had enjoyed talking with the old fellow, and had been going in ever since. Now he wanted to share his discovery with Juliet.

They were getting acquainted! Juliet knew that Keith liked her now. Already they had a dozen little things in common. Secrets, almost. They called each other by their first names—and were embarrassed and lingered a little over them. Juliet knew Keith liked Days of Real Sport and Pa's Son-in-Law in the comics on Sunday, and the Daily News comics on weekdays. And he liked Heywood Broun and F. P. A. And she lent him A. E. Housman's poems. And he gave her a copy of Compton Mackenzie's Carnival. She cried over Jenny Pearl and loved the book better than any book she had ever read. And they both read Miss Lulu Bett and were touched and delighted with it, and read Potterism and thought it was a little too clever.

They rode down Fifth Avenue on top of a bus at twilight, and agreed that it was the most wonderful pageant they had ever seen. Keith said that someone had told him the Flatiron Building looked like a graceful lady. And Juliet said that when a bus ride no longer thrilled her she would no longer be alive. It was wonderful, being young

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

VIOLETTE
eau cologne
CHERAMY

Apply this new French Lotion for the Body and get the thrill of a surf board.. the pep, vitality and thrilling shock of the sea . . .

FEEL the wonderful pep and go of summer days—the whole year through! Be alive! Banish fatigue and exhaustion. Rejuvenate—exhilarate—to the stimulation of Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne—the new Parisian Lotion for the Body.

Merely pat a few drops over your weary body—over your tired limbs. Suddenly the glorious thrill of a surf board, the pep, vitality and thrilling shock of the sea passes through your very being. Now your blood courses through your veins, muscles limbering, skin glowing under the invigorating caress of this delightful Lotion. How cool, how tingling, how utterly revivifying. Into each pore it seeps, cleansing, freshening, deodorizing, awakening you to newer ecstasies. And it brings, too, an odeur of flower petals—glamourous, seductive, enchanting.

Be radiant, charming, enticing. Mail the coupon below and receive a generous free flacon of Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne—the new Lotion for the Body—acclaimed by all Paris.

FLORAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
"A BODY LOTION"
by CHERAMY
PARIS

ODEURS

JOLI SOIR (Gloaming)
FOUGÈRE (Fern)
MUGUET
JASMIN
LILAS
POIS DE SENTEUR (Sweet Pea)
MIMOSA
ROSE
VIOLETTE
LAVANDE
CHYPRE
APRIL SHOWERS

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. E16
539 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.
You may send me without charge, a trial flacon of Cheramy Floral Eau de Cologne—a new Lotion for the Body.
Please designate perfume desired
....
Name..
Address..
City..........................State..........................

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-one

and in New York in spring. And in love. It was almost too wonderful to be real!

One night at the movies—they were seeing Sentimental Tommy, with Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy, and they thought it a very lovely picture—Keith took Juliet's hand. And he whispered, " You do love me a little, don't you? " And Juliet nodded and felt the curious tightening in her throat. And she heard him say, " I love you, too." Funny! Irene Little had said men never say " I love you "—that you couldn't get them to say the words unless you tried and tried.

And now Juliet knew that Keith loved her, too. Life couldn't be more beautiful! Juliet felt as if she were living in an unreal world. Everything was touched up, heightened, as if you were seeing things through a soft cloud of a warm, rose-pink hue. Everyone was lovely, perfect. Juliet smiled when she thought how different the world was now than it had been just a few months ago on her birthday, when she had thought that nothing would ever happen to her. That time seemed so far away. Why, everything had happened! Keith loved her!

They knew, now, how deeply they loved each other. There was no question about it. They said so over and over again. Their love was different—different from any other love in the world. They were real affinities. Not the silly affinities you read about when foolish love affairs and scandals are published in the papers, but really affinities. The kind chemists know about. Chemicals that are attracted and meet and are fused together. Keith knew about such things. He had learned about them at school, and he liked to read things like that, too. And about psychology, too.

" It's a theory," he told Juliet, " that each of us has a certain degree of—well, call it masculinity or femininity. One man will be ninety-three per cent masculine—and therefore only seven per cent feminine. That big, husky truck-driver type wouldn't be satisfied with any girl excepting the little clinging vine who is only seven per cent masculine and has ninety-three per cent of supposed feminine traits. A more normal man with a greater degree of softer characteristics would be attracted by a girl who was a little more self-reliant and less helpless. The perfect mate for a man or a girl is the one of the opposite sex who fits in to make a perfect two hundred per cent. I'd like to bet that, if anyone actually could make the calculation, we'd fit together just that way. Affinities. We really are. I knew from the minute I saw you, actually from the first minute, that I had never cared for anyone—never could care for anyone—but you."

" I knew I felt that way, too," said Juliet, " but I didn't know you'd—even noticed me. It is wonderful, isn't it? "

" It is wonderful," Keith agreed.

It was wonderful being in love, in spring.

LITTLE green leaves and buds came out on trees and bushes, a chiffon haze of pale yellow green. The wind was warm.

One Saturday afternoon they went out to Long Beach and walked in the wind on the board walk. Very close, arm in arm, they watched the sun on the blue waves. The waves looked cold—they kept everyone else away.

Keith and Juliet talked about what they were going to do. And they knew, without any definite proposal, any actual words, that they were going to get married. Of course! There was no question in the mind of either of them about it. It was the thing they wanted most of all in the world.

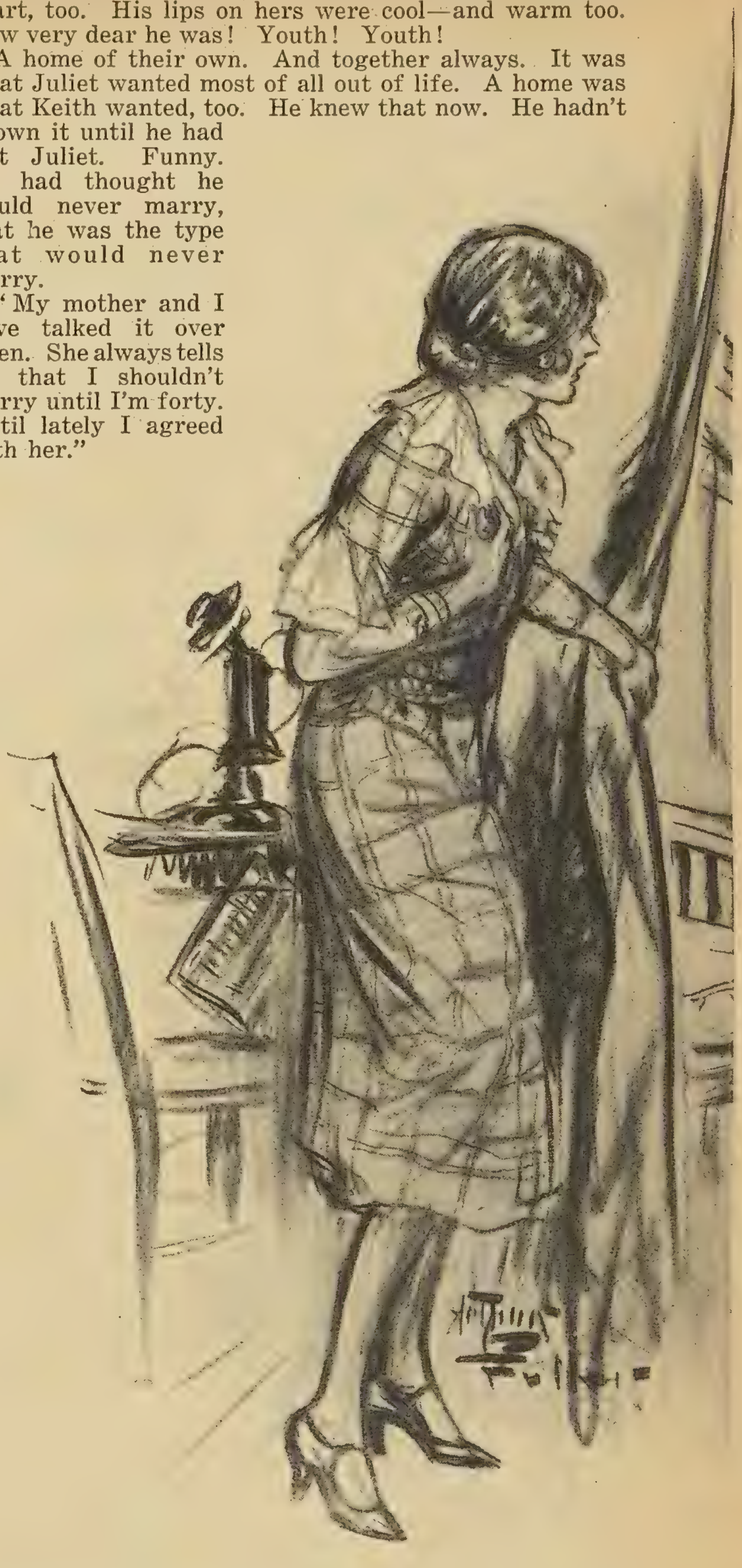
Juliet had no ambitions about a career. She never had had. She worked because it had seemed the thing to do. She hadn't wanted to be altogether a burden on dad. He had had a difficult enough time when she and Thelma were young. Now, what she wanted was Keith—and a home of their own. Babies, too. Keith most of all.

They were both so young and well and strong. At the beginning of life. Just the two of them at first. Babies later. And love always.

Keith took Juliet in his arms, and she was glad because he was tall and strong and young—and because she was young and strong, too. Their faces were damp from the sea spray, and when Juliet closed her eyes she could hear the sound of the ocean and of her own heart. Keith's heart, too. His lips on hers were cool—and warm too. How very dear he was! Youth! Youth!

A home of their own. And together always. It was what Juliet wanted most of all out of life. A home was what Keith wanted, too. He knew that now. He hadn't known it until he had met Juliet. Funny. He had thought he would never marry, that he was the type that would never marry.

" My mother and I have talked it over often. She always tells me that I shouldn't marry until I'm forty. Until lately I agreed with her."



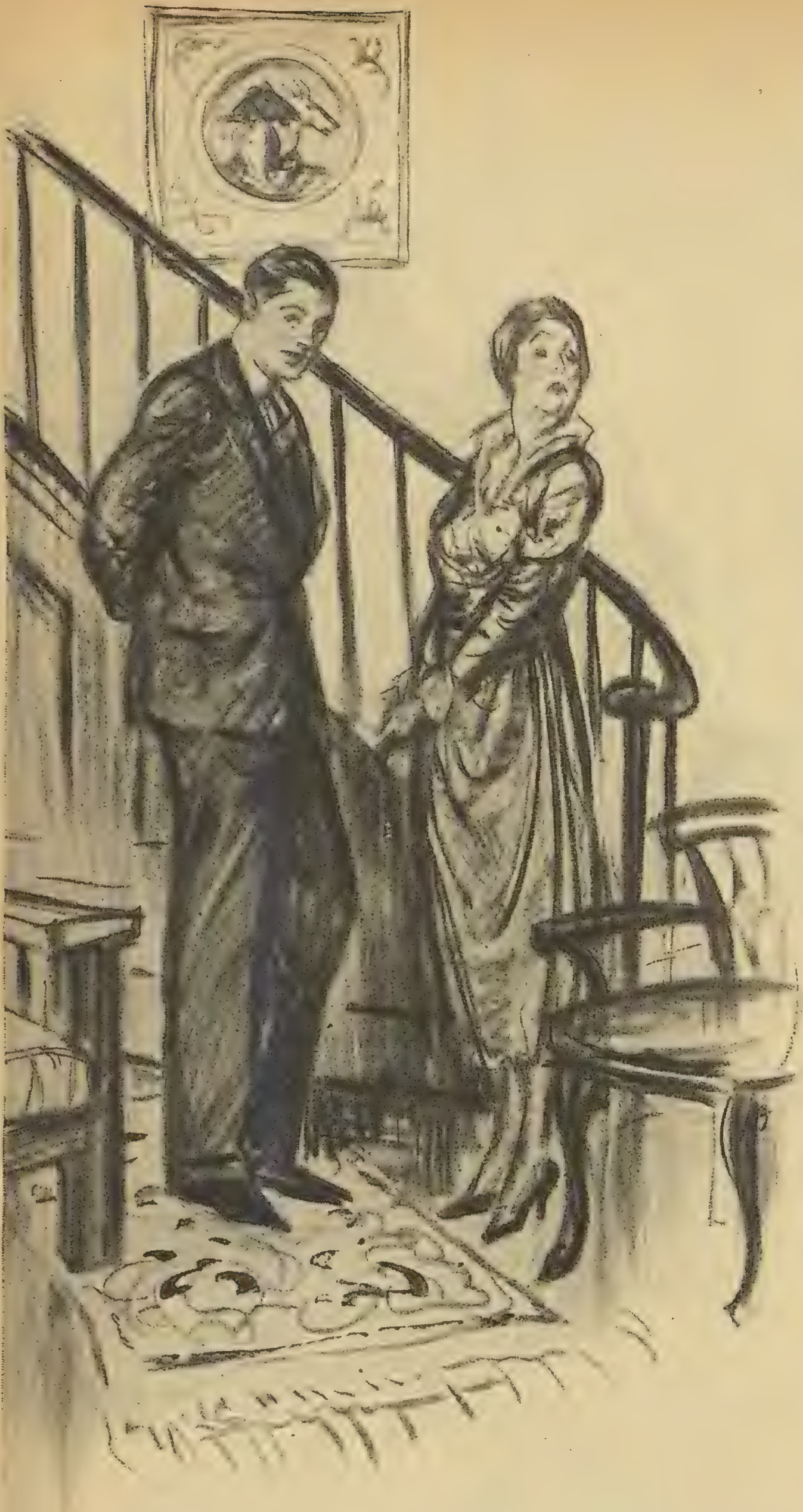
" Will your mother object to our marrying? " asked Juliet, frightened a little.

" I don't think so," Keith said. " I hope not, anyway. She was always jealous of the girls I went with back in Monroe. That's only natural, I suppose. An only son. But when she finds out how we feel— Of course I'll have to support her."

" Of course," said Juliet.

The faint green haze of the trees changed to a deeper green. Every morning Juliet noticed it on her way to the train. Had spring and summer always been this beautiful?

In the office the sunlight poured in. The days grew warm. Windows opened and the street noises grew louder.



When she came back, obviously something curious had happened. Mama and Keith were standing, and Keith had an odd look on his face.

Ex-President William H. Taft was nominated Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The Riffs revolted in Morocco. Moscow accepted Herbert C. Hoover's plan for the relief of the starving Russians. Main Street became a best seller. The girls in the office read Gene Stratton Porter's Her Father's Daughter and Harold Bell Wright's Helen of the Old House. And they planned their vacations, and bought new clothes and lipsticks, and giggled over their boy friends, and thought it awfully funny that Juliet, the Sleeping Beauty of the office, should be going with just an ordinary young copy writer, not a bit richer or better-looking than their own young men. And to Juliet neither world politics nor office gossip amounted to anything. The days flew by. And she was in love—and Keith loved her in return—and nothing else mattered at all.

It was funny. Here they were, in love. Engaged, really. And she had never taken Keith to her home to meet her folks—and she had never met his mother. She didn't know why she didn't take him to Glen Hill. She wanted him to meet mama and dad and Thelma. But it just seemed too perfect the way things were.

Evidently Keith thought of the same thing.

"I wonder if you could go to a matinée on Saturday with my mother and me?" he asked Juliet.

"Of course," Juliet told him. "I'd love to meet your mother."

She met Keith and his mother in front of the theater. They were going to see Nice People.

Juliet's gay spirits drooped, suddenly, when she saw Keith's mother. Mrs. Morris was a little woman, not even as tall as mama, and she was rather stout. Older than Juliet had pictured her. Mama always seemed rather young, because she was thin, and got about quickly, and was curious and eager over things. Mrs. Morris was no older than mama, certainly, but she looked older, and her face was tired and lined with discontented wrinkles. She was coolly polite to Juliet. No more than that. She accepted the introduction without an answering smile; and because there seemed nothing to say and it was almost time for the curtain, they went into the theater.

BETWEEN the acts there seemed no more to say than there had been before. Juliet found she couldn't talk to Keith and ignore his mother—and Mrs. Morris just wouldn't enter into any conversation.

Mrs. Morris didn't like Nice People. She thought it was a ridiculous play, wicked and unnecessary. She wondered why Keith had got seats for such a show. A man in the office who liked Francine Larrimore had told Keith it was a good show. He was sorry his mother didn't like it.

After the play they stopped in for sodas.

Mrs. Morris was still a little disgruntled about the play. She started a lot of sentences with "No son of mine—" and laid down definite rules of conduct. As she had only one son, it made it rather clear to whom she referred. She had raised her son very carefully. No son of hers would ever be disrespectful to his mother, nor drink much, nor go with the wrong kind of people, nor marry until he had reached a sensible age for it.

"I've seen too many careers ruined by early marriages," Mrs. Morris declaimed. "No son of mine will marry young."

Juliet had an odd, cold feeling. After all, she wanted Keith to marry young—to marry her—and Keith was Mrs. Morris' only child.

"I've told him time and time again he shouldn't marry until he's forty," Mrs. Morris went on. "No man should marry before then. Doesn't know his own mind. Keith would have graduated from the university if the war hadn't come along and his father hadn't died. We sacrificed a lot for him, and he owes it to me and to the memory of his father not to get his life tangled up now."

Seemingly satisfied that she had put Juliet in her place, she fell to discussing the play.

"No son of mine—" she went on.

Juliet wanted to say something, to announce: "But I'm going to marry your son, and before he's forty, too. Right away!" She didn't say anything. She noticed that Keith looked grave and troubled, but he didn't say anything, either. Maybe he knew how to manage his mother better than she did. Maybe she was just a nervous little old lady who only seemed antagonistic. Keith would know how to fix things.

She parted with Mrs. Morris and Keith friendly enough. Mrs. Morris shook hands with her and said: "Glad to meet a young lady from my son's office. I never had a chance to meet any girls who worked when we lived in Illinois."

Did she mean to be catty? Juliet wondered.

Monday, at the office, Keith looked worried. Juliet and Keith had made no plans for seeing each other Monday evening, and Juliet had told her mother she would be home for dinner.

Keith stopped at her desk.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-three

"Can you stay in and have dinner with me?" he asked. "I'd like to talk to you."

She could stay in. Of course.

They went to their own little restaurant. They had been to a dozen others by now, but somehow the little Italian restaurant, up one flight, where Keith had first taken her, seemed peaceful, intimate.

In the restaurant Keith hesitated. Then:

"My mother just about had hysterics Saturday night. That's why I didn't telephone you on Sunday," he said. "I never saw her take anything quite so hard."

The heavy, frightened feeling came over Juliet again.

"I'm so sorry," was all she could manage to say.

"She'll get over it, of course," Keith went on; "but for a few weeks I'll have to be careful—and see that she's not made more nervous. When we got home she started to ask questions. You know how mothers are!"

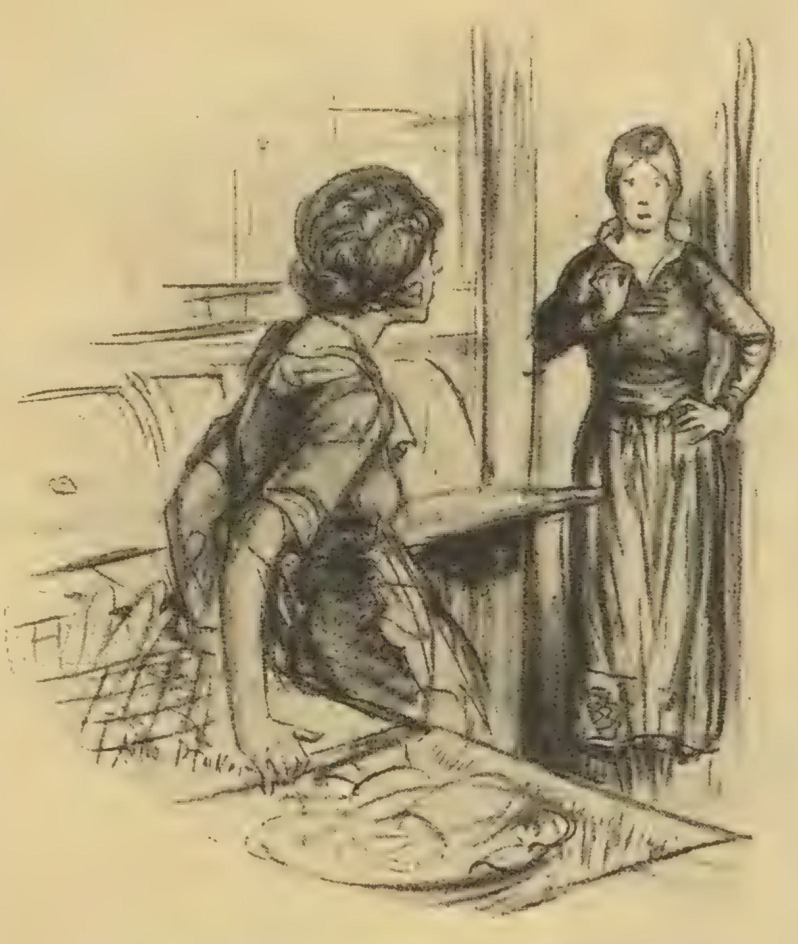
Juliet nodded. She knew.

"She never knew me to spend so much time with a girl—and seeing that play, and all, she felt you must be one of the modern girls she had been hearing about."

"I'm sorry I seemed so dreadful!"

"You darling! Anyhow, of course that wasn't the real reason for her outbreak. The truth is, any girl I'd gone with would have caused the same trouble. You see—I'm all she's got. I—I hate to bother you with all this, but I guess you've got to know."

"Of course," said Juliet.



"Do you happen to know who that young man is you've been going with?"

"Anyhow, when I did tell her the truth—that I loved you and wanted to marry you—she did seem really ill. Psychologists might have said she was malingering. I don't know. Anyhow, she said her heart hurt—and her heart's bad. The doctor told me she'd have to be careful. She cried and cried, and tried to get me to promise to go back to Monroe."

"Oh, don't go back! I couldn't stand it!" said Juliet.

"I won't, darling. Don't worry! Why, she even tried to make me choose between her and you. Hysterics. I wouldn't do anything of the kind, of course. I finally got her so she felt better; but you see how it is."

"You poor dear!" said Juliet. "And I never knew what you were going through!"

"Oh, things will work out all right. I'll—I'll talk to her. But it means not getting married right away. That's what hurts. Maybe in a few weeks she'll begin to feel different."

"I UNDERSTAND how she feels," said Juliet. But the terrible black feeling grew deeper. Everything had been so wonderful! "I'd probably feel the same way if I had an only son and he was like you and I found out he wanted to leave me and get married."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Keith. "But I'm glad you understand. I knew you would. And I hope—we do have a son, and when he picks out the girl he wants to marry I know you'll be as happy over it as he is."

He took Juliet's hand under the table.

"But that doesn't make things a bit better now. I'll—I'll have to stay home more."

"I know," nodded Juliet. All of their good times, their care-free evenings! They were silent.

"I don't want to get what they call a mother complex," Keith said finally. "Of course I love my mother, but I think I see her as she is—a lonely and, in some ways, a selfish old lady. But, you see, she's been taken out of her small-town environment, where she fitted in, by a selfish son who wanted to go to the city and lead his own life. An old lady like that without her home and her friends has a hard time of it."

Juliet saw little old ladies all over New York uprooted, living with their sons and their sons' families. What could you do about them or about the sons—and the daughters, too, who had to make homes for them? She was glad mama and dad had a home, had each other.

"Mother hasn't anyone but her cousins in New Jersey, and she can't be with them all the time. As a matter of fact," Keith smiled, "to make matters worse, Joe Madison, who married mother's cousin, and mother don't hit it off a bit well. So mother doesn't even enjoy going there as much as she thought she would. Aunt Freda—children always call grown-up relatives 'aunt' and 'uncle,' don't they?—well, Aunt Freda and mother were friends in their girlhood. Then Aunt Freda came to New York to visit, and met Uncle Joe and married him and stayed east.

"MOTHER never got acquainted with him until we moved here. She doesn't think that Aunt Freda 'did well.' That's another reason I feel so sympathetic toward her. She hasn't anyone else, really, except me, and now I'm about to get away, as nearly as she can tell. In a few weeks, though, honey girl—"

"Of course," said Juliet. But her heart felt heavy. The lightness of the past weeks was gone. It had all been too perfect to last. Of course!

The next week-end Mrs. Morris went to New Jersey. And Juliet asked Keith to spend Sunday in Glen Hill.

She went to the station to meet him. When the train stopped and he got off, Juliet caught her breath the way she always did when she saw him after even a little absence. He waved his hat. How tall he was and how good-looking! She didn't understand why every other girl in the office wasn't madly in love with him. How could they prefer their own stupid young men? In a way, though, she was glad they were a little blind.

They walked to the house together. Each little lawn was smooth and green. The air was sweet with flowers. Children played in the yards and men tinkered with cars or worked in their gardens. The little country street seemed very beautiful.

Juliet wished that her home were prettier. It needed painting. The living room, with its worn velours three-piece set and the silk lamp shades that she and Thelma had covered so industriously, did seem shabby. Dad was in his shirt sleeves, reading the funny papers. Dad was a darling! She did sort of wish he had put his coat on, though she knew it really didn't matter. She felt that he and Keith would like each other.

She wasn't quite sure about mama. Mama took sudden dislikes to young men. It was curious, mama liking Steve Gill. Dad thought he was "full of soft soap," but mama liked his breezy repartee, his impudence, his extravagant talk of the great people he had met or read about.

Mama was in the kitchen. Thelma hadn't come down yet. Steve had been on a party with some of the boys the night before and would be there later on—in time for dinner.

Keith seemed almost too large for the small living room. Juliet had never quite realized how big he was. He towered almost a head above dad, and dad had never seemed small before. He and dad seemed to hit it off well. She was glad of that. They talked about baseball. Dad thought that giving Ruth $20,000 a season was a lot of money. Keith thought so, too, but it was worth it if he could win the pennant for the Yanks. Look what he did last year—was doing now! Miller Huggins knew what he was about, all right. But the Giants with Muggsy McGraw—

Thelma came down finally. And Juliet was pleased to see that Thelma put on all of her little airs of affectation, her best imitation of Ina Claire. That, in a way, showed Thelma's stamp of approval. If she had thought Keith an undesirable young man she would have ignored him altogether. Thelma didn't know how Juliet felt about Keith, but she knew that Juliet had been going with him—and that Juliet had never before spent so much time with one young man.

Steve Gill breezed in, and dinner was ready. Steve, as usual, was full of assorted information. He had seen Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in their play, Poor Rich Man, in one of the smaller outlying theaters. He was full of information about these former movie favorites. He had evidently memorized the last issue of Variety, for he knew also which plays were making money and which were about to close, and gave with seeming authority opinions on all the plays.

MAMA had a good dinner for them. Roast chicken and mashed potatoes and ice cream. That had been mama's idea of an elegant Sunday dinner ever since she was a girl back in Jackson, Missouri. After dinner Juliet and Thelma piled the dishes in the kitchen and wouldn't let mama touch them. They'd clean up the kitchen after the boys had gone.

Dad dozed a little over his Sunday papers and everyone pretended he was reading. Juliet wanted to be alone with Keith, but she thought it better to wait a little while before suggesting that they take a walk. Thelma and Steve talked in low tones, ignoring everyone else.

Mama talked to Keith. She wanted to find out the kind of man her girl was running around with. Juliet loved Keith's manner with mama. He knew how to talk to older people. He was respectful and pleasant, and he didn't have that awfully condescending air that some men assumed.

Mama asked him questions—leading questions—and yet pretended that they meant nothing at all.

Did he like the advertising business? What had he done during the war? Were there chances for a young man to get ahead with Fredrickson? He supported his mother, didn't he?

The telephone rang. Juliet answered it. It was a girl who used to work with her in the office and who was visiting some cousin in Glen Hill. She wanted to know if Juliet was at home. It was obvious she was at home, so she had to say, "Yes, come right over," though she was rather unenthusiastic. She remembered the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

for your *New Femininity*

. . . a new odeur

Rêve d'or
L T PIVER
PARIS - NEW YORK
Rêve d'or
L T PIVER
PARIS - NEW YORK

Your new femininity — of graceful silhouette—of sheerest lace and gleaming satin, *is irresistible.*

Now, enhance it yet more, with REVE D'OR—newest of French fragrances—created for the new Mode alone. Subtle, delicate, alluring,—it radiates the very essence of your new, feminine self.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (*an "after sun-tan tint"*) at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume*, $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water*, $2.50 — *Talc*, $1 — *Bath Powder*, $1. At all good perfume counters L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or *(Golden Dream)*

PRODUCT OF PIVER ··· PARIS

EAT YEAST

in this modern form if you are run down fagged out and....

ONLY HALF THERE

For health and vigor eat yeast. But get it in palatable convenient form! Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast; they are easy to swallow although many prefer to chew them like candy because of their pleasant taste.

Eat these tablets for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders and general run-down conditions.

As to quality and potency . . . this yeast is used as the standard for vitamin studies by investigators of leading universities of the nation and of the United States Government. Large 10-day bottle at drug stores for 50 cents.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ....

Address..............................

....

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA—WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

YEAST FOAM
TABLETS
Extremely Rich in Water Soluble B Vitamin
Pure Dehydrated
YEAST
A Tonic Food

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-five

girl as a silly giggler. When she came back into the living room, obviously something curious had happened. Mama and Keith were standing, and Keith had an odd look on his face. Without a word, mama turned and went upstairs.

"What's the matter?" asked Juliet.

"I don't know," said Keith. "Your mother and I were talking. Suddenly she got up and went away. I hope I didn't say anything to hurt her feelings."

"I'm sure you didn't," said Juliet. "Perhaps she was tired. Not that I want to hint that your conversation isn't the most stimulating in the world—but maybe she was sleepy."

"I hope you're right," said Keith.

Juliet could hear mama walking upstairs. It seemed silly to ask her if anything was wrong.

Elsie Ellison and her hostess, a sharp-faced little girl, arrived a few minutes later. Dad waked up, excused himself for having been asleep, and went upstairs. When Juliet heard him with mama she felt relieved.

The two girls giggled at everything. Thelma and Steve said, "We'll be back in just a minute; excuse us, won't you?" and went away. The girls stayed for at least two hours. When they finally left, Juliet and Keith went for a walk.

THEY were happy again! Being alone was all they wanted. The summer smells, the birds singing, the peaceful little cottages on the suburban streets, were an ideal background. They walked slowly, didn't talk a great deal. Just being alone was enough. The conversation was a mingling of a hundred little personal things, punctuated with "some day" and "when we're married" and "you and I." It wouldn't be long before they did marry. Of course. Juliet would have to keep her job for a while, on account of the money Keith needed for his mother. Why not? About half of the girls did that now, anyhow. Mrs. Morris would have to live with them at first, but when she found out what a nice girl Juliet really was and that she wasn't hurting Keith's future—

When they had a home of their own they could be alone all of the time. And be happy together.

Keith had to get back to town, because he wanted to be home by the time his mother returned. Juliet walked to the station with him. Little groups of people were at the station. There was a pleasant, leisurely, holiday air. It was wonderful, being alive and loving Keith and being loved.

When Juliet got home, Steve and Thelma had not returned. Juliet tried to read. She didn't want to wake up dad and mama, who were probably taking naps upstairs. She was restless, couldn't concentrate. She went into the kitchen and began to clean up. She had hardly finished the first panful of dishes when she heard mama's step.

"DON'T you dare help!" Juliet called. "You do dishes every day and I never help at all."

"I didn't come to help with the dishes," mama said, and her voice had such a funny, strained sound that Juliet put down her dish towel.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"I'm well enough. Well enough, young lady, to have something to say in my own household, anyhow."

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Juliet again.

"Matter enough," said mama. "Do you by any chance happen to know *who* that young man is you've been going with, who was in my home this very afternoon?"

"Why, mama," said Juliet, "of course I know. I told you. His name is Keith Morris. He's a new copy writer at the Fredrickson Agency."

"I know you told me that," mama answered. She seemed suddenly taller. Hard, even. A little iron woman.

"I found out who he was, all right. It didn't take me long to find out. And I never want him to set foot in this house again! He—why, he's Minnie Streeter's son!"

Juliet's and Keith's romance must end, if Mrs. Rogers has her way. But their love fights hard again odds—and then a sudden crisis tests it further. You'll learn the outcome in Part Three of the story, next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

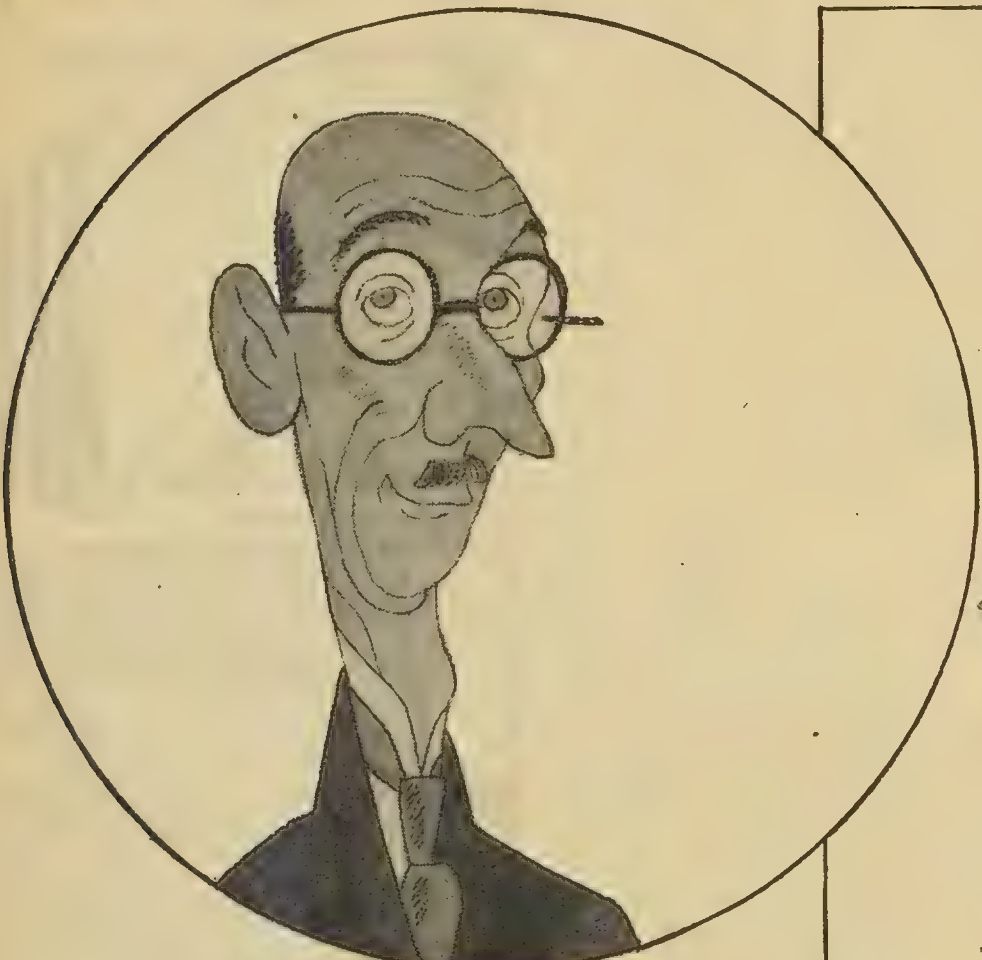
1—What is therapeutics?
2—What does *adagio* mean in music?
3—What is nonage?
4—What country is sometimes called the Land of the White Elephant?
5—What is the distance between bases on a baseball diamond?
6—Who is King of Iceland?
7—Where are the Aleutian Islands?
8—Ships of what nations were engaged in the Battle of Trafalgar?
9—What is meant by the phrase "a Roland for an Oliver"?
10—Who was Confucius?
11—What does hallelujah mean?
12—What is a vertebrate?
13—What is an equilateral triangle?
14—Which is the only one of the Great Lakes that lies entirely within the United States?
15—How many white stripes in the American flag?
16—What is the title of the wife or widow of a duke?
17—Which extends farther west, Kansas or Oklahoma?
18—What is an eyeservant?
19—What are the spadelike projections from an anchor's shank called?
20—What is a polyglot?

(Answers will be found on page fifty)

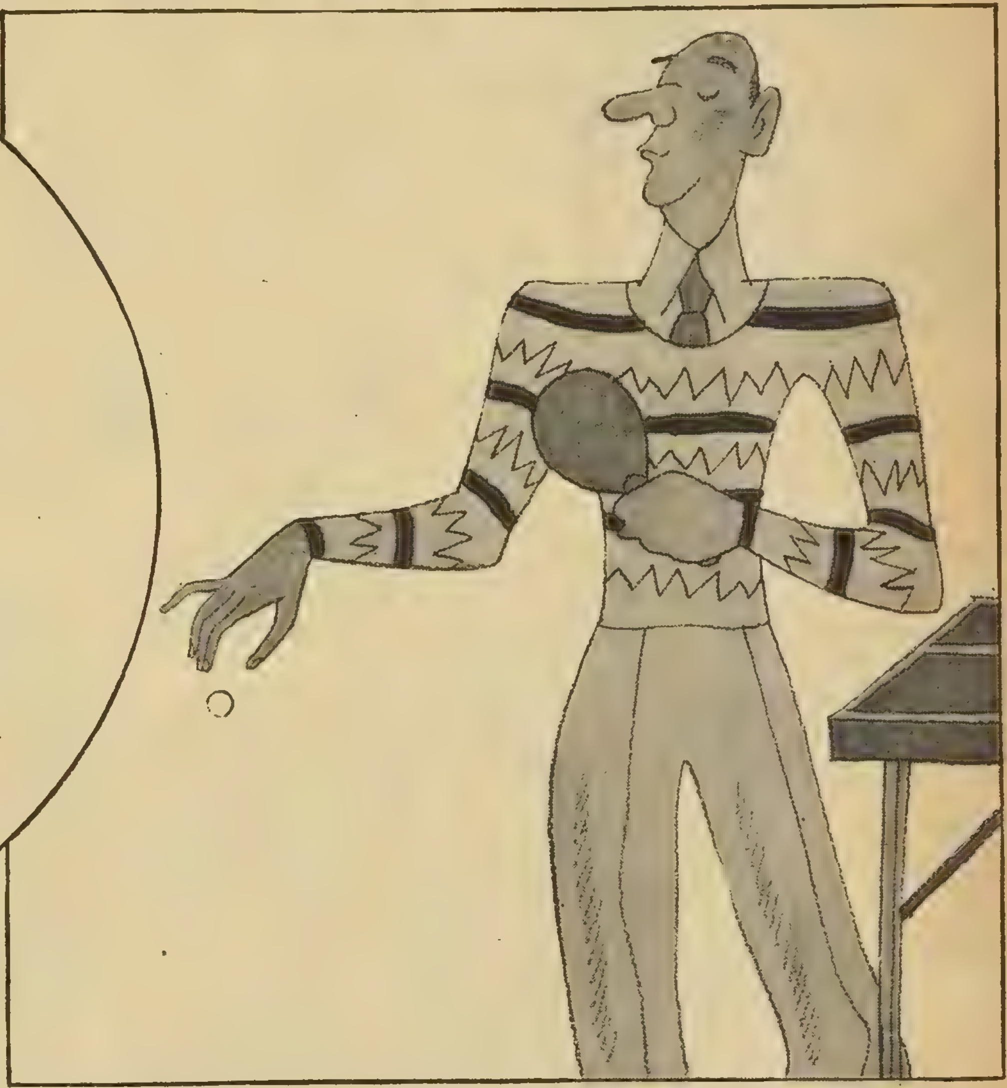
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

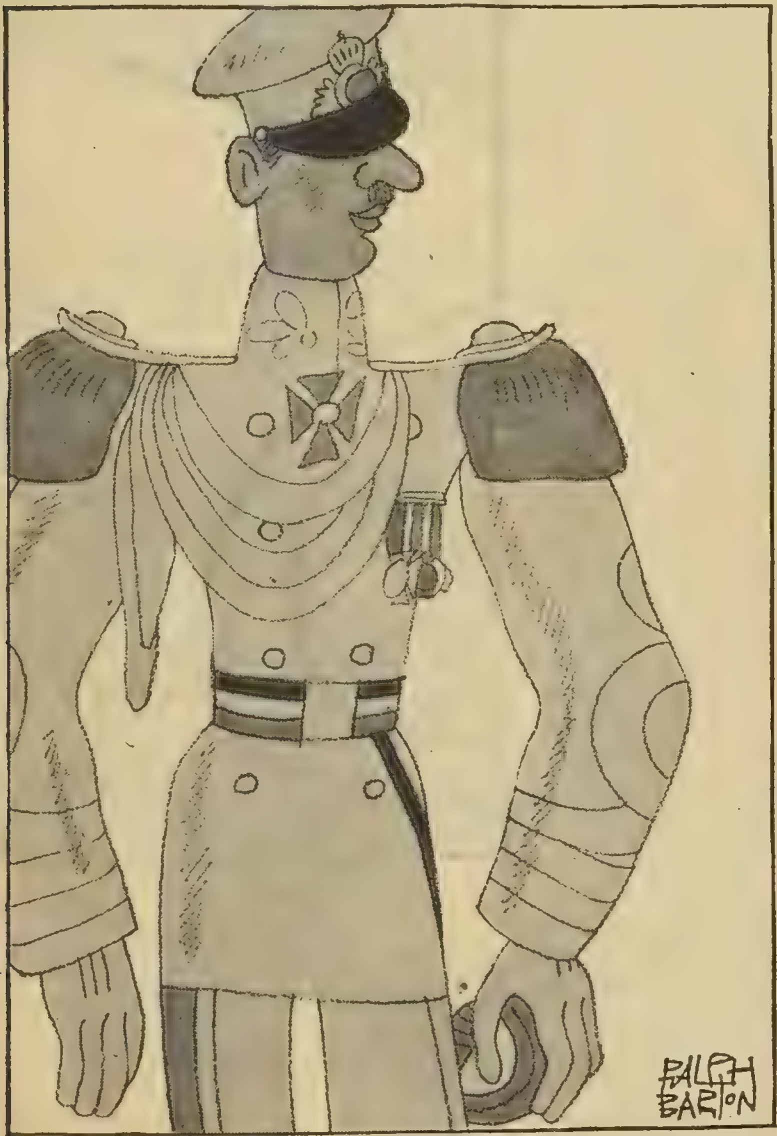
By RALPH BARTON



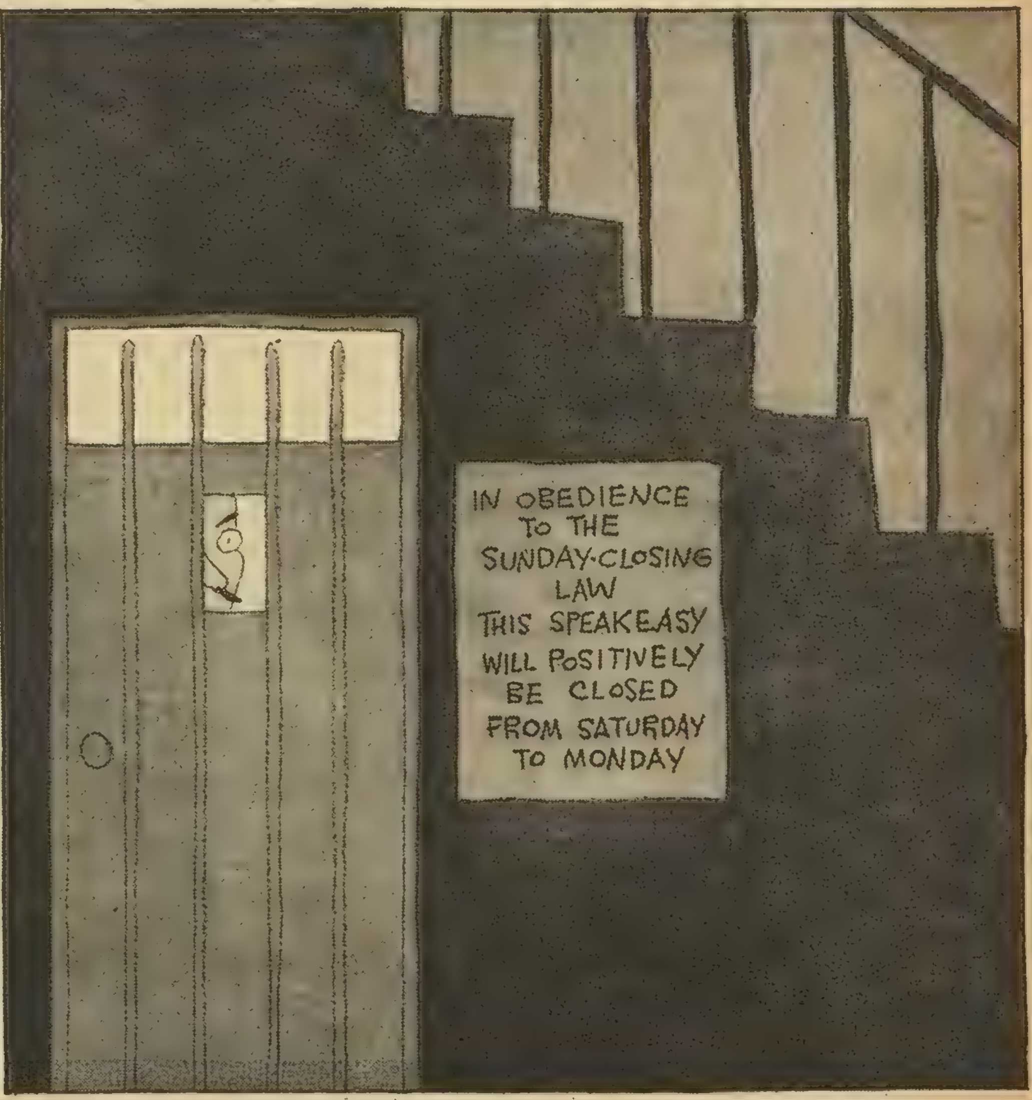
CURIOUS RESULT of a composite photograph of 93,896 avid readers of murder stories.



IN ORDER TO RETARD the further softening of our sturdy pioneer race, this page has decided not to put on the market its patent gas-filled ping-pong ball which will not fall on the floor and roll under the radio.


RALPH BARTON

WE ARE HAPPY TO BE in possession of signed statements from all the leading American musical-comedy composers denying the rumor that they have been commissioned to write the score for Carol's coronation as King of Roumania.


IN OBEDIENCE TO THE SUNDAY-CLOSING LAW THIS SPEAKEASY WILL POSITIVELY BE CLOSED FROM SATURDAY TO MONDAY

LAW ENFORCEMENT is progressing nicely in New York and environs.

Sporting Life

Following the Porter

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

HAVING someone carry your bag for you is a form of sport which has only comparatively recently found favor in America. It has come with the effemination of our race and the vogue of cuffs attached to the shirt.

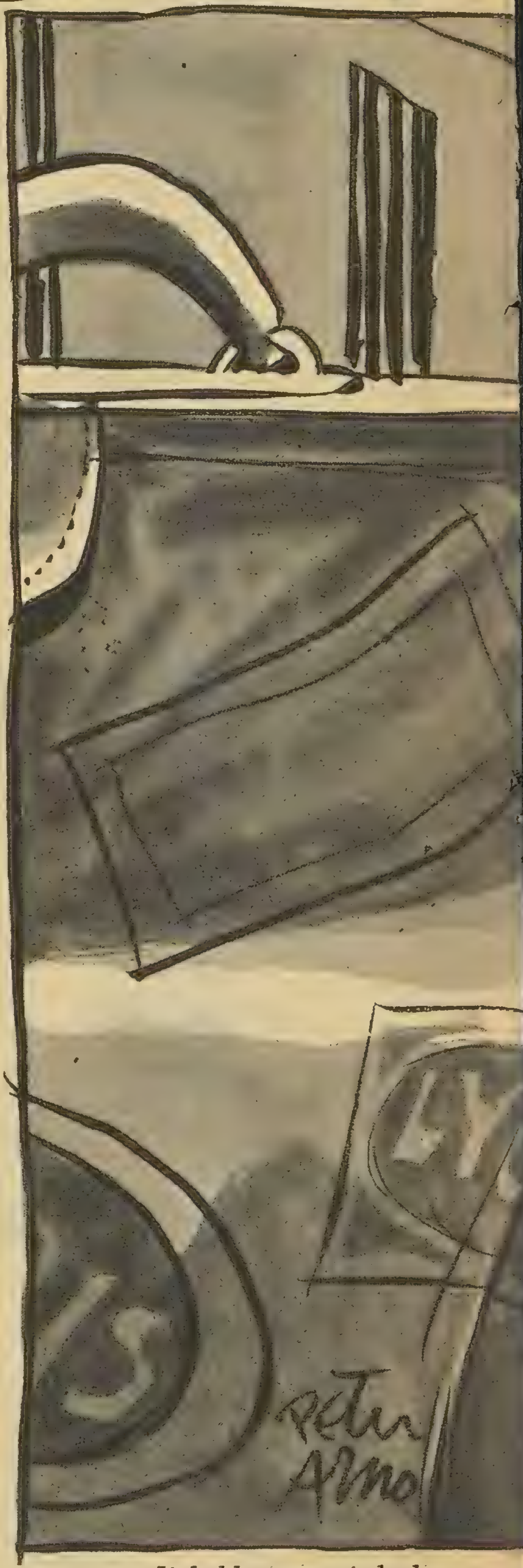
When I was a boy (and I remember President Franklin Pierce saying, “What a boy!” too) to let a porter carry your bag was practically the same as saying: “My next imitation will be of Miss Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale.” No man who could whistle or chin himself would think of it. In the days before these newfangled steam cars started raising Old Ned with our apple orchards with their showers of sparks, I have seen men knock a porter down for even reaching for their valises. The only people who would consider such a thing were veterans of the Mexican War who had lost both arms above the elbow or traveling salesmen for pipe-organ concerns. The traveling salesmen could let a porter take one end of the pipe organ without incurring the sneers of their fellow travelers.

But nowadays it is a pretty unattractive porter who can't wheedle a great hulking man out of his brief case, even if he is just crossing a platform to take another train. And I am secretly glad of this change in the standards of virility; for, frankly, my arms used to get awfully tired in the old days. This was due, in part, to the fact that any suitcase I ever buy always weighs a minimum of sixty pounds without anything in it. It is something about belonging to *me* that makes a suitcase put on weight. I lift other people's suitcases and they are like thistledown. But mine, with perhaps two collars and a tube of shaving cream in it, immediately swells up and behaves like the corner stone of a twenty-story building. I know that this is not just my imagination, because several people have tried to steal my suitcase and have complained to me about its being so heavy.

But even now I still have a slightly guilty feeling as I walk up the runway with a porter going on ahead with my bags. I try to look as if I were not with him, or as if he had snatched up my luggage by mistake and I were trying to catch him to take it myself. If it is very obvious that he is with me, I carry my right arm as if I had just hurt it badly. You can't blame a cripple for not carrying his own bag.

It is not only the impression that I must be making on other people that worries me. I feel a little guilty about the porter. If the bag is very heavy (as it always is, and not from what you think, either) I start out with a slightly incoherent apology to him, like: “You'll find that pretty heavy, I'm afraid,” or “Don't do this if you don't really feel like it.” Sometimes I tell him what I have in the bag, so that he will understand. “Books,” I say, timidly. (He never believes this.) I have even been so specific, if the thing was very heavy, as to tell him that I was carrying home a law digest and a copy of the Home Book of Verse for a friend. If this doesn't seem to be making him feel any better, I add, “—and shoe-trees. They make a bag heavy.” Several times I have worked myself up into such a state of sympathy for the man that I have taken one handle of the bag myself. There is one bag in particular that worries me. It is what the French refer to as a *grande valise* and I don't know what I was thinking of when I bought it. Standing on a station platform it looks like a small rhinoceros crouching for a spring, and I have seen porters run ten feet to one side of it rather than be called upon to lift it.

IT holds a great deal more than I have got to put into it, including two small boys, but even with my modest equipment it has to be lifted on and off boats with a crane. There is a story about Louis XVI having hidden his horse in it during the early days of the Revolution, but I rather doubt that, as there would have been no place for the horse to breathe through. However, the fact remains that I don't know what I was thinking of.

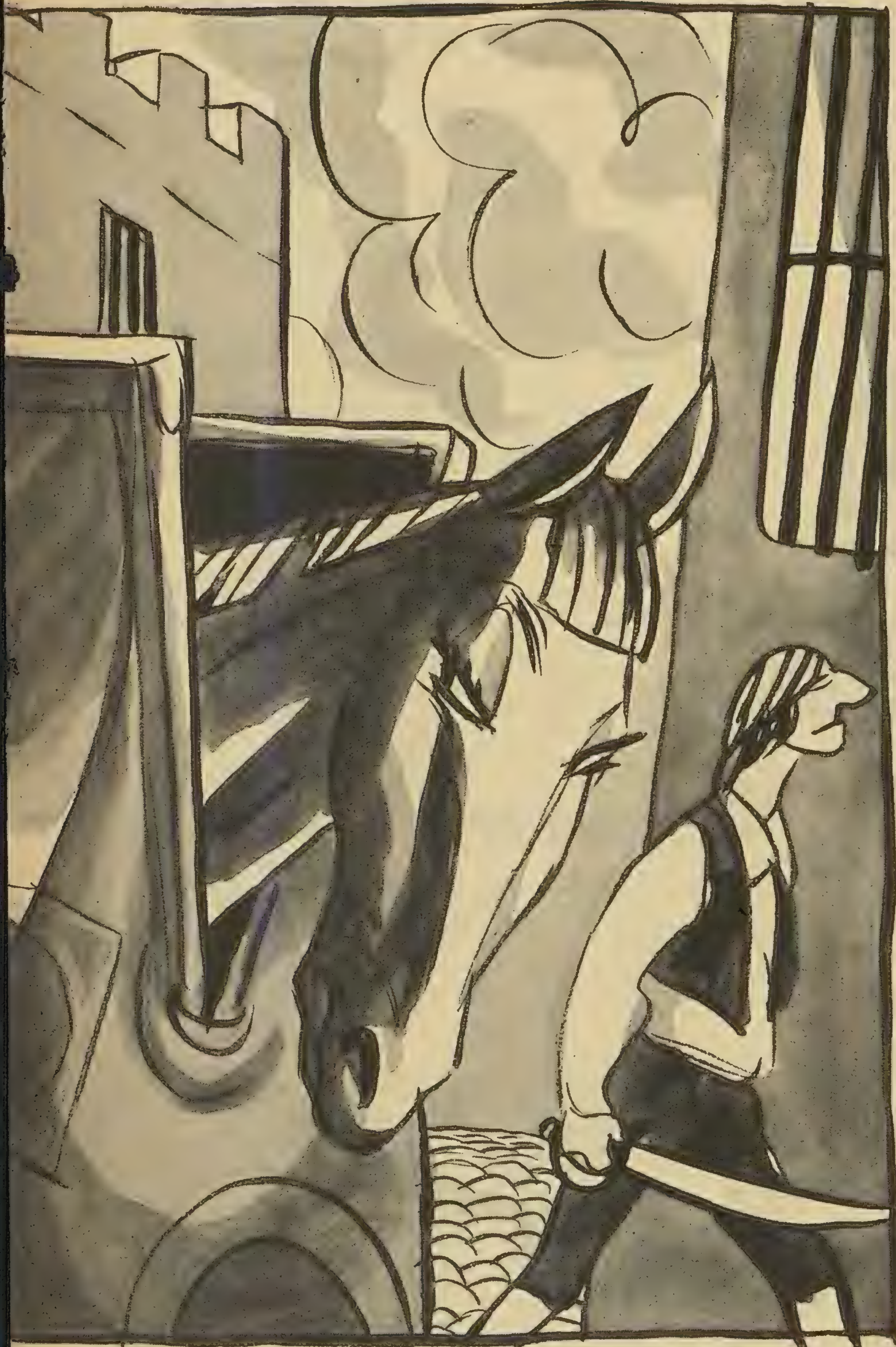


It holds a great deal.

Now, this bag is all right when I am abroad, for the porters over there are accustomed to carrying anything up to and including a medium-size garage. They hitch it to a strap with another load the same size on the other end, fling it over their shoulders, perspire freely, and trot off. I would be very glad to feel sorry for them, but they don't seem to mind it at all. It is an older civilization, I guess.

But in the United States I am very uneasy about this bag. I apologize to the porter who puts it on the train and feel that I have to give him enough extra to endow a Negro college in his home town. I start worrying about

in America



There is a story about Louis XVI having hidden his horse in it.

getting it into a taxi long before the train has pulled into the station, and I run over in my mind a few pleasantries with which I can assuage the porter on the other end. " Pretty heavy, eh? And I don't drink, either! Aha-ha-ha-ha! " or " Maybe I'd better get a trunk, eh? " None of these ever go very big, I may add.

It usually ends up by my being so self-conscious about the thing that I carry it myself. There are two ways of doing this: one is to carry it by the handles, but that way it crashes heavily against the side of the leg and eventually throws me; the other method is to hoist it up on the shoulder and stagger along under it. This is not much better, for then it not only cocks my hat over my eye but completely shuts off my vision from the other eye, so that many times I have walked head on into another train or collided with passengers. I have even caught up with passengers going in the same direction and smashed into them from behind. And the combined weight of my body and the bag, going at a fair clip, is sufficient to capsize and badly bruise a woman or a small man.

Taxi drivers are not very nice about my bag, either. When confronted with the problem of where to put it in the cab, they often make remarks such as: " Why don't we put the cab on top of the bag and drag it through the streets? " or " Where are the elephants? " With my bag tucked on the front seat beside him, a taxi driver has to lean out over the other side and drive with one knee. And nobody feels sadder about it than I do. Of all people to have a bag like that, I am the worst, because I am so sensitive.

IT is not only with railway porters that I am ill at ease. I feel very guilty about asking moving men to carry bureaus and bookcases downstairs. I have a bookcase which I sold to a man three years ago which is still standing in my room because I could not get up courage to ask anyone to move it for me. I know that there are men who make it their business to lift heavy articles of furniture, but this is a *terribly* heavy bookcase. The first six weeks after I sold it I used to sit and look at it and say to myself: " I really ought to get that over to Thurston right away." But I couldn't seem to feel right about getting anyone to do it.

I tried hitching it along the floor myself, but I couldn't even get it away from the spot where it had always been. So then I tried forgetting about it, and would look quickly away every time my eyes rested on it. Thurston asked me about it once, and I said that I had been trying to get a moving man to take it but that there was a strike on. I tried draping it with a sheet, so that I wouldn't have to look at it, but that did no good. The sheet just made it worse.

About a year ago I gave Thurston his money back and said that I had decided to keep the bookcase, but I really don't want it. Perhaps some moving man will see this confession and will come up some day and ask me if I don't want some especially heavy furniture moved. If he *asked* me, I couldn't feel guilty about it, could I? But I can tell him right now that it is heavier than he thinks, and I won't blame him if he drops it on the stairs, and I would rather not watch, if he doesn't mind.

It makes it very difficult to be afraid to impose on porters and yet not to be able to carry things yourself. Perhaps the best thing to do would be just not to own any heavy things, and to buy whatever clothes and shoes I need in the town I happen to be in. Or perhaps it would be better yet not to go anywhere, and just sit in my room.

Others of Mr. Benchley's finer sensibilities will reveal themselves in an early issue.

... on the board it's

BALANCE!

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

... in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

BALANCE PLAYS its part in cigarette making, too. Over-mildness, for example or over-richness shows lack of "balance."

Chesterfields are mild — not strong or harsh. Yet they have richness of aroma and delicacy of flavor. They are not insipid or tasteless.

No single taste quality is over-emphasized. Not only are the tobaccos right, but their blending and cross-blending are exact. The one goal is taste, *balanced* taste . . .

TASTE *above everything*

field

MUST BE DESERVED

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

MILD, yes . . . and
yet THEY SATISFY

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

Next week we begin announcing those prize awards of

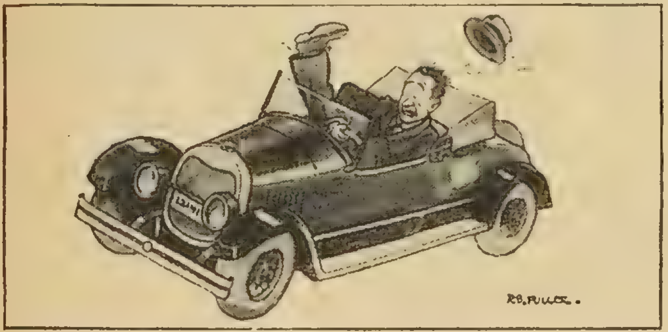
$500 a week *for* Limericks

MEANWHILE, we offer you another vacation Limerick and another chance to make a little vacation money. The Limerick needs a last line. You write it—making it rhyme with the first two, of course—and send it in as directed in the rules below. That's all there is to it. Easy? Of course it is.

For the best last lines sent in by readers, we are going to pay

$500 a Week *in* Five Big Cash Prizes

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



Bill Smith started out in his car—
But it stopped with a terrible jar.
He got out and looked under,
And found, for a wonder

. . . .
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, July 5. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

And the prizes will be divided as follows:

First Prize, $250

Second Prize, $100—Third Prize, $75

Fourth Prize, $50—Fifth Prize, $25

Now read the rules on this page, study the Limerick that needs a last line, get out the old pencil, and GO TO IT!

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

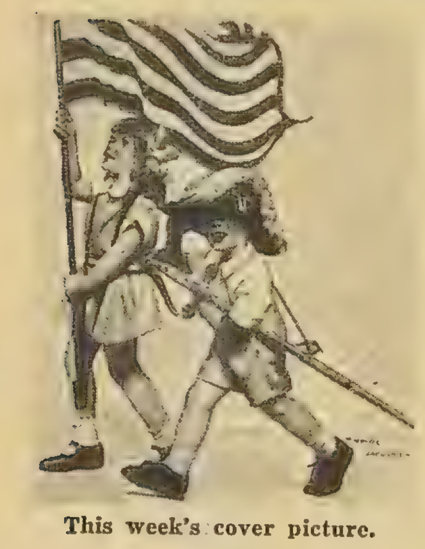
PRIZE AWARDS FOR THE LIMERICK IN THE JUNE 14 ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK

The Battle Cry of Freedom

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE Fourth-of-July parade always passed down Main Street, saluted the mayor's grand stand at City Hall, stopped for an oration at the bust of George Washington, and dispersed at the Soldiers' Home for lemonade. It was led by the noisy high-school band, and everybody's teeth rattled to the vibrations of the great bass drum.

"Are you going to march?" everybody asked everybody else. "It's hot but we'll get lemonade."



This week's cover picture.

Uniforms had been pressed, old, comfortable shoes polished, and Doherty's Candy Kitchen expected to sell a fortune in soft Neapolitan bricks. Curbs were lined with chairs and baby carriages. The town's five mounted police were on duty. Groups were assembled at corners, and the only people who wouldn't see the parade were those unfortunate enough to be on operating tables or in jail.

"Don't march too fast," Lil was warning Sandy as she sewed a brass button on his Grand Royal High Order of Whosies uniform. "If you start feeling heady—just step out of line. Don't forget we're going to have another baby next month. I'd like him to have a father, dear."

Sandy didn't answer. He was saving all his energy for the parade. His uniform was made of heavy blue cheviot and his plumed hat weighed a ton.

"Lots of people," little Ulysses told Gwen. He was swinging on her front gate.

"Sure, there're lots of people," she giggled, tossing pebbles at his bare legs. "It's the Fourth of July. I wish I had firecrackers."

"So do I," he said. "I'm hungry." He got off the gate and headed for the kitchen door.

"Hungry?" she shrieked, running after him. "You eat a firecracker with frosting an' you'll never get spanked again. You'd make a big noise, get blown ten hundred miles up in the air, an' never come down anywhere around here. I wish you'd eat one!"

They stole doughnuts from the cake box and washed them down with water. They tore newspapers into tiny shreds and sprinkled the hallway. They hung a bath towel under a faucet and took turns lashing it against a row of books. Then they shook out the napkins in the sideboard and left them in a heap.

"Come on," she whispered, sneaking into the parlor. "My mother and father are just driving—"

She stopped. She stared at the big couch where Mr. Smithers had left his chapeau, sword, flag, and harness.

"My father thinks he's goin' to parade," she said, dropping the harness over her head with the agility of a fire horse. "He'll get fooled like a crow. He ain't goin' to parade. D'you know who is?"

"Who?" U. asked, staring at the white plume.

"*We are!*" she yelled. "But shut up."

She hung the sword over his shoulder and put the swell chapeau on his head. It fitted just like a dish pan. She grabbed up the flag and ran panting into the street.

"Our parade!" she shouted. "We'll march down Main Street singin' The Battle Cry of Freedom."

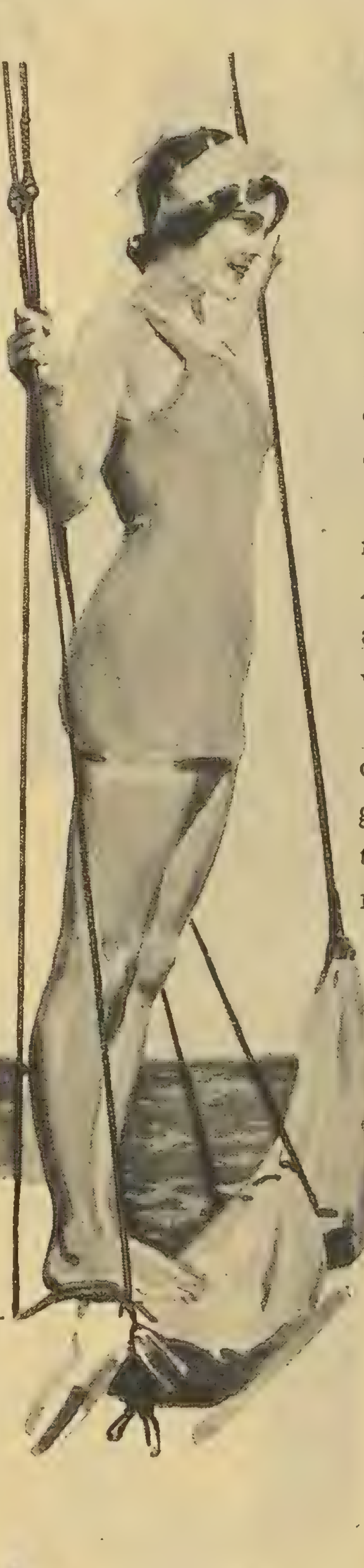
"The battle cry of what?" little U. asked weakly from the hot depths of Mr. Smithers' hat.

"*Freedom!*" she yelled, waving the flag. "Oil up your lungs an' sing The Battle Cry of Freedom!"

(Next week's cover adventure: On the Beach)

Quickest Relief from sunburn pain!

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn



SPREAD Unguentine on your burning skin. Suave and soothing, it cools the fiery pain—quicker than anything else you could use. And it *heals*—gently, *safely!*

Lotions and toilet creams only reach the *outer* surface of the skin. But Unguentine penetrates right down to the inflamed tissue in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

Here Unguentine eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And being *antiseptic*—it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn invites.

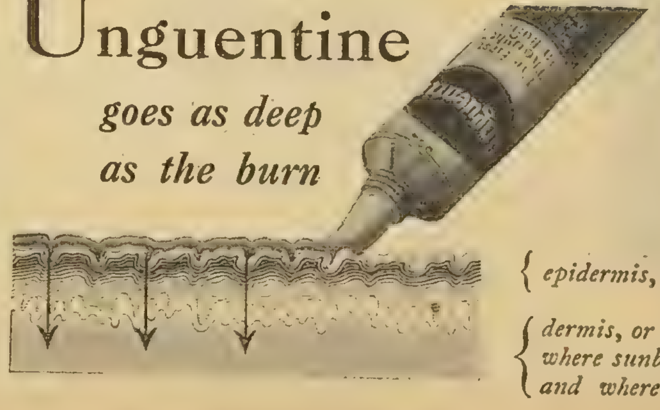
Sunburn is no different from any other kind of burn. It's just as dangerous. So be sure to use Unguentine, the famous remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine will quickly change smarting red sunburn to a glorious tan. 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for any kind of burn or scald, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

goes as deep as the burn

Norwich



epidermis, or upper skin
dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.

Keystone View photo

The Earl of Balfour as he looked in 1922, soon after his return to England from the Arms Conference in Washington.

Balfour—Aristocrat

1848-1930

By

ROBERT HIELD

who is assistant editor of the Morning Post, London—the great English organ of conservative opinion that was founded in 1772 and numbered the poet Coleridge among its early writers of leading editorials, and Wordsworth among its contributors. The Earl of Balfour typified enlightened conservatism. His career was eloquently expressive of all that was best in England's governmental and social traditions, and in recent years it has become symbolic of Anglo-American harmony. Mr. Hield having followed it at close range ever since 1886, Liberty invited him to write this article summing it up for American readers.

WHEN Arthur James, first Earl of Balfour, died on the 19th of March this year, at the age of eighty-one, the last of Queen Victoria's statesmen passed away. But if, to this age, he seemed a survival, to his own age he was a pioneer—a leader out of the old tradition into the new world.

In his long life he rendered much conspicuous service to his country; but perhaps his most characteristic service was to readjust values in the public mind, to introduce fresh air into the stuffy conventions of public life, and to humanize the stiff and narrow formalism which made the official attitude and outlook so forbidding.

Before his day, it was the fashion to pretend that the affairs of state were awful mysteries hardly to be understood except by the anointed hierophants; and that Cabinet Ministers were like unto Moses newly descended from Sinai. The amount of pompous make-believe in which everything was wrapped is incredible in these days.

Balfour broke through all that. He had something of the effect of Mark Twain's American at the Court of King Arthur. For instance, he scandalized official propriety by going to a Cabinet Council in a deer-stalker hat and a rough Ulster overcoat, instead of the frock coat and silk hat which custom prescribed. That he was not, for this audacity, struck by lightning from heaven made the official world begin to doubt the existence of a God.

Again, he declined to pretend that politics was a complete diet for an intelligent man, even though he were a Minister of State. He insisted, most indecorously, in playing golf and tennis; and most frivolously in caring for music. His addiction to golf during Parliamentary week-ends was pointed at by his political opponents as a symptom of inexcusable levity. As to his devotion to music, and his attendances at the Bayreuth Wagner Festivals, the serious-minded could only shake their heads and fear the worst. A Minister of the Crown who had, outside politics, cared for anything but blood-sports was without precedent. It could bode no good.

And yet this audacious innovator had the highest credentials. He was no vulgar upstart, but one possessing titles manifold to be an inheritor of the aristocratic

P. & A. photo

The Earl, in his robes of state, in a procession at Cambridge University.

tradition. Through his mother he was directly related to one of the proudest of the noble families of England. On his father's side he was the scion of an ancient line of Scottish lairds, and the owner of a considerable landed estate. He was educated at Eton—an experience that was recognized as giving the final seal of fitness for high office—and at Trinity College, Cambridge. At Eton his " fag " was the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom he addressed then and afterwards as " Clan," his school nickname; and he was a welcome and familiar figure in the most exclusive society, in spite of sharing so little its habits and tastes.

WHAT was to be made of a young man who, possessing all these covetable advantages, took no interest in hunting and shooting, but played a mysterious game called golf, attended concerts, and wrote books about philosophy? If he had been a Radical, this freak might have been understandable; though few self-respecting Radicals would have dared to be so eccentric, so little subdued by that " high seriousness " which a public career demands in the elect. But he was a Conservative, a Tory —the rising hope of his party! What Lord Rosebery called " the end of all things " would indeed have seemed to be at hand if this extraordinary young man had not proved himself so remarkably capable—so indispensable, in fact, to a cause and to an hour. On that account, it was necessary to bear with him, and hope for the best.

It is not surprising that, except by a few of those who knew him most intimately, the full range of this amiable young man's capacity was not suspected. His sagacious uncle, the great Marquis of Salisbury, who was twice Prime Minister, had great faith in him from the first, and took him as his private secretary to the historic Berlin Congress of 1878. At that time young Arthur Balfour was sitting in the House of Commons as member for Hertford, but he had been a member for more than ten years before anybody began to take serious notice of him as a politician. The fact was that young Balfour was not particularly interested in politics. He had been forced into it by family influence and association; but he very much preferred music and philosophy. If he had been defeated in the general election of 1880, he would gladly have availed himself of the excuse to escape from Parliament; but he scraped in by a majority of 164, and that narrow margin shaped his whole destiny.

Brown Bros. photo

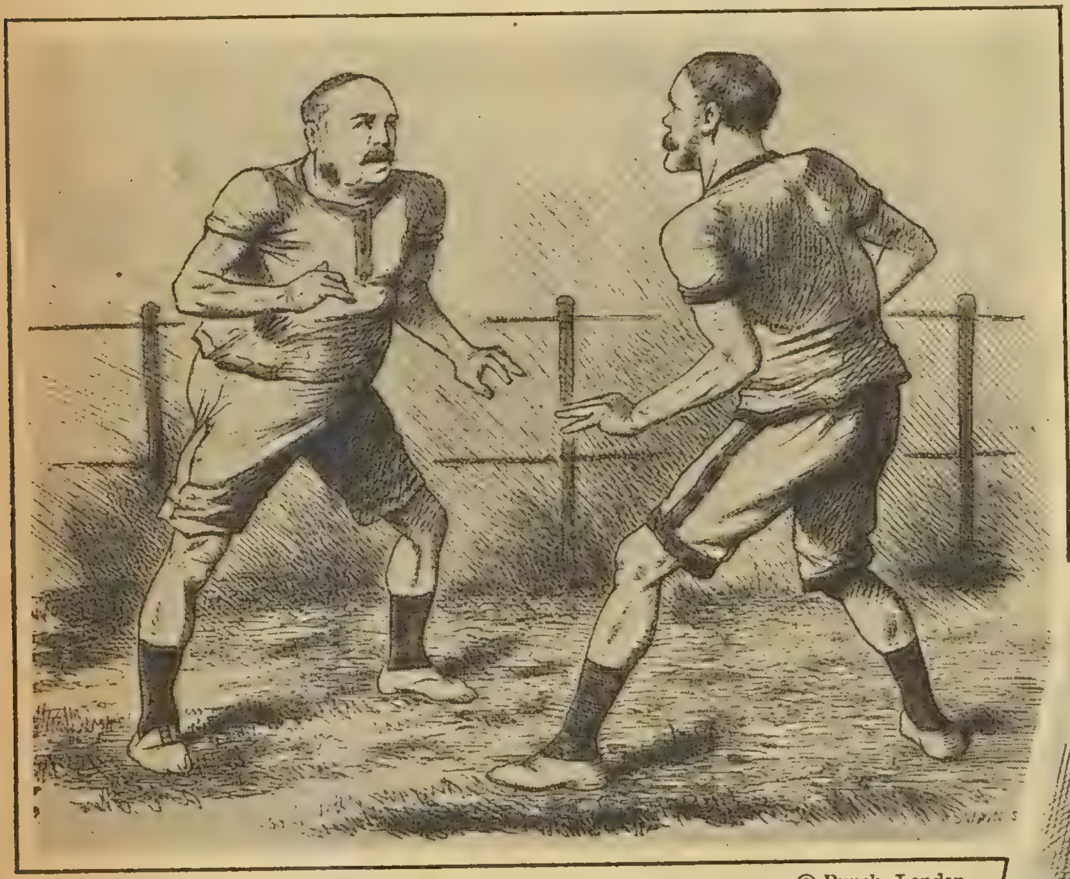
A portrait photograph, made during the earlier years of the World War.

In the new Parliament of 1880-85, in which the Liberal Party under Gladstone had an overwhelming majority, Balfour began to find politics more interesting, but in an elegant, detached sort of way. He joined Lord Randolph Churchill, then rising to fame as a Parliamentarian, as a member of what called itself the " Fourth Party." It had only four members; and its business was to put new life and spirit into the defeated and discouraged Conservative opposition. To achieve its ends, it devoted itself with equal zeal to baiting Mr. Gladstone and to deriding the old and ineffective leaders on the Opposition front bench. It was treated with amused patronage by the press, and provided a very favorite subject for the political car-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BALFOUR—ARISTOCRAT
Continued from page forty-five

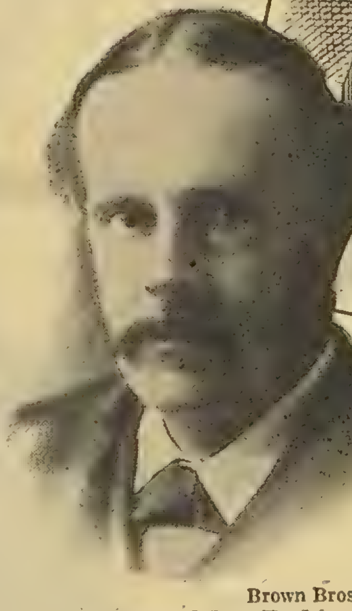
toonists of the time. One famous drawing by "Spy" in Vanity Fair shows the Fourth Party in action. Lord Randolph Churchill is addressing the House, while next to him lounges or sprawls a figure whose characteristics are very long and, as it were, disjointed legs, and a dilettante-like face adorned with eyeglasses and fair whiskers and mustache. This figure was the impression of Arthur Balfour, who at the time would be identified only by Parliamentarians. To the public eye Lord Randolph Churchill was already familiar; but Arthur Balfour was quite unknown.



© Punch, London

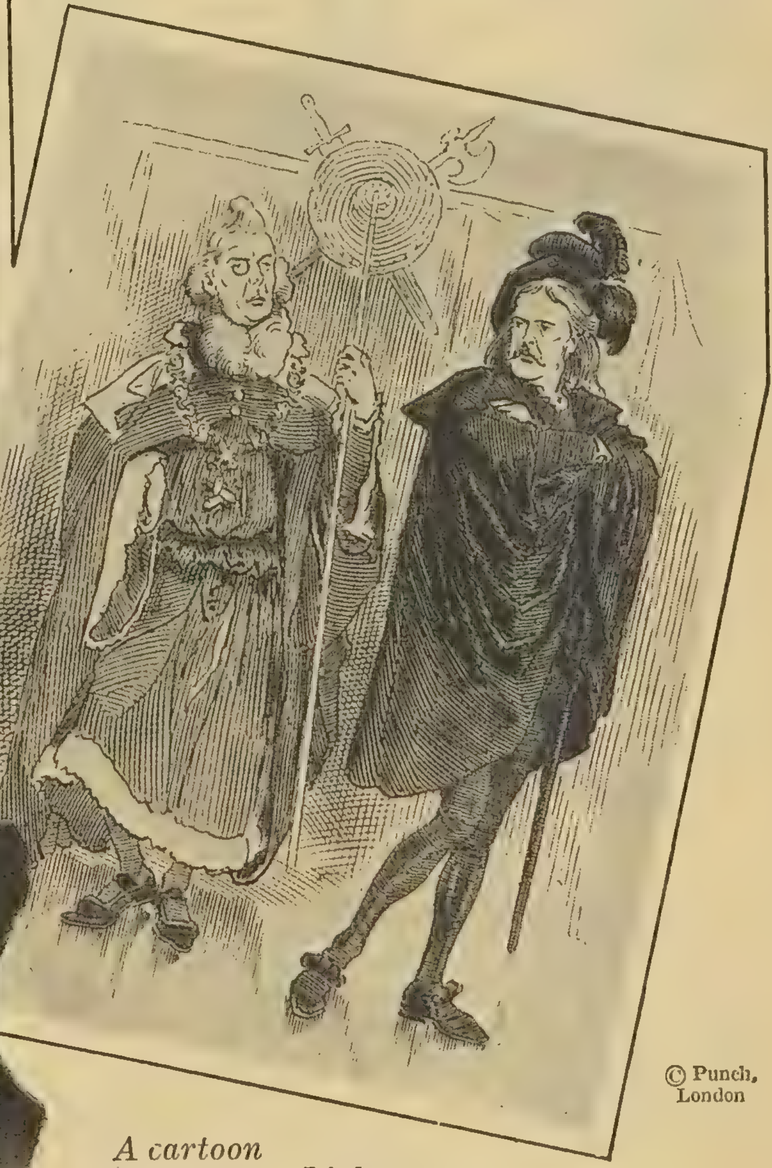
A Punch cartoon of 1899, by Sir John Tenniel, showing Balfour, at the right, and his Liberal antagonist, Campbell-Bannerman, as wrestlers about to come to grips.

In less than five years from that time, the lackadaisical amateur, who seemed to be playing at politics, had become the foremost figure in British politics—the figure around which raged the fiercest struggle ever known in our time.



Brown Bros. photo

The then Mr. Balfour in the '90s, before he was Prime Minister.



© Punch, London

A cartoon of 1900, by Linley Sambourne, showing Balfour as Hamlet and Joseph Chamberlain as Polonius.

SHAKESPEARE students will remember how the character of Henry, Prince of Wales, is suddenly transformed by danger and duty from that of an idle trifler to that of a fighter and leader. In girding on his armor to take the field against rebellion, Prince Hal puts off the old man and puts on the new—discarding what he calls "the unyoked humour of your idleness." Not less sudden and astounding was the transformation which the challenge of Irish Home Rule wrought in Arthur Balfour. When Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill disrupted the Liberal Party and brought the Conservatives back to power, the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—virtually that of the ruler of Ireland—became the most onerous and the most critical in the Government. The Irish Nationalist Party—perfectly disciplined and inspired by the masterful personality of Charles Stewart Parnell—was concentrated on the task of making the government of Ireland from Dublin Castle (the headquarters of the British ascendancy) impossible. The Irish Nationalists were supported by the Liberal Opposition, led by Mr. Gladstone, the greatest figure in English public life, of unmatched experience, authority, and eloquence.

To hold the fort against this immensely formidable and unceasing assault, both in Ireland and in Parliament—to direct all the measures for the vindication of the law against its systematic defiance, and at the same time to defend those measures from such formidable critics in the House of Commons—was the most exacting ordeal to which any man could be exposed, however gifted and however experienced. With rare sagacity, Lord Salisbury chose for this office of extraordinary difficulty and danger his still young nephew, Arthur James Balfour; and his choice at once, to the astonishment of all beholders, triumphantly justified itself.

The present writer is old enough to remember those passionate and fateful days. For nearly six years, Balfour's life was one of incessant, desperate contention with an inexhaustibly resourceful and resolute adversary. But he never flinched. His skill in debate was the despair of his foes; his personal courage was as conspicuous as the resoluteness of his temper. He taught the opposed to beware of him, and during the most troublous time he drove in an open car through the most disturbed parts of Ireland, indifferent to the threats against his life. The best tribute to his achievement was the changed estimate of his character which his adversaries formed. When they first found themselves confronted with this new Chief Secretary, the Irish Nationalists contemptuously referred to him as "a scented popinjay" and "a dawdling aristocrat." Parnell complained that, instead of the blow from the paw of a lion which he had expected, he got from Balfour only "the scratch from the claw of a cat." But before long the name with which his opponents delighted to honor "the dawdling aristocrat" had become "Bloody Balfour"; and in private his opponents had come not only to respect this adversary who was so much a man, but to like him.

In those six years Balfour's reputation was made and his career assured. He entered on them unknown and untried; he turned his back on them, it is not too much to say, as the foremost political figure of his day; and, strangely enough, equally popular both with friends and foes.

For though Balfour proved himself a first-rate fighting man, he had another side to his character in which a very rare and irresistible personal charm manifested itself. His aristocratic origin made it possible for him to be completely at ease with all sorts and conditions of men, except fools and knaves. The peasants of Connaught and Galway delighted in him; in cultured and intellectual circles he was recognized as a kindred spirit; and even his political opponents were glad to entertain him at non-controversial reunions. In that select circle of "pard-like spirits, beautiful and swift," who called themselves "The Souls," and who included Margot Tennant, Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, and the Lyttletons, Balfour was a brilliant and congenial figure. Nobody could share an intelligent interest in a wider range of subjects, or illuminate them with more wit. When the heat and bitterness of the Home Rule struggle had passed, Mr. Balfour emerged as the most popular man in public life. He had no superior airs, no aloofness, and the most perfect courtesy—except to the very few persons whom he actively disliked, and some of those were on his own side of politics.

In dress, at the House of Commons, Balfour never abandoned the formal frock coat that used to be *de rigueur* for Ministers and ex-Ministers. But he always wore a low instead of a high stand-up collar; and another informality of his was to rest his feet on the edge of the table that in the House of Commons runs between the two front benches in front of the Speaker's chair. Being long-limbed, he could comfortably bridge the gangway with his legs, if he lounged back on his seat so that he seemed to be sitting on the small of his back; and this indolent attitude became characteristic of him.

BEING a man of wide culture and many interests, he realized that the world (of politics) may be too much with us; and so, as leader of the House of Commons after 1895, he instituted that incalculable boon, the long week-end. Established usage condemned the House of Commons to sit from Monday afternoon to Friday midnight, with an evening off on Wednesday. Mr. Balfour changed that. He substituted an early half day on Friday for that on Wednesday, and thus enabled Members of Parliament to get away to the country on Friday afternoon or possibly, if Friday business was unimportant (as it generally is), on Thursday night. The relief was immense, both for those who wanted to visit their constituents and for those who wanted relaxation from politics. Yet the reform—which everyone now rejoices in—was bitterly opposed as encouraging a dereliction of Parliamentary duty. In England there is a type of politician who, as Cecil Rhodes once described him, "lives principally in the House of Commons." Great was the indignation at Mr. Balfour's unabashed recognition of the fact that political contention is not the whole duty of man; and once again the daring innovator was denounced as a "trifler" and "dawdler," if no one on this occasion ventured to call him "a scented popinjay."

What inspired Balfour to propose this reform was, in large measure, his addiction to golf—a game which owes its acclimatization in England mainly to his influence and example. In the early '80s golf was, broadly speaking, hardly played at all south of the Tweed. There were very few courses, and those not easily accessible. Then Mr. Balfour took it up. He played it whenever he could get near a course, and he wrote about it. He aroused an interest in the game, and soon new courses began to be laid out; and when, under Mr. Balfour's inspiration, an annual Parliamentary golf handicap was instituted, a vogue was set up which grew and grew until today it is almost possible to play round England from one golf course to another.

Once again Mr. Balfour was the victim of violent abuse by the solemn asses and hypocrites who pretended to see in this devotion to a mere game the symptoms of a frivolous nature. He was indifferent to the abuse, which deserves to be remembered today only as an example of the incredible bigotry and stupidity which can infest

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NEW... FINER PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Here is a car that is smart, dependable and *economical* at a price right down with the lowest. In addition, these extra-value features: Weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . *full size* . . . Safety-Steel bodies . . . safety gas tank in rear with gauge on dash . . . and the kind of speed, power and quality that is the exclusive result of Chrysler Motors engineering. More car, more satisfaction, at no extra cost!

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory.

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL Plymouth SIZE

BALFOUR—ARISTOCRAT
Continued from page forty-seven

public life. Until he had well passed his seventieth year, Balfour continued diligently to play both golf and tennis—thus setting a new model for English statesmen, who had cultivated the reputation of never getting out of the top hats and frock coats. He used to partner Wilding, the New Zealander who long held the tennis championship of Europe, in doubles on the Riviera, and on two occasions (1894 and 1897) he won the Parliamentary golf handicap outright. He was never robust or stalwart, but he possessed immense vitality and stamina, sustained on the most eccentric diet. The present writer once saw him, coming in from a golf match, order tea and lobster for his refreshment. He was not a teetotaler, but he rarely smoked, and then only cigarettes; and, however indolent by nature, he was by habit insatiable for exercise. In the days when he was leading the House of Commons, he always walked to and from Westminster, and on fine days would often take a devious route to the House by way of the parks.

Between 1895 and the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899, there was a lull and almost a stagnation in English politics. Balfour, with his ascendancy assured by a large majority and the prestige he had earned, took things easily. But his mettle showed itself unmistakably when disaster befell the British arms in South Africa. Realizing that something prompt and effective must be done, he, mainly on his own responsibility, arranged for Lord Roberts to be sent out as commander in chief with Lord Kitchener as chief of staff. Whenever prompt decision and the acceptance of responsibility were demanded, Balfour never failed to rise to the occasion.

P. & A. photo

Balfour in his seventies as a tennis player, with Lady Crosfield.

The next crisis that overtook him also overthrew him. Chamberlain came back from South Africa in 1903 to enunciate his gospel of imperial federation and tariff reform. It was, to political piety in Great Britain, for half a century nurtured on the doctrine of free trade as an inviolable, an almost divinely inspired law, a shock as great as if Chamberlain had proposed to abolish marriage and institute free love. Parties were rent asunder, and houses were divided against themselves. A whirlwind of bitter and excited controversy swept over the land; and Balfour, as Prime Minister, found himself set to weather the storm. His bark was caught between Scylla and Charybdis—for two-thirds of his party acclaimed the new gospel preached by Chamberlain, and the rest (including most of its influential figures) were unrepentant and indissuadable free-traders. How to keep an even keel in this strait and turbulent channel? How hold the party together?

MR. BALFOUR tried to achieve the impossible by remaining neutral in the controversy that was convulsing the country. He refrained from adopting the Chamberlain policy as the official policy of the party, but he more or less openly smpathized with it. His management at this crisis was a marvel of Parliamentary dexterity; but it could not avail. His Government lost credit so completely that he was forced to resign, and at the ensuing general election he found his party overwhelmed as by a landslide, and his own seat in Manchester, which he had held for twenty years, wrested from him.

From such disaster many men would never have recovered; but Balfour's fortitude and serenity did not fail. He found another seat in the City of London, and returned to the House to lead a forlorn and dejected "rump" of a party against the embattled hosts of triumphant and truculent Liberalism. This situation was an acid test, to use Woodrow Wilson's phrase, of his quality. He met it successfully. At first the hostile majority, flown with victory and insolence, openly flouted and derided their defeated adversary. When his voice cracked on a high note, on one occasion, unmannerly Liberals mocked at him; and when he ventured to dispute the logicality of some Government proposal, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Prime Minister, thought it enough to exclaim, "Enough of this foolery!" But such treatment was soon exchanged first for tolerance, then for respect, and finally for deference. The transformation was brought about by the reluctant recognition of Balfour's sheer intellectual eminence and Parliamentary ability. Nothing in public life has been seen finer and more significant than this reconquest by a discredited leader of his lost reputation. It was not only the ability but also the perfect dignity of Balfour in these years of heavy adversity that won respect and admiration from the most obdurate adversaries.

BUT, perversely enough, he never recovered his old ascendancy with his own party. In the years of Liberal administration, from 1906 until the outbreak of the Great War, party feeling again ran very high, culminating in the quarrel with the House of Lords, the rejection of the "People's Budget" (as Mr. Lloyd George called the expression of his Limehouse gospel), and the introduction, after two general elections in 1910, of the famous Parliament Act, under which the absolute veto of the Lords was put an end to. In this quarrel the Conservative Party was rent again. There were the "Last-Ditchers," who wanted the House of Lords to reject the Parliament Act and dare the Liberal Government to get on with its threatened creation of enough peers to carry the measure; and there were the "Hands-Uppers," who wished to bow to the inevitable. Balfour's advice to his party was not acceptable to a very considerable section of the party, and so in 1911 he resigned the leadership which he had held for twenty years, and became merely a detached and unofficial member of the Conservative Party. His resignation was an irreparable loss to his party. There was no one to wear his mantle, though someone was found to take his place. In authority, experience, and debating skill he had no fellow. It was as though Hamlet had resigned from the position of Prince of Denmark.

High office, it has been said, makes big men bigger and small men smaller. The abandonment of it did nothing to diminish the stature of Balfour, who remained one of the great, outstanding figures of public life; and whose eminence, in spite of years, forced itself into recognition again when the war broke out.

When Asquith's Liberal Government found itself unequal to its tasks, and a coalition of all the talents was formed, Balfour was among the first to be called into counsel, as First Lord of the Admiralty. He again revealed himself as a master mind, and one of the best Parliamentary speeches he ever delivered was in rejoinder to a characteristic irruption by his young friend Winston Churchill, who has the defect of imagining that he alone is the repository of all wisdom. It was an unforgetable castigation, not the less severe in effect for being perfectly urbane in manner and form.

In 1916 the first Coalition Government fell, and Lloyd George succeeded Asquith as Prime Minister, Balfour passing from the Admiralty to the Foreign Office, in which office he proved his signal distinction, attested by two documents that are already historic—the Balfour Memorandum, establishing Palestine as a national home for the Jews, and the Balfour Note, laying down the British attitude to war debts.

Of his visit to the United States in April, 1917, as the head of the British Mission to arrange for the coöperation of America in face of the German submarine campaign, it is unnecessary to speak to Americans. They know the impression which England's Elder Statesman left, and the perfect ease with which he adapted himself to the American point of view and to American customs, some of which, at least, are strikingly different from those which eminent persons in this country are accustomed to. Even the importunities of interviewers could not ruffle Mr. Balfour, who had not in vain spent the best part of his life in parrying the interrogatories of political opponents in the House of Commons.

His ripe wisdom and experience were in great request during the Peace Conference in Paris, and when he resigned the Foreign Secretaryship next year, he continued to serve his country by presiding at the first meeting of the League of Nations in 1920, and going to America for a second time in 1921 as British plenipotentiary to take part in the Washington Conference on the limitation of armaments. He had the sagacity then to lay the foundations of the agreement which has just been concluded—an agreement establishing the principle of naval parity between Great Britain and America.

It was in 1922 that Balfour was raised to the peerage, but that did not mean his extinction. He was a member of the Conservative Cabinet of 1925 and retired only when the Cabinet resigned in May, 1929—less than a year before his death.

TO the last, his faculties were unimpaired, if his vigor was sapped. When he was nearing his eightieth year, he was delivering addresses to the British Academy and to the British Institute of Philosophical Studies, and keeping himself abreast of the latest science.

Looking back on his career and achievement, it is easy to see how big he was. Men of his stature and quality do not seem to be bred nowadays. But if he had great qualities, he had also great defects. He loved to trust to the improvisation of the moment, instead of laboriously preparing his case; this often landed him in awkward corners, from which all his resource and adroitness could not always extricate him. When, in the Boer War, an inquiry was demanded into the hospital scandal, Balfour passionately opposed it, for no better reason than that he disliked the proposer, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, intensely. He once attended the Literary Fund dinner and gave great umbrage to his audience by a speech which is amusingly recorded by Thomas Hardy in a memorandum included in his wife's just published biography. This is how it reads:

> A great lack of tact in the part of A. J. B., who was in the Chair at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner which I attended last night. The purpose of the dinner was, of course, to raise funds for poor authors, largely from the pockets of the more successful ones who were present with the other guests. Yet he dwelt with much emphasis on the decline of the literary art and on his opinion that there were no writers of high rank living in these days. We hid our diminished heads and buttoned our pockets. What he said, may have been true enough, but alas for saying it then.

It was the trick of Mr. Balfour often to produce this feeling of disappointment, especially when he was addressing large popular audiences from the platform. He had no flexibility or range of voice, and no gift of oratory. Again and again the present writer has seen huge audiences hanging expectant on his words, and going empty away, baffled and bewildered when they only asked to be enthused and uplifted. In the House of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Smile!

WHEN you are brimming with pep, energy, and optimism, you have a real wholehearted smile, because you feel so almighty good! People are glad to see you; things seem to come your way. Here's the secret, learned by thousands of happy people: Clear the natural poisons out of your body regularly. Your doctor will tell you this—and he will also tell you the right way to do it by the Nujol treatment.

When you cleanse your face, you don't harshly scrape it with sandpaper, taking the skin off with the dirt. If you want to clean the poisons out of your body, don't use habit-forming laxatives—use internal lubrication, which your body begs for, just like any other intricate machine. Nujol—colorless and tasteless as pure water—makes you feel like a million dollars, yet it costs only a few cents! Nujol is not a medicine; it contains no drugs.

"Regular as Clockwork"

Start the Nujol treatment tonight. You'll find a whole lot of healthy, happy smiles in every crystal-clear bottle!

Send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 19-B, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

Nujol is sold in all drug stores in sealed packages only, trademarked "Nujol." Insist on Nujol by name. Important!

NATURE'S WAY
Nujol
REG U.S. PAT OFF
TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

clean teeth...
white teeth...
one brushing
a day with
NEW
Orphos
once-a-day
TOOTH PASTE
40¢ AT ALL GOOD DRUG-STORES

Use it at bed-time....
your money back if you're
not absolutely satisfied

BALFOUR—ARISTOCRAT
Continued from page forty-nine

Commons, in the thrust and parry of debate, Balfour was matchless; but on the platform he was ineffective. It was a medium which he disdained or was unable to master, and he would never prepare his speeches—never think out the telling phrase and the appealing form in which to cast an argument—and as his mind was extremely subtle, he was apt to get out of touch with his hearers.

One picture of him, that has been left by a lady contemporary who was a close family friend—Mary Drew, the daughter of Balfour's great antagonist, Gladstone—is much too precious not to be recalled. It dates from 1871, when Balfour was just entering public life. At his home in Scotland, Whittinghame, he had assembled a congenial party of kindred young spirits, and in the evening they diverted themselves with impromptu renderings of oratorios. This is how Mary Gladstone records the episode:

Whittinghame
Wed. Aug. 9, 1871

Played some Handel trios with Mr. Balfour and Mr. R. Strutt on the "Infernals" (concertinas) also 2 lovely things out of Fidelio.

Sunday. Aug. 13th.

After dinner Mr. Balfour read prayers and we sang "Abide with me," I leading terrified and right down to any depth. Sang some hymns and at 10 we resumed our duets. Played all the Messiah right through and on the whole well, frantically excited in "Why do the Nations" and dreadfully exhausted, finished with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," perfect. The combination is certainly good, and Mr. Balfour plays the Infernal awfully well. Went to bed saturated with sublime music.

Monday.
Aug. 14th.

Our Farewell concert—played the 3 Te Deum duets "Turn not, O Queen," Esther, "In Sweetest Harmony" and "O Fatal Day" Saul, *splendid* and as a climax "For behold, darkness" Messiah. Superb.

BALFOUR is the first and only British Prime Minister who was a master of the concertina, and history does not record how he happened to adopt that unusual and, as generally regarded, that vulgar instrument for the expression of his musical instinct.

It is also a mystery that a man so distinguished, so attractive, and so eligible as a husband should have remained a bachelor to the end of his days. The story goes that in his younger days he was affianced to a beautiful and gifted lady who died untimely, and that Balfour buried his heart in the coffin. It is a story that we may like to accept, and we may do so the more comfortably because it is never likely to be affirmed or denied.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 36

1—The science which treats of the discovery and application of remedies for diseases.
2—Slowly, leisurely, gracefully.
3—The state of not being of age.
4—Siam.
5—Ninety feet.
6—Christian X, King of Denmark.
7—South of Bering Sea, extending west from Alaska.
8—England, France, and Spain.
9—A blow for a blow.
10—A great Chinese philosopher (551-478 B. C.).
11—Praise ye Jehovah; praise ye the Lord.
12—An animal that has a backbone.
13—One in which all the sides are equal.
14—Lake Michigan.
15—Six.
16—Duchess.
17—Oklahoma.
18—One who attends faithfully to his duty only when watched.
19—Flukes.
20—One who speaks or writes several languages.

Apply with finger-tips

We *Guarantee* The Best Shave In All Your Life

To prove that MOLLÉ is far ahead of other shaving creams, we make this exceptional offer: Get a tube of MOLLÉ No-brush, No Lather Cream at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the "MOLLÉ" way—and then, if you do not get the *quickest, smoothest, cleanest*, and most comfortable shave in your life, return the balance and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

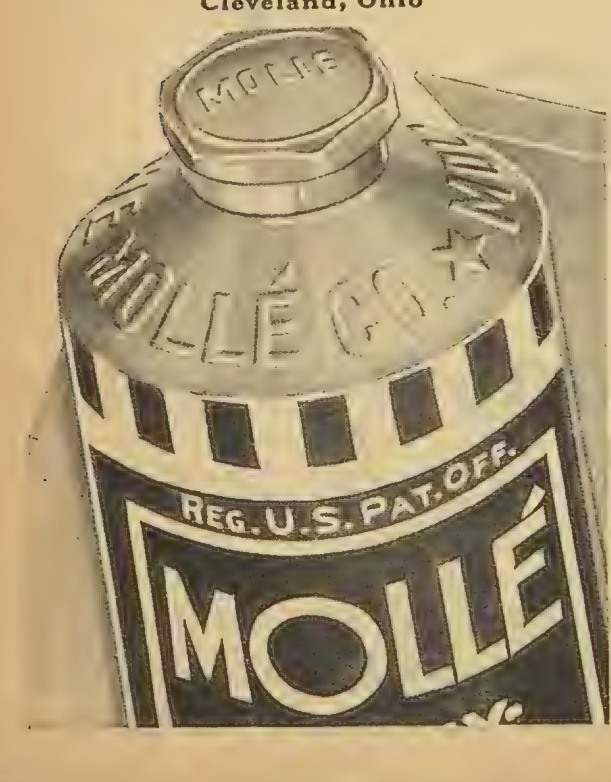
To get a *quick, easy* shave that leaves a most delightful *after-feel*, simply do this:

(1) Wash your face . . . leave it wet. (2) Spread MOLLÉ over beard like a fragrant cold cream. (3) Shave with your favorite razor.

Simplicity and speed are only a small part of the advantages of MOLLÉ. You will be doubly surprised at the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and soreness—and that comfortable after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) was first the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It is the blending of ingredients recognized for their healing, soothing, antiseptic properties. Although publicly offered a comparatively short time, its sale is tremendous. Each day adds new users.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio



He'd Have Said Good-by—

A Short Short Story

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

who remarks that, having been reared by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin, she could hardly have been anything but a writer. Before her little daughter Jane was born she managed a novel, but since then it has been just one short story after another.

EMMY was wakened by their angry voices in the kitchen below, Fred and Dan Ryder, quarreling more loudly, more fiercely even than usual. She huddled beneath the patchwork quilt, listening. Ever since their father's death, they had quarreled so. Fred wanted the farm to himself; he hated his younger brother, hated Emmy. Until yesterday she had been sick with the fear that Dan would go.

Her frightened mouth relaxed, a warmth crept over her thin body. If it hadn't been for Fred's wanting to send her away, Dan might never have loved her. It was only yesterday that that miracle had occurred. Fred had told her to get out, had struck her—and Dan had come swiftly around the corner of the barn. Had picked her up in his strong arms and steadied her trembling. "Em!" he had said. "Why, Em!" He stared at her, and then held her tightly. "Why, Emmy . . ." And she had put up her lips to his.

The tremulous softness of those young lips was destroyed once more as she pressed them together to stifle a scream. Below, in the kitchen, had sounded the report of a gun.

Emmy was a coward. Thirteen years in the state orphanage before old Caleb Ryder took her out to do the housework which his wife could not attend to from her grave, and five years of Fred's bullying were not the stuff to make courage. For a long minute she waited. Then, shaking, she got out of bed and walked down the stairs in her cotton-flannel nightdress.

Fred Ryder stood at the foot of the steps. "Well, what do you want, you little fool?" he demanded.

She wet her lips, trying to speak, her eyes straining to see past him, into the kitchen.

"That damned hound of Dan's ain't goin' to root up any more land on this farm," said Fred Ryder grimly. His thin lips moved in something like a smile. "Use'm for fert'lizer, now." Then his face darkened. "You git back to bed or we'll use you for fert'lizer, too!"

Emmy got back. It seemed hours later that she heard a second shot. She pulled the patchwork up over her head and lay motionless.

The kitchen was empty when she crept downstairs to get breakfast. Then Fred came in from the barn, whistling, and sat down at the table.

"Wh-where's Dan?" she whispered.

"Cleared out," he answered shortly. "An' you c'n clear out, too!"

As soon as he was gone, she thrust her thin arms into her dingy sheepskin coat and started running down the valley. The ground was hard; frost had come early this year, and the wind was cold. The brown stalks of the corn crackled as she brushed against them, and the lank scarecrows who guarded the field seemed to lean toward her, leering.

IN half an hour the entire town was in an uproar. That state girl from Ryders' had come crying to old Sheriff Dillingham that Fred Ryder had murdered his brother! The valley road looked like Sunday morning, alive with wagons and Ford cars and people, all moving more swiftly, more tensely than ever they moved to worship.

Fred Ryder laughed at them. He and Dan had had a quarrel and Dan had cleared out. He didn't know nor care where the fool had gone. Good riddance, said Fred Ryder, and his eyes rested, with no emotion stronger than contempt, upon Emmy's pale, accusing face. Shots? Of course. A man had a right to shoot a worthless hound, hadn't he? The quarrel had begun over the damned dog.

"Dan wouldn't have gone away 'thout sayin' good-by to me," said Emmy, in her thin voice.

Dan's brother looked at her and snorted. "I knew Dan was a fool, but I didn't think he was that much o' a fool!"

Someone laughed. Emmy's voice was scarcely audible, flat and unaccented. Why had there been two shots?

He'd shot the hound twice, Fred answered easily. Tense with excitement, the men solemnly exhumed the body of Dan's dog. There was one bullet wound.

Fred shrugged. He was no sharpshooter, that was all. He must have missed, the second time. As detectives they were first-class farmers, said Fred Ryder.

Two state policemen arrived on motorcycles. The accused murderer became jocular. If he had killed his brother, he suggested pleasantly, there'd probably be a corpse somewhere about.

THEY searched until sundown—the house, the barn, the grounds. The sear leaves of the cornstalks rustled ominously as men moved among them, and the drunken scarecrows, witnesses, if there had been a crime, to the scene, flapped their straw-stuffed sleeves in the wind as though they shook with dreadful laughter.

There was no body, and the searchers looked at Emmy curiously. "He'd have said good-by to me if he'd gone away," she repeated, almost without emphasis.

The sheriff took Fred Ryder home with him that night, and the search recommenced in the morning. They could not find Dan Ryder dead—but they could not find him alive. Insistent, tireless, the girl Emmy reiterated her statement: "Dan wouldn't've gone away 'thout sayin' good-by to me."

"You can't hang a man, Emmy," Sheriff Dillingham told her, "when the victim may be walkin' around on his own two legs."

On the third day Emmy sat, dry-eyed, paler than ever, watching the searchers. One by one, they were giving up, forming a doubtful group about the sheriff. Emmy's dull eyes closed. They mustn't give up! Once Fred was released and back here, unwatched . . .

Dan's cat came and rubbed against Emmy's legs, and the girl stroked her absently, her eyes on the men. They mustn't stop searching! The cat was hungry. As Emmy moved across the furrowed field toward the sheriff, it followed her, purring against her skirts, weaving in and out about her thin legs as it had used to do with Dan.

The sheriff shook his head. "Emmy, there's no body here." The others nodded.

"Dan would've said—" she began again monotonously, and suddenly her thin voice stopped. Her dull eyes became enormous.

Waist-high in the withered corn, a grotesque scarecrow stood before them, its featureless face of bunched straw resting upon its lumpy shoulders, a dirty coat buttoned tight about its overstuffed body. Dan Ryder's cat rubbed against its flapping trousers, purring loudly, lifting herself up on her hind legs and arching her soft back.

The men looked at Emmy's staring eyes and their blood went cold. Reluctantly the sheriff stepped forward and lifted the ragged hat. The packed straw slid down, and the thing lurched sideways as the sheriff snatched away his trembling hand.

"He'd've said good-by to me," whispered Emmy dully.

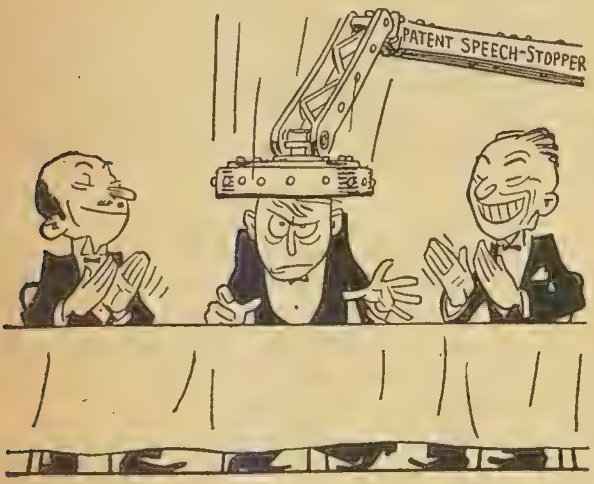
THE END

Vox

Aw, Somebody Would Just Say It's Unconstitutional to Abridge the Right of Free Speech

New York, N. Y.—Amen to your editorial, "The Uses of Solitude," with its diatribe against a round of formal dinners and after-dinner speeches. I've often wondered why it is that men and women are so much duller when they get up to make a speech than when they're talking to just one or two persons.

In most cases, if you try to sum up, in your mind, all the worth-while, worth-remembering things that were said by speakers at any given dinner, the net result is approximately zero.



What we need is some kind of mechanical device for forcing speakers back into their chairs after they've been on their feet, with the tap turned full on, for five minutes.—*Foe of the Dinner Habit.*

"The Amateur Competition"

Los Angeles, Calif.—I refrained from writing to you when Grace Robinson's "The Amateur Competition" was published, but after reading the Vox Pop of June 7 I can hold back no longer.

This article was the best I have ever read.

With Grace Robinson I will state that the average man of today does not demand absolute purity in his prospective wife. If he did he would die of old age before he married.—*One of the "Amateur Competition" and Proud of It.*

Chattanooga, Tenn.—I did not read Miss Robinson's article until this morning. When I read all the comments in Liberty I decided to look up the old number and see just what Miss Robinson wrote.

I do not agree with her on a lot she had to say. Even if it were true no first-class magazine would publish such an article.—*A. C.*

Glendale, Calif.—Why damn and condemn Grace Robinson because she, in her article, "The Amateur Competition," was fearless and honest enough to tell us what, to any observant person, is a self-evident fact anyway: That our younger generation is rapidly reverting to the moral standards of the jungle?—*A. M. Bakke.*

Washington, D. C.—The Vox Poppers who snorted at Grace Robinson's "Amateur Competition" are on the right trail but after the wrong quarry.

Why doesn't Liberty get some really high-class obstetrician to give its readers the real information they—and many others—seek on sex? Why always go to some rank amateur—a judge, a social welfare crank, or an imaginative reporter? At present, the net tendency of all the sex stuff being published is to proclaim, as a new commandment: "Thou shalt not *omit* adultery!"—*Former Physical Director.*

Indianapolis, Ind.—That Grace Robinson mess about respectable street-walkers was the bunk. Perhaps true enough, but what of it? Personally I don't think the present younger set has any more morals than a bird dog, but, again I say, what of it? No fear the race won't continue—and if it didn't—what of it?—*B. B. B.*

When Mr. Kipling Writes of Dogs

New York, N. Y.—Kipling's dog story in Liberty was one of the best narratives, in my opinion, that you have featured in recent times. The illustrations did much to enhance its interest.

As Boots would say it, I "make beseech" for others like it. Why not a series?—*Leon Isaacs.*

Cleveland, Ohio—Hey! Listen! Liberty, what the heck! I got as far as the fifth subdivision—"*Other more times*"—in Kipling's dog story. If that's dog jargon, thank God they can't talk.

Of all the pish-tosh, silly, senseless conglomerations of inanities, this not only takes the berries but destroys the bush that bears them.—*Bob A.*

Mount Vernon, N. Y.—You covered yourself with glory in that story by Rudyard Kipling, "Thy Servant a Dog."

I haven't read "Garm," but must get it, for I am sure it will be another jewel in the shape of a dog story. I bought four copies of Liberty and will give them to my choicest friends.—*Mrs. Ida Clarke.*

Lakeville, Can.—If "Thy Servant a Dog" is the first dog story Rudyard Kipling has written since 1909, he oughta lay low for another twenty-one years—and then suddenly decide not to write any more.—*Pickled Canadian.*

In Memoriam

Pasadena, Calif.—I knew Miss Jeanne Eagels.

She was superb, a great actress, and Edward Doherty portrays her very well.

Although I know she was a good woman—that is, not bad—she did do foolish things, in a great big way.

I'll never forget her.—*A Fellow Actor.*

Montesano, Wash.—I was shocked to read your article relative to Jeanne Eagels.

Early in January, 1919, four of we boys who had been sent home from France were standing in the foyer of the Forty-seventh Street Theater. (If I remember correctly, that was the name.) We were sick and broke, just happened to stop there for a few minutes to get out of a cold wind.

A man and two women started to enter the theater and saw us standing there shivering. One of the women, a tall girl, came over and asked us if we were broke and up against it. When we informed her that we were she gave us a $10.00 bill and also gave us tickets to the show.

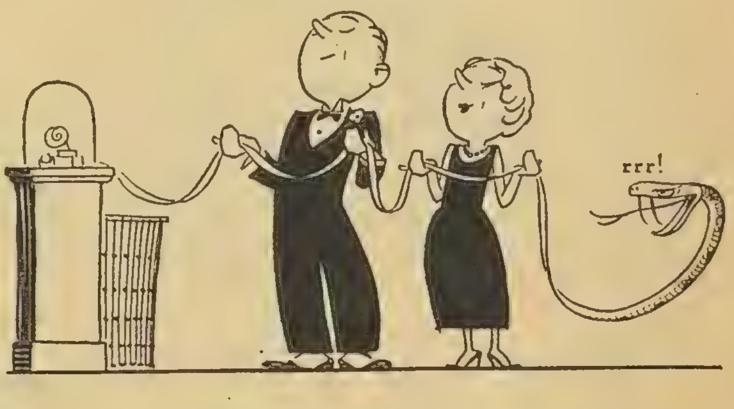
When we attended the theater that night we discovered, much to our amazement, that it was Jeanne who had helped us out.

I will never forget her kindness and, no matter who she was or what she was, it's all the same to me.—*Ralph C. Davis.*

A Sort of Super-Tapeworm, in a Manner of Speaking, Eh?

Indianapolis, Ind.—I've read several things by Mabel McElliott Clarke, and liked them pretty well, but that story of hers, "Mr. and Mrs. Killjoy," was, to me at least, "the cream."

The characters lived and breathed. Why, my husband and I know several couples who made money in the stock market just the way Jeff and Lallie did, and went around, noses in the air, and then—*kerplunk*—went broke in the crash.



Sometimes the ticker tape seems to me more like a darting, poisonous snake than just a ribbon of paper.

It's now up to Mabel to repeat. She's shown she can do it—so tell her to do it again.—*Mrs. W. R.*

Pop

What's Our Loss Is the Janitor's Kids' Gain

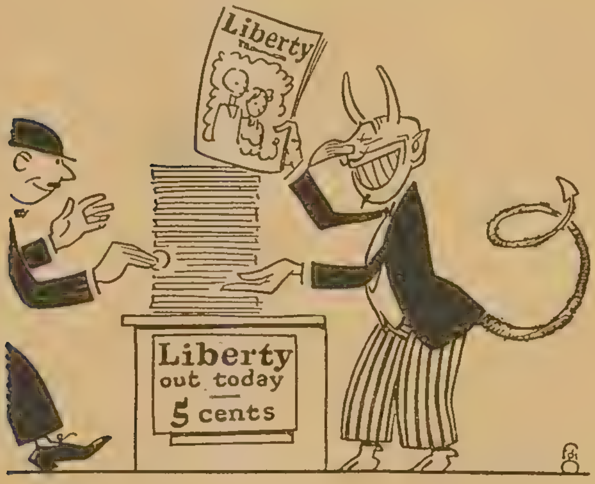
Los Angeles, Calif.—If you knew how much circulation you are losing through my efforts you would sue me in court for the full amount. I get my Liberty every Friday at exactly 8:05 A. M., or as soon as the dealer is allowed to put it on to his stand. By Saturday evening I have "explored" it from cellar to garret. On Sunday my sister gets it from me and in twenty-four hours passes it on to my brother-in-law, who passes it on to the janitor, who passes it on to his kids.

If that's not circulating a good thing, then wotenell is? So you lose exactly two bits a week on account of my Scotch thrift.—*Spanish War Veteran.*

Heh-Heh-Heh

Austin, Tex.—Heh-Heh-Heh! Keep it up, Liberty. You are just about the best ally I have.

With your help, it won't be long now. We will soon have things our way. Plenty of likker, dope, prostitutes in licensed houses, 'n' everything.



Just think, Liberty, we can get our belly full of booze and have us a hell of a time. Heh-Heh-Heh!—*The Devil.*

The Lonesomest Kind of Alone

Yosemite, Calif.—I do not know if you publish just any letter or just certain kinds, but, however, I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed the editorial in your May 31 edition.

I did not know that anyone else ever sought solitude in a motion-picture theater. I have decided some of the most serious questions of my life in the theater. And have been more lonesome right in the heart of Los Angeles than I ever was out in open spaces, for it is the lonesomest kind of alone.—*E. J. Smith.*

Thought for Mr. Sutherland

Portland, Ore.—Now that the series of real life mystery stories by Sidney Sutherland is completed, I would suggest that Mr. Sutherland tackle that greatest mystery of all, namely: how did Liberty ever attain a circulation of over 2,250,000?—*Barry Rand.*

You Must Hate the Milky Way

Chicago, Ill.—Who is this new movie reviewer you have? Take her away, and give us Frederick James Smith. It took a good picture to get four stars from him, but this new critic gives any ordinary picture three stars and all fairly good pictures four stars. This new critic is worse than the one we have here on the Chicago Tribune.

Can you imagine "Paramount on Parade" receiving four stars; the biggest flop of the season!

Probably the reason Frederick was removed was that some of the tsars of the motion picture industry requested his removal.

I like a fearless man.—*Just a Reader.*

"The Night Shift"

Hollywood, Calif.—I enjoy reading, I am about the average in intelligence and think I understand plots, etc., but if "The Night Shift" is a hundred dollar story, then I must be balmy. Where was the plot—where was *anything?—Theo. Behr.*

Columbus, Ohio — After reading "The Night Shift" I can't figure out whether you are running a short story or an essay contest. But let me congratulate you for awarding a prize to a contributor who never worked on a newspaper! It was beginning to look as though only newspaper folks were eligible.

That story wins the celluloid stove poker.—*Otto Phillips.*

Oh, Yeh?

Tulsa, Okla.—After months of hopeful and patient waiting, it looks as if your magazine is publishing a really good story at last—"The Chain of Death" by name—written by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding—*Orville Hoel.*

Wise Crack for the Week

Toronto, Can.—Have just finished reading your so-called short short story, "One Strong Thing" and must say it is a great beginning. When will the next installment be published?—*J. Van Austin.*

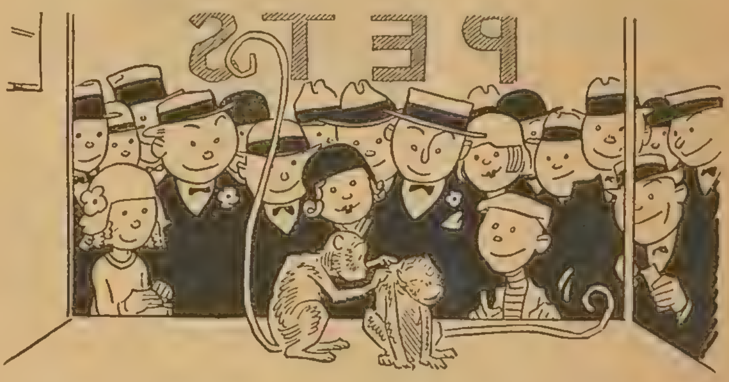
Bewilderment in Tennessee

Memphis, Tenn.—Liberty for June 7 was supposed to contain only two cross word puzzles. But after wading through "Louis Has a Good Night," both horizontally and vertically, I was forced to admit that that issue of Liberty had three puzzles, and the hardest to fathom was the one submitted by Edward L. McKenna.—*H. T. Holman.*

Benchley Footnote

Cleveland, Ohio—That chuckle-man, Robert Benchley, missed a bet in his article, "Watching"—one of his series on "Sporting Life in America."

He dealt with excavation-watchers and drug-store-window watchers, but he should have put in a word about pet-shop-window watchers. Their hearts are so in their work. Display lizards or fish, and enthusiasm runs high. But just put dogs or monkeys on exhibit, and the windows bend inward from the pressure of the noses pushed against them. —*Stephen.*



What It Would Take to Keep Him Dry

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The prohibition amendment may be enforced as follows:

Double the strength of the United States army, navy, and marine corps. Post troops in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. Use military court-martial for all violators. All bootleggers and rum runners should be shot the day they are caught. Minor violators should be given about ten to twenty years. Congressmen and senators caught with liquor should be shot or deported without any trial of any kind. Elect Andrew Volstead as the president of the United States and Jones as vice president. Let them exercise their full power without Congress bossing them.

Sell the Statue of Liberty. The free country stuff is "out."

The writer intends going into the ammunition business, and hopes he will not be disappointed.—*A 100 per cent dry if the above recommendation is passed as a law.*

Oh

Hollywood, Calif.—Just a smile for all hands in your offices—this bein' the latest from the Hollywood battlefields!

Oh, John, please don't let's park here
Oh, John, please don't let's park
Oh, John, please don't let's
Oh, John, please don't
Oh, John, please
Oh, John
Oh!

That, gentlemen, is the short *short* story of the ages!—*Lawrence Mott, Major, Signal Corps, O. R. C., U. S. Army.*

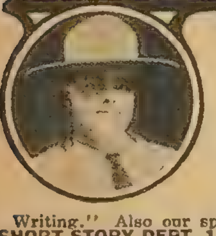
SOOTHES
EYES AFTER
OUTDOOR SPORTS

Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It's needless when a few drops of harmless *Murine* will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again. 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Arthur Stringer
writes an exciting new story
THE GAP
in which
a woman's love gambles with a man's shattered memory, with six million dollars at stake!
Read it in
LIBERTY . . . Next Week!

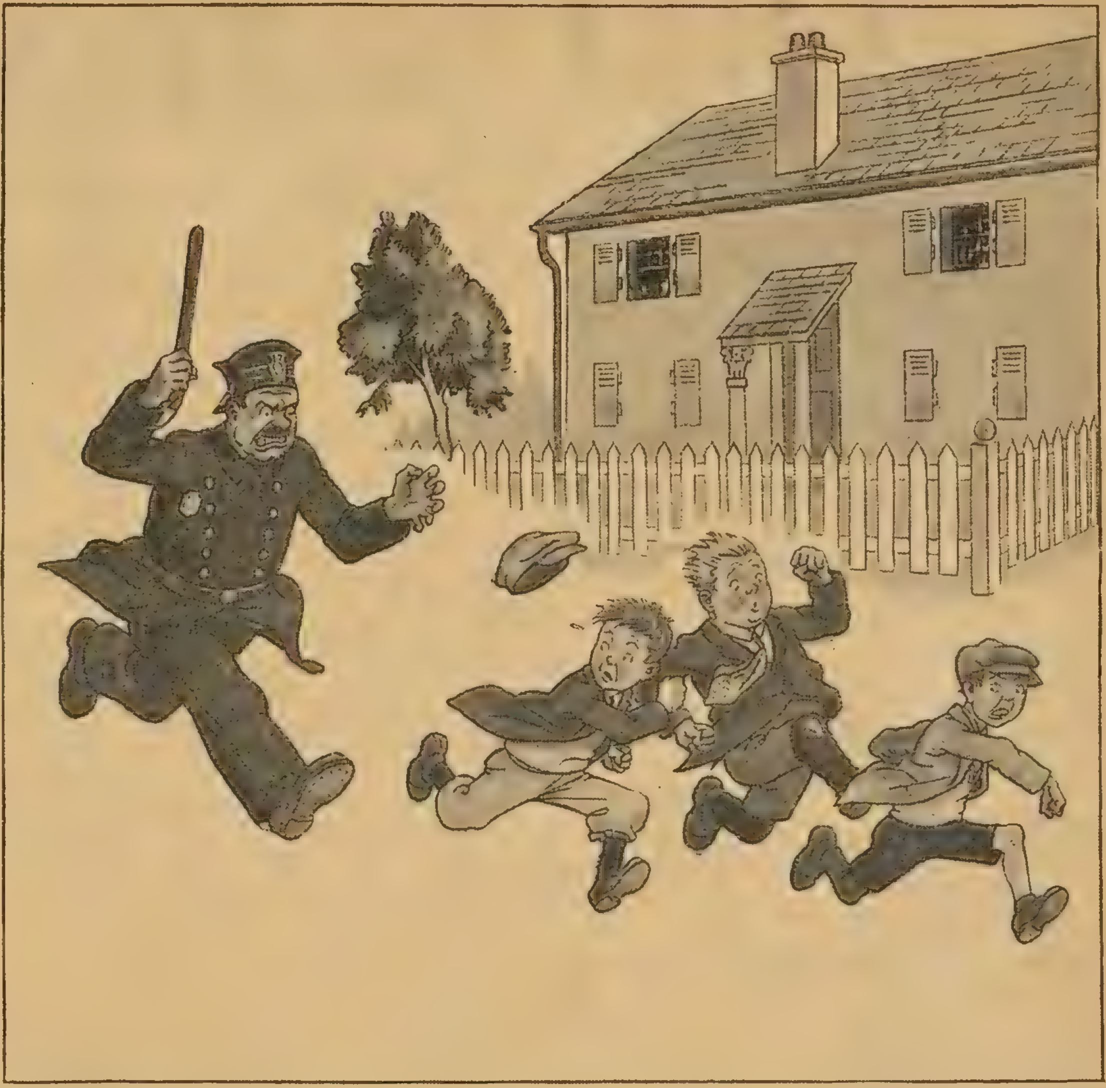
LEARN TO WRITE
SHORT STORIES



With our *unlimited personal criticism* and *manuscript sales service,* you, too, can learn to write the stories of your dreams and experiences. Many earn $5,000 to $10,000 yearly. One of our students, a novice at the writing game, recently sold her first story for $5,000. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today Write for FREE BOOK, "The Art of Story Writing." Also our special course in English. No obligation.
SHORT STORY DEPT. 117, Hoosier Institute, Fort Wayne, Ind.

EARN MONEY AT HOME
YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs, snapshots, enlargements and miniatures. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and beautiful Free Book to-day.
THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

How Many Mistakes Here?



How many of the several mistakes made by the artist in drawing this picture can you detect? Try to find all of them before you turn to the list on page 76.

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Target Range, the eighth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

First Prize—$500
To T. Denton, Jr.,
Box 825, 536 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

Second Prize—$250
To Jessie F. Edgerly,
4145 Park Avenue, New York City.

Third Prize—$100
To A. H. Bretscher,
1729 Holmes Avenue, Springfield, Illinois.

Fourth Prize—$50
To Adolph Unger,
408 First National Bank Building, Canton, Ohio.

Fifth to Eighth Prizes—$25 Each

To George O. Jager, 219 East Charlton Street, Savannah, Georgia; G. A. Carr, Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor, 23d Infantry Brigade H. Q., 415 Cordova Street West, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; Edgerton L. Carrollton, Wayville, Saratoga County, New York; Sinclair Anderson, Station J, Box 477, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

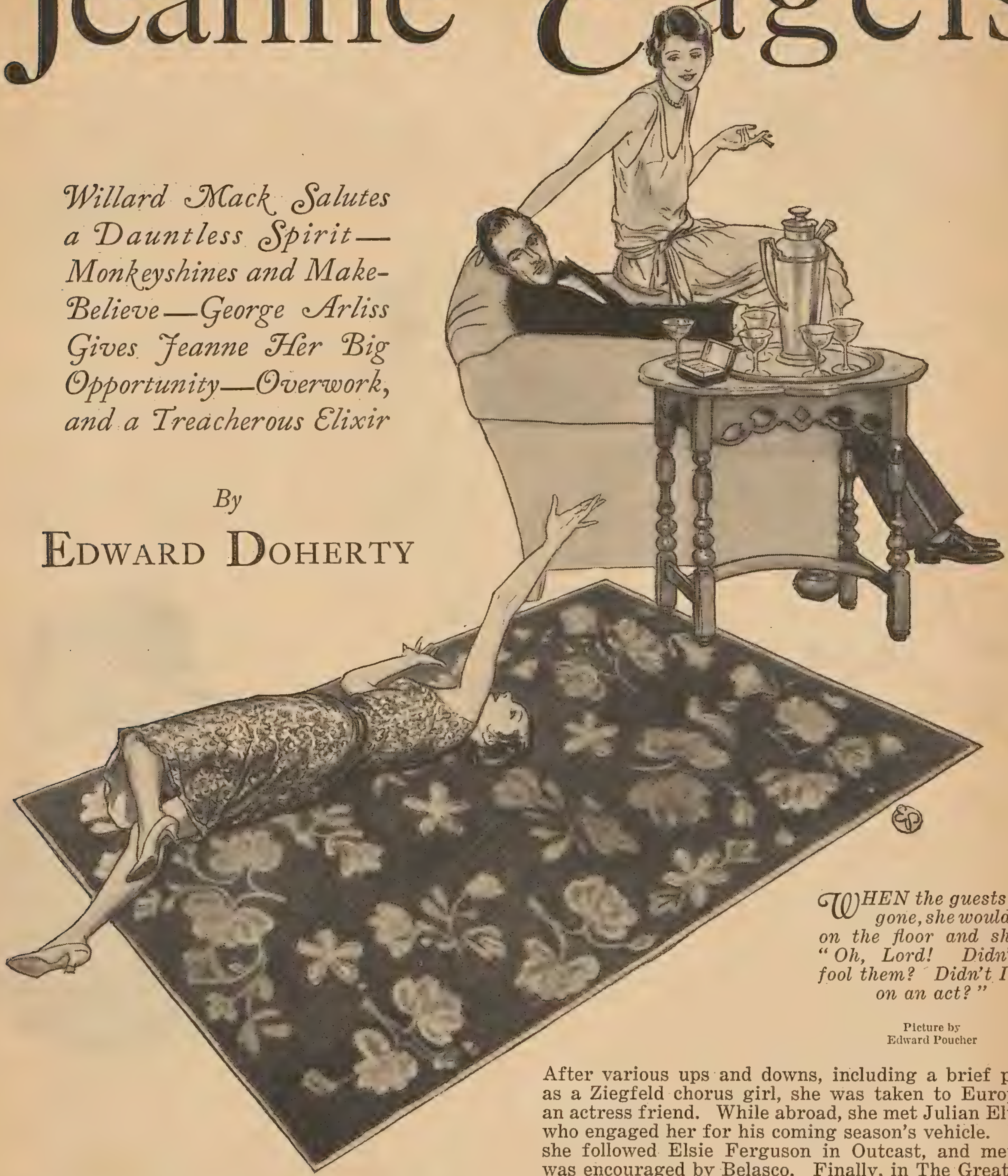
Prize awards for the ninth problem—The Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster—will be announced next week.

Jeanne Eagels

Willard Mack Salutes a Dauntless Spirit—Monkeyshines and Make-Believe—George Arliss Gives Jeanne Her Big Opportunity—Overwork, and a Treacherous Elixir

By

EDWARD DOHERTY



WHEN the guests had gone, she would roll on the floor and shout, "Oh, Lord! Didn't I fool them? Didn't I put on an act?"

Picture by
Edward Poucher

BEFORE Jeanne Eagels triumphed in Rain, all Broadway knew her as a scatterbrained girl who was forever talking about the years when she had been "the Bernhardt of the sticks" in the middle West.

In his story of her life Mr. Doherty has told of those years. Jeanne's birthplace was Kansas City, and it was there in 1901, when she was eleven, that she made her first stage appearance. At sixteen she was leading lady of the Dubinsky brothers' tent show, Bernhardting around the tank towns of five states. She married Maurice Dubinsky and had a son, whom the exigencies of a trouper's life obliged her to give up.

In her early twenties she worked her way to New York. After various ups and downs, including a brief period as a Ziegfeld chorus girl, she was taken to Europe by an actress friend. While abroad, she met Julian Eltinge, who engaged her for his coming season's vehicle. Later she followed Elsie Ferguson in Outcast, and met and was encouraged by Belasco. Finally, in The Great Pursuit, with Marie Tempest, she made a promising beginning at justifying her assertion that she was "the greatest actress in the world."

PART SIX

TWO men aided Jeanne Eagels in her rise to stardom. One was the forceful and magnetic Willard Mack. The other was the gentle Clifton Webb. One was a tonic to her, refreshing her spirit. The other was a consoling, guiding, happy companion.

Broadway says she loved Clifton Webb. Perhaps she did. But Webb was too much like her to inspire any deep love. They did not quarrel like lovers, and they were not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-five

jealous of each other in all the years of their "platonic love affair." Maybe he kissed her and was kissed, but neither of them disliked the kiss, nor craved it overmuch.

She did not love Willard Mack, but she gave him an admiration that was akin to love.

Bonnie Glass, who became Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, introduced Jeanne to Clifton and his mother, Mrs. Mabel Webb. Jeanne stumbled—or one might say, crashed—into Mack.

Belasco was sick, and Mack had agreed to look over some applicants for parts in the play Canary Dutch. He was sitting in Belasco's throne room when Eagels stormed in. He didn't know her. He had never heard of her. But he liked the way she looked around the room before she seated herself. He knew she had seen everything in the place in the one comprehensive glance—the bronzes, the antiques, the rugs, the lights, the miniature elephants on the desk, and Mack himself.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Willard Mack. Belasco's sick, and I'm looking over some people."

Mack's first glance was comprehensive, too. Here was a seedy, reedy girl who came looking for a job she needed badly, and she was bold and direct and not at all awed by the atmosphere or the man who spoke to her, nor aware of the wisdom of placating and flattering him. A gallant soul. Who was she?

"Are you casting this show?" she asked.

"Just looking 'em over. I'll report to Belasco on those I see. If I like 'em, Belasco may too."

It was not a hint, it was merely a wet finger held up to see if the wind blew from starboard or from port.

"Then I'm wasting my time with you!" she said.

Ah, not a little wind, a stiff nor'easter.

Mack smiled. Truly a gallant soul. He wanted to do something for her.

"Maybe I can get Belasco to see you."

"What's the use? If he's sick he doesn't want to talk. I'd merely annoy him. And maybe he'd get on my nerves. No, I came to see Belasco and nobody else. I'm just wasting my time. I'll come back when Belasco is in. Good-by."

Mack sat back and gazed at her as she breezed out. Then he got up and went across the hall and talked to one of Belasco's lieutenants.

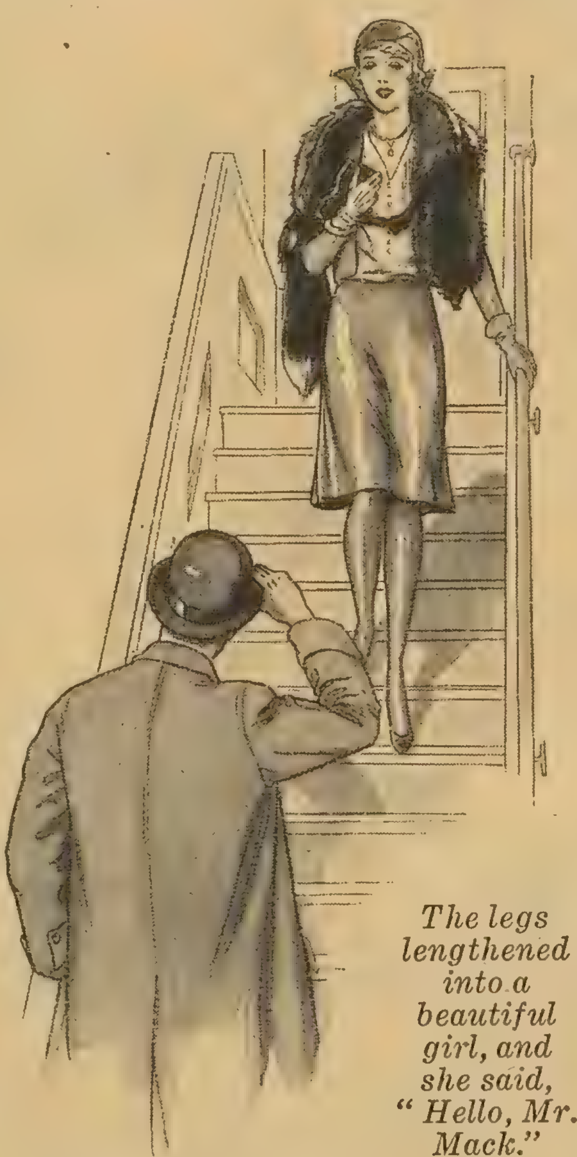
"One of the greatest girls in the world just blew in looking for a job, and blew out again," he said. "A blonde beaut in a cheap outfit who talked as though she were Ethel Barrymore."

"That must have been Jeanne Eagels."

"She's an actress, boy."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah!"



Picture by Edward Poucher

The legs lengthened into a beautiful girl, and she said, "Hello, Mr. Mack."

JEANNE remembered Mack when she saw him again, and he remembered her, though two years had passed. Mack was going up the narrow stairway that leads to Belasco and glory, when he saw a pair of legs coming down. He stopped, first in admiration and then to let them go by him.

The legs lengthened into a beautiful girl, and the girl stopped and smiled, and said, "Hello, Mr. Mack."

"Hello, Miss Eagels."

"I'm sorry I was rude to you."

This was one of her rare apologies.

"You weren't rude."

"But I didn't know then who you were."

She had been quite chagrined when she had learned that Mack was a great playwright and a fine actor.

A few days later Mack strolled into Keen's Chop House for lunch and saw Jeanne Eagels. She crooked her finger and smiled, and he sat down beside her. She explained she had only a minute to eat. She was rehearsing Daddies and must hurry back. But they sat talking for hours.

Mack talked of famous people he knew, and now and then Jeanne piped up with, "I know him," or "Yes, she's grand."

"You couldn't know him," Mack would protest. "You're too young."

"Yes? But I was an actress when I was a baby, and have been ever since."

They talked of Broadway and of the sticks, of the tent shows and the opera, and of actors and playwrights and stage managers and producers. They talked of themselves.

"Al Woods," Mack said. "A great man. A fine, keen fellow. I wrote a play for him once, and disappeared with the last act half finished and rehearsal called for Monday morning. When I woke up I was on a steamer bound for Havana. I was gone three weeks, and when I came back I went to Woods and gave him the last half of the third act.

"Al bared his heart to me, and I took it all patiently, and waited until he had exhausted all his words. Then I got up and walked toward him.

"'Al,' I said, 'if you examine my record you'll find I haven't killed a producer in three years. Don't you think it's about time I did something about it?'

"Woods broke into a laugh and put his arm around my shoulders. 'You Irish son of a such-and-such,' he said, 'how can I be mad at you?'"

"God!" said Jeanne. "If I could only handle them like that!"

Photo by Sarony

Jeanne in 1915-16, when she was touring in Outcast.

Mack told of his life in the South Seas, and predicted that sometime someone would write a great play of the South Sea Islands—and warned Jeanne not to throw away the chance of playing in it, if it came her way. This was years before Maugham wrote the long short story that Jack Colton made into Rain.

Jeanne told of her life in the corn belt.

"Acting," she said, "should be like the army. A private becomes a corporal because of his ability. A corporal becomes a sergeant if he's a good corporal, and after a while, if he continues to improve, he moves up the ranks. And when he's a colonel, he's a colonel only because he is a colonel—and nobody can keep him from being one.

"It should be. But it isn't. There is no substitute for ability. Yet how many actors and actresses are starred not because of ability but for any other reason you care

To 'Steve'
my very best to you
Always
Jeanne Eagels

Photo by Sarony, from Harold Seton

In Alexander Hamilton, with George Arliss, in 1917. From a photograph she gave to Lester Crawford, writing on it: "To 'Steve.' My very best to you. Always, Jeanne Eagels."

to name? Publicity makes most of them—and how I hate to see a ham get publicity! Some, of course, sell themselves—but we needn't go into that."

They didn't realize they had spent so much time, until Jeanne arrived at the theater and the stage manager pulled out his watch and looked at it significantly.

Jeanne smiled a farewell to Mack, and then looked at the stage manager. A mask of fury had settled on her face. He had poisoned her whole day.

II

JEANNE saw Willard Mack occasionally. She hunted him up whenever she was despondent and in need of his dynamic personality. But she was constantly with Clifton and Mabel Webb.

The Webbs' home, a New York apartment, was an informal Lambs Club where everybody came: artists, actors, writers, movie stars, opera singers, and musicians. Here one might meet in one afternoon or evening Monta Bell, Rudolph Valentino, Marilyn Miller, Geraldine Farrar, Scotti, Jeritza, Ponselle—anybody who was anybody.

Jeanne and Clifton became known to Broadway, and to each other, as "the girl friend" and "the boy friend." Webb, when Jeanne first knew him, was only a dancer, but he had ambitions. He and Jeanne once saw John Barrymore; and Clifton came away from the theater a new person.

He turned on Jeanne, something almost like anger in his eyes. He lifted his hand as Barrymore had done, and in Barrymore's most dramatic tone he said what Barrymore had said: "Christ!"

"I can do that Christ stuff as well as Barrymore," he admitted.

JEANNE burst into laughter.

"Clifton, you're immense!" she cried. "Do it again!" And at times when Clifton seemed vague and absent-minded and distressed, Jeanne would ask, "Are you in one of your 'Christ' moods again?"

Nobody was more delighted than Jeanne when Webb worked himself up to the part he has been playing in The Little Show.

She called up Sam Harris after she saw him in rehearsal.

"What do you think of my boy friend now?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer she rushed on: "I told you he could be a great attraction if you'd give him the chance. He's as good on the dramatic stuff and the comedy as he is in his dancing."

He was known as the best dressed man on Broadway, and the man who introduced Rudolph Valentino to his tailor. So Jeanne, who took a great delight in being told she looked like Webb, decided she must be Broadway's best dressed woman. She began buying clothes, and discovered she had the faculty of wearing the oddest things and making them look chic. She didn't plan a wardrobe. She bought whatever she thought she ought to have. When it was cold and there was ice in the park, she and Clifton would buy skating costumes. And they might, or might not, go skating. Jeanne bought a riding habit so she could go for a canter in Central Park every morning with Webb. She rode but once.

They went everywhere together, and pretended they were brother and sister. When the critics said that she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-seven

looked "like an excited and glorified Clifton Webb in crinoline" she laughed for days.

Mabel helped Jeanne to pick out her clothes and to furnish her rooms. Jeanne had taken a two-room walk-up apartment at 18 East Fifty-eighth Street, at a very modest rental; but she was surrounded by equipment and attendants that would embarrass a millionaire—a maid, a cook, a Jap chauffeur, and great piles of draperies, screens, and furniture. She bought most of it "on time"—and lost it in time.

Like Julian Eltinge, Mabel tried to mold Jeanne's conduct toward people she wanted to meet. Jeanne seldom took her advice.

"Who's coming tonight, Mabel?" she would ask. "And how shall I act? Shall I be water? Shall I be milk? Or shall I be champagne?"

"Just be yourself," Mabel usually answered.

Photo by Davis & Sanford

A portrait photograph taken about 1916. She gave it to "Mama Froggy," inscribed: "To my darling friend Marie Savage. Think of me while you are away—I shall miss you so—All my love. Jeanne Eagels."

WHEN Jeanne was expected to be wild and exciting and full of fun, she would be prim and proper, a bit reserved, dignified. She would clothe herself in her broadest English accent and her most sedate manners. And when the guests had gone, she would roll on the floor and shout, "Oh, Lord! Didn't I fool them? Didn't I put on an act?"

There was always something to laugh about in the Webbs' home: the Brooklyn admirer who sent $300 worth of American Beauty roses to the theater when Jeanne couldn't buy herself a cup of coffee in Childs; the horse another man sent her, inclosed in a van—and Jeanne unable to buy oats even for a wooden horse; the story of Ina Claire, who came to call on Mabel one Monday morning and was put to bed because Mabel thought Ina was to play a matinée that afternoon; the nights Jeanne and Mabel would be routed out of bed by a telephone call, to dress hurriedly and rush to some party in Spuyten Duyvil or Westchester or on Long Island—the hooking and buttoning in the taxicab and the train; the night Mabel saw Jeanne sitting in a box at the opera with three women she felt she ought to know but couldn't identify. They turned out to be Jeanne's secretary, maid, and cook. Jeanne had dressed them in some of her evening gowns and given them her jewels to wear "because Sam Harris wants me to be seen with women."

The favorite laugh went back to the night the Webbs invited Jeanne to a party given for a number of Metropolitan Opera stars. Jeanne didn't want to go, because she knew nothing of music and feared she might be at a disadvantage. "They'll think I'm just an ignorant little fool," she said. "I won't go."

Clif and Mabel pleaded with her, and she gave in, reluctantly. She arrived at midnight, in a simple white dress. After she had been introduced to all the guests, she went to the piano where Marazoni, the conductor of the opera, was playing Scheherazade. She turned the pages for him, and made not a single mistake. The singers were impressed.

"I watched Marazoni's eyes," Jeanne explained when she was alone with Mabel. "Thus, I knew exactly when to turn. Aren't I clever?"

A few weeks before she died Jeanne spent a week-end with Mabel in the Webbs' Long Island home. Mabel was ill, and Jeanne must make her comfortable. She rubbed Mabel's face and hands with a soothing and "very special" preparation.

"This stuff is frightfully expensive," Jeanne said seriously. "I don't think you can buy it in this country. I got it from my friend Queen Marie when I met her in Paris. She made me promise never to tell anyone about it, or to use it on anyone but myself. But if it is going to make you feel better, dear, what's a promise to a queen? It's really magic. It'll make you young. I'm going to leave some here for you when I go. Don't thank me. I can't bear it. It's nothing. But I wouldn't give it to anyone else in the world."

After Jeanne left, Mabel found the preparation could be bought in any drug store for thirty-nine cents a bottle.

Mabel likes to remember Jeanne as she was that day, a tired little girl in orchid robe and mules, lying on an orchid chaise longue, planning for a theater party at the Palace, where Beatrice Lillie was headlining.

Jeanne intended to have Clif sitting beside her; and when Bee requested the audience to name any song and she would sing it, Clif was to rise and demand a song Jeanne was sure Bee never had heard.

The seats were bought, the party was arranged; but at the last moment Clif decided not to go through with it. It was too hot a day, and he didn't feel like stirring from his cool veranda.

Jeanne phoned early in the morning to make sure Clif and Mabel would come to the matinée, and when Clif declined, Jeanne said in a hurt and indignant voice:

"Very well, then; good-by!"

It was the last good-by.

Webb had a room in the Music Box, one flight up from the lobby, and near Sam Harris' office. There he dressed before the show, thence he emerged, thither he repaired between acts and after the last curtain. And there, along about 8:20 o'clock most every evening except Sunday, one might find Jeanne Eagels. She had been barred by Equity, but she took a sort of poignant pleasure in visiting the dressing rooms of her friends.

Webb's room appealed to her especially, and she wanted it for her own—when she should move into the Harris Theater in the wonderful new play that was to put her back on Broadway after Equity's ban expired.

"But this is inconvenient," she complained. "You've got to walk down all these stairs, and then down an aisle and back stage before you can tread the boards and speak your little piece. When this room is mine—and it will be mine unless you stay here forever, damn you—I'm going to have a chute put in, so that when I'm dressed I can slide right on to the stage."

Mabel Webb came into this dressing room looking for Jeanne at 8:20 o'clock one Thursday night, and was surprised to find Jeanne wasn't there. It was at the time when Jeanne lay dead in a doctor's office, half a mile away.

III

GEORGE ARLISS, far from Broadway, was rehearsing The Professor's Love Story, a play by J. M. Barrie, and he wanted a girl to play the part of Lucy White.

He wanted a woman of ripe experience, but one who had been dieting—for he had to carry her across the stage in his arms. Arliss was not an athlete, and while he might be able to carry 130 pounds of feminine loveliness, he didn't intend to do it night after night and twice on matinée days. And he expected the play would have a long run. No man minds carrying a pretty girl twenty feet or so, when he has to do it only once. The thrill begins to wane the second time, especially if the girl is a healthy eater.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

What is the difference *between* and ?

MORE than seventy-five oil refining companies are now licensed to mix and sell Ethyl Gasoline. "Is there any difference," you may ask, "between the Ethyl Gasoline sold by one company and that sold by another?"

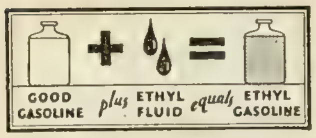
The answer is this:

The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation requires that *all* Ethyl Gasoline must contain enough Ethyl anti-knock fluid to meet the Ethyl standard. It also sets a standard for the base gasoline used, as regards purity and volatility.

Most oil companies marketing Ethyl Gasoline are exceeding these minimum requirements, but you may be sure that *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem contains good gasoline of anti-knock rating high enough to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression, and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

© E. G. C. 1930

ETHYL GASOLINE

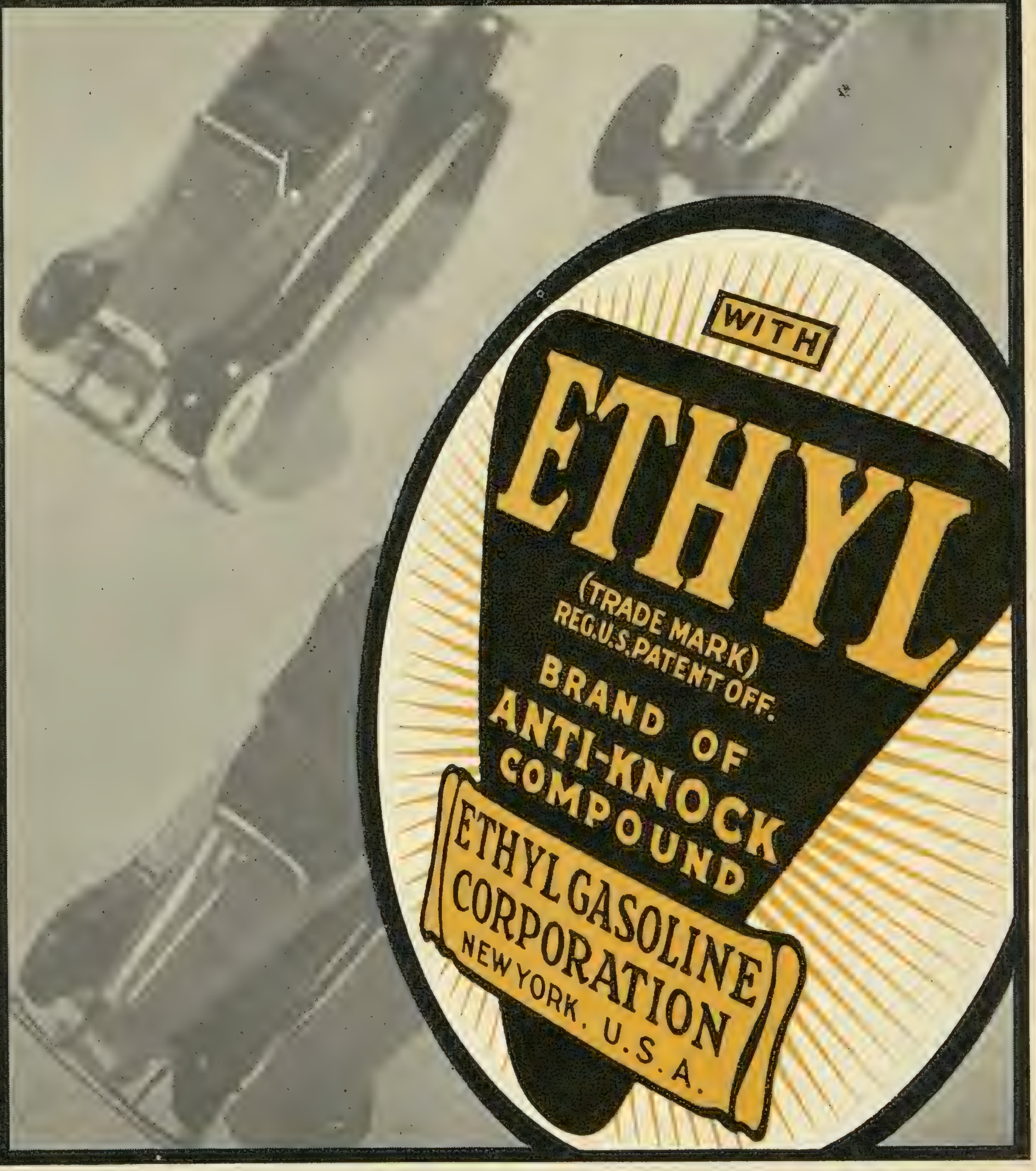

GOOD GASOLINE
plus
ETHYL FLUID
equals
ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

Your car will run better with Ethyl

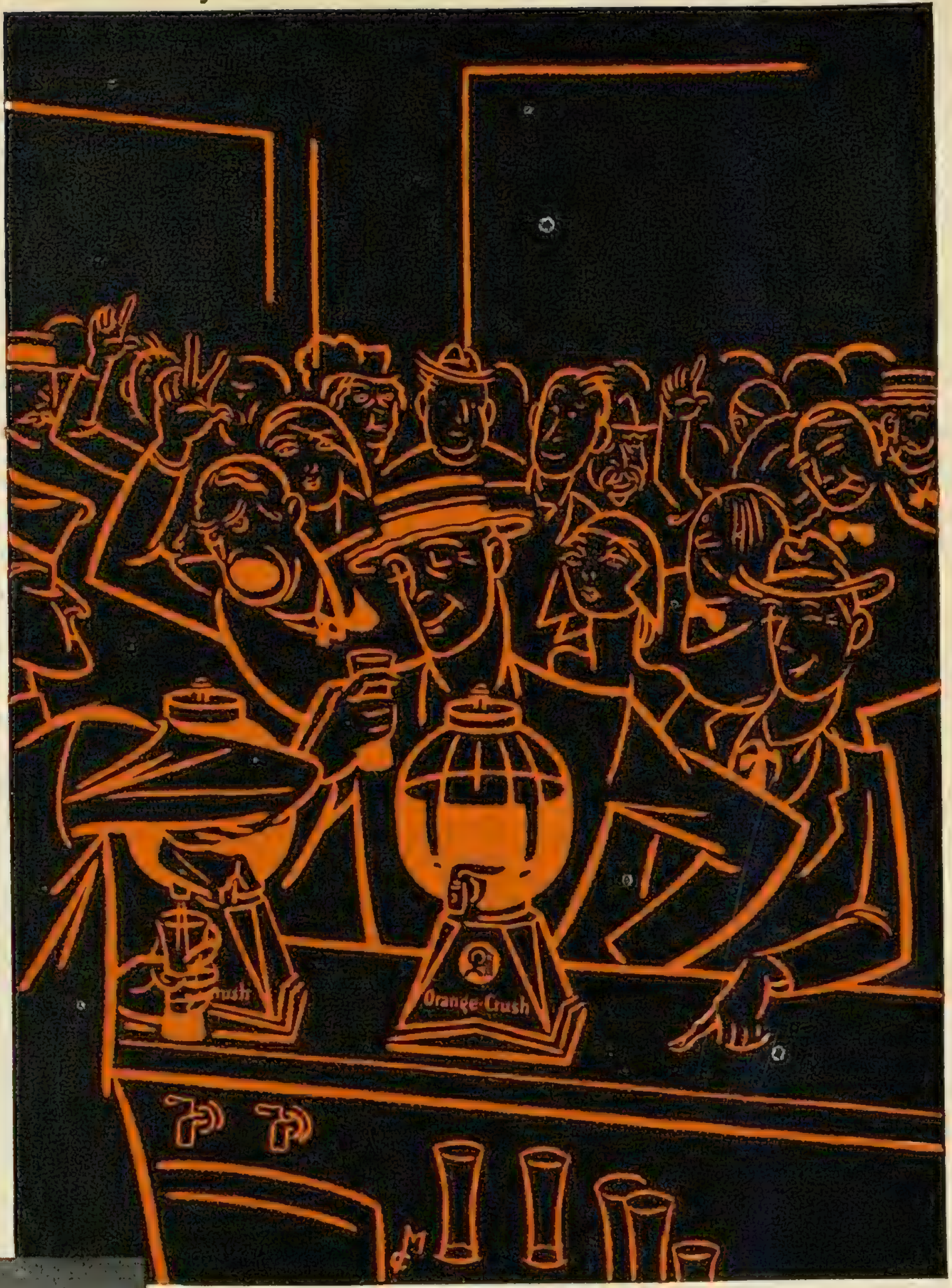
Try Ethyl in your own car. See how much better it performs; how much longer you stay in high; how much faster you get away. By every way you judge a motor fuel, you'll find it thrilling and thrifty to drive with Ethyl in your tank.

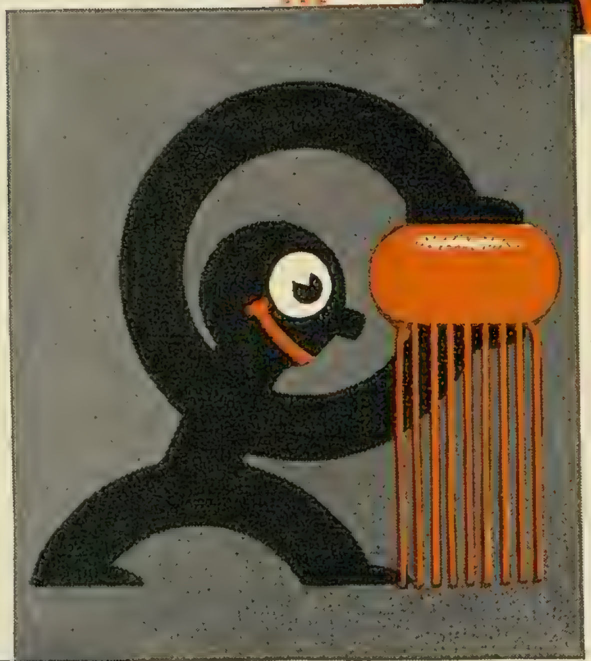
The active ingredient in Ethyl fluid is lead.


WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG.U.S.PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

WHEN IT'S 90° IN THE SHADE

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING



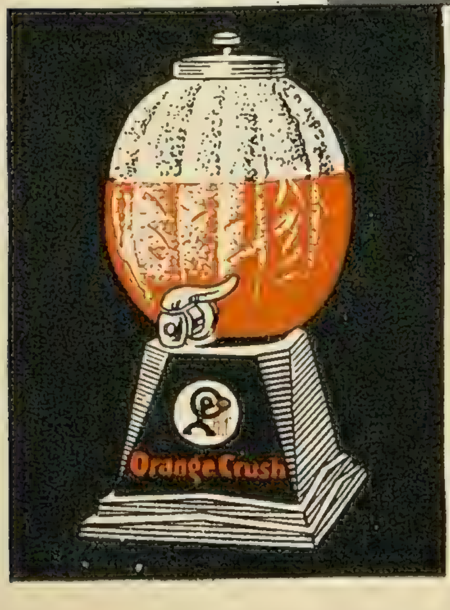


MEET "CRUSHY" —he identifies THIRST AID STATIONS where Orange-Crush is sold, always icy cold—

—at all good fountains by the glass—

—at stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle—

Beastly hot . . the jolly old "tummy" a wee bit uppish . . and thirsty no end! Something good and cool! Orange-Crush—because you know it's a pure **fresh** fruit drink: the **fresh** golden juice of mammoth oranges . . refreshingly piquant with a taste of peel and lemon juice acid . . and carbonated for sparkling zest! Kind and satisfying, because it's Nature's own beverage. Nothing added except a tiny dash of sugar and pure food color. Never confuse it with any other orange drink. Orange-Crush is more than juice—it's the **whole** orange, freshly converted into a drink as tempting as the juice-crammed fruit.



MADE FROM **FRESH** ORANGES

Orange-Crush

© 1930, O. C. Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Arliss could find plenty of women capable of playing the part, but they were overdeveloped. And he found plenty light enough to carry, but incapable of acting.

He asked an agent in New York for a light actress, and was offered a buxom blonde. He demanded one of slight build, and found she was also of slight talent.

He was in despair until he received a wire from Jeanne Eagels, which said that Belasco had advised her to get in touch with Mr. Arliss, and assured Mr. Arliss that she could play any part he had in mind.

"How much do you weigh?" Arliss asked in his return wire.

"What do you want me to weigh?" Jeanne telegraphed, and took the first train she could get.

She had come back from her vacation in Kansas City somewhat improved in appearance, wearing new clothes and exhibiting a new assurance. She had tasted her first triumph on Broadway in The Great Pursuit, and was eager for new glory.

"Arliss is a wonderful actor," Belasco told her. "He can do much to make you a great actress. You are a lucky girl to have this chance, Miss Jeannie. Good-by—and success."

Jeanne weighed but 117 pounds, and Arliss saw immediately that she had that spark needed to make an actress. She was ideal for the part. And yet —and yet—she wouldn't do a thing he told her to do. She argued with him. She defied him. She believed her ideas were better than his, and insisted on proving her belief.

Arliss sighed, and ran his hands through his hair, and told her she was impossible. She had better go back to New York. And for the first time Jeanne agreed with him.

Jeanne with Earle Foxe in the movie, Bride of the Sea.

"He's too methodical," she complained when she returned to Belasco's office. "The man is set in his ways, and will not listen to reason. I tried and tried to tell him exactly how my part should be played. But he was stubborn. He wanted his own way."

Belasco was astonished, and somewhat amused, at the vision of his Bernhardt of the sticks in an attempt to make the distinguished actor conform to her ideas.

"MISS JEANNIE," he said, "you are but a child." Jeanne was over twenty-six at the time, but she looked ten years younger. "And Arliss is one of the best actors of the London or the New York stage, with years and years of experience behind him. You should not quarrel with him. Indeed, you should be grateful for all the advice and all the criticism he is willing to give you.

"Another thing. A novice, such as you, must do what her director tells her, if she would continue to be an actress. Possibly the director is wrong and you are right; but do what he tells you, and then, if it is still wrong, you may suggest that he let you do it your way. Stage directors are usually reasonable people, and most of them are open to suggestions. But no director will, or should, tolerate insubordination. You have lost a wonderful opportunity, and I'm sorry for you. But I'll look around and see if there isn't something else I can get you."

But Jeanne had lost nothing. In a few days Arliss, tired of trying to find a girl as light and as fiery as Jeanne, sent her a wire asking her to come back to him.

Arliss found her humble now, chastened, almost slavish in her obedience, determined to please. Jeanne found Arliss tolerant, patient, and actually—and surprisingly —helpful to her. Before rehearsals had ended she realized that this man was the greatest actor she had ever known—and she reverenced him as she had worshiped Eva Lang.

There were nights when she went to sleep saying "Arliss! Arliss! Arliss!" There were days when her eyes glowed from watching him, observing why and how he made each gesture, why and how he performed every bit of "business," listening to the tone of his voice that was sometimes more eloquent than the words he uttered.

She was not in love with him; but she would have made almost any sacrifice to hear him say, "You are doing splendidly, Miss Eagels."

The play opened in New York at the Knickerbocker Theater late in February of 1917, and ran for months. It made Jeanne Eagels a Broadway success, an end The Great Pursuit had failed to achieve. An actress is only as good as the character she portrays. She had been good in The Great Pursuit, but the play had failed. She had been magnificent in Outcast—but she had not played "on Broadway" in that.

The Professor's Love Story not only established Jeanne Eagels as a fine dramatic actress, but it gave her the first real money she had ever earned.

AND the fact that she was living in New York gave her the opportunity of returning to the moving-picture studio in New Rochelle. Her first picture, the one made from the stage version of Outcast, had given the Thanhouser people a nice profit on their investment; and they were eager to have Jeanne make them other pictures and other profits.

It meant long hours and hard work, but Jeanne was willing to spend her time and her energy. She took over the house in Mamaroneck that had been owned by the unfortunate Kay Laurell and is now the property of the fortunate Ethel Barrymore. She rose early in the morning, motored into New Rochelle, worked all day with Harold Lockwood or Montagu Love or Earle Foxe, making pictures, and then drove into New York to give an evening performance of The Professor's Love Story. She worked only half a day at the studio when she had to give a matinée.

Fourteen hours a day she worked, every day but Sunday, month after month. And she would arrive at her home in Mamaroneck too tired to sleep.

Her friends tried to make her quit. They told her the Mamaroneck house was unlucky. It had brought bad luck to Kay Laurell. It would jinx her life. She laughed.

It is a beautiful house overlooking Long Island Sound. It is embraced by wonderful lawns. It has trees and gardens. It is a restful place. Kay Laurell bought it when she was at the height of her fame.

Kay was a Pennsylvania mining town beauty. She came to Broadway from a telephone exchange in Erie. She posed for artists. She posed in the nude in Ziegfeld shows. She fell in love with Edgar Selwyn. She went abroad on a holiday, and Selwyn heard gossip about her. He cabled her. Kay replied, in jest, "You don't know the half of it"; and her engagement to Selwyn was broken. She tried to commit suicide, but she recovered, to marry Winfield Sheehan, and to find he did not love her and she did not love him. She studied dramatic art and became the star of Whispering Wires. She died alone in a London hotel after months of illness.

It was in this house that Jeanne first learned of sedatives—to put her tired nerves to sleep, and stimulants—to make her tired body fresh and invigorated, and her weary mind bright and eager.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-one

She seldom got home before one o'clock in the morning. She would be physically and mentally exhausted; for nothing so taxes the body as emotion, and Jeanne worked with emotions day and night. She must be at the studio before ten.

She tried to tire herself further, that she might sleep, only to find herself pacing the floor and waiting for the dawn that would send her back to work. She did not drink, save for her ailments—a sip or two of champagne, a swallow or two of heated gin. She did not want to drink. She did not like drink. Drink made her dizzy, made her sick.

One Sunday, when there was no work to be done, Jeanne phoned Mabel Webb and begged her to come at once.

"Don't wait for the train," she pleaded. "Get into a taxi and tell the driver to hurry. Get here as soon as you can. I need you. I think I'm going crazy."

Mabel took the taxi, and found Jeanne waiting for her on the lawn. The bill was eighteen dollars. Jeanne gave the driver a twenty-dollar bill and hurried into the house.

"I had to see you," she said. "You must do something for me. I haven't slept for nights. My arm hurts. My head hurts. Every nerve in my body aches. If I could bring myself to suicide, I think I would be happy."

"Have you a doctor?" Mabel asked.

"Of course. Of course. He's coming. But I wanted you, too. I had to have you. You're so soothing, so comforting."

EVEN as she spoke the doctor rang the bell. He was small and dark and his eyes were fierce.

He opened his satchel, took out a bottle, poured a dose.

"Drink this," he said in a harsh, brusque voice.

Jeanne swallowed the potion.

"Now lie down on the couch."

The doctor made mystic passes over her face, and then began to rub her temples.

"Nerves, relax," he said. "Nerves, you are relaxing. Nerves, you will sleep. Nerves, you are asleep. Nerves, you will sleep until morning."

He straightened up abruptly and spoke to Mrs. Webb.

"Take her clothes off and cover her, and leave her alone," he said. "She'll sleep until morning."

Jeanne slept until morning, and woke refreshed, sparkling, miraculously well. It was the beginning of the end—but she couldn't know that then.

Years later Jeanne sent to this doctor one of her men friends who had drunk himself to the point where he saw blue and pink monkeys climbing into his window.

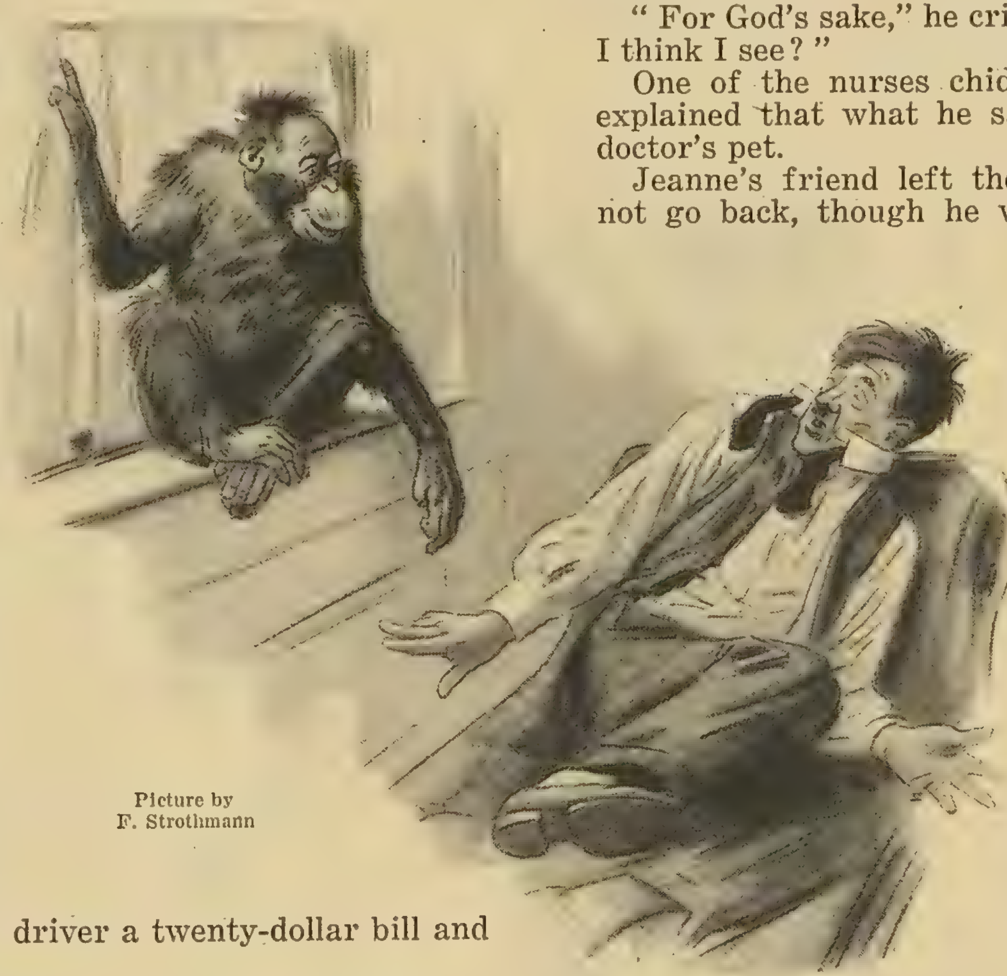
The doctor mixed him a drink. The man felt calm and blissful, and sensed, dimly, the brusque doctor bending over him and whispering, "Nerves, relax. Nerves, you are relaxed."

He woke suddenly to find himself lying on a couch in the doctor's office and looking at a great hairy ape on the window sill. He leaped from the couch, pressed all the buttons on the doctor's desk, and shouted. Nurses came rushing in through several doors.

"For God's sake," he cried, "tell me do I see what I think I see?"

One of the nurses chided him for waking, and explained that what he saw was only an ape, the doctor's pet.

Jeanne's friend left the place at once. He did not go back, though he wanted to—to drink once more that magic liquid the doctor had mixed for him.



Picture by F. Strothmann

He woke suddenly to find himself lying on a couch, looking at a great hairy ape on the window sill.

WHEN Jeanne Eagels died, James R. Quirk of Photoplay Magazine wrote an editorial, part of which runs:

> Star! Success! Fame! Fortune!
>
> Behind that stage front, years of pain and suffering with tuberculosis and neuritis of the optic nerves. Struggle from tent shows to Belasco star. Worry. The merciless battle to keep alive and keep going.
>
> Unhappiness. Envy. Gossip.
>
> Pitiless driving of harassed soul and broken, pain-racked body. Making fortunes and giving them away. Hemorrhages. The show must go on. Stimulants to drive the poor helpless body. Sedatives to deaden the blinding agony.
>
> Temperament, they called it.
> Courage, I call it.
> The show must go on.

The show went on.

When The Professor's Love Story began to play to diminishing crowds, Arliss called rehearsals for a new play, Alexander Hamilton. Jeanne left the movies for rehearsals—but still she worked night and day.

She played the part of Maria Reynolds, a little hussy. The play opened in September, and many critics said that Jeanne "stole the show" from the famous Arliss.

Jeanne got rid of her Mamaroneck house, and rented an apartment in New York. And again she began to frequent the flat in Sixty-seventh Street where Lester and Helen Crawford lived.

How Belasco picked "Miss Jeannie" for Daddies, how her comedy stopped this show on its first night, how she quit the cast to get away from an elderly Don Juan's importunities; and how, after further lean seasons, a love affair humbled her—these will be high lights of next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's narrative.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Love's Labor Lost

Nancy had just attended a puppet show and was much impressed. She was telling me all about it:

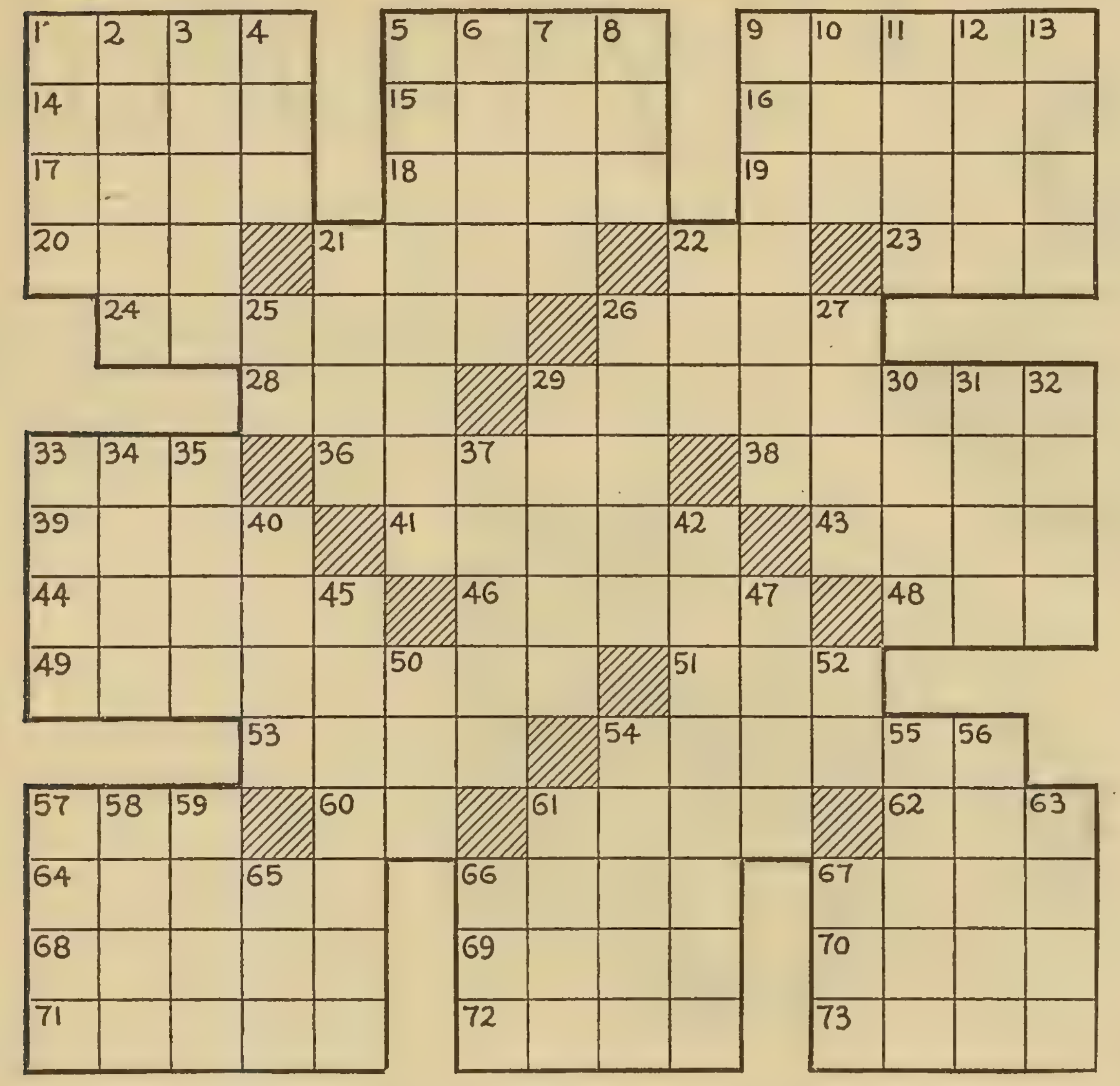
"Mother, it was so sad! The giant's wife brought his dinner in to him and he was dead—after she had fixed all that food, too!"—Mrs. D. S. Pelletier, 1569 Spruce St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

The Eternal Masculine

It was Jack's delight, while visiting grandmother on the farm, to help her gather the eggs. One morning a perky young rooster perched himself on top of the gate leading to the barn and crowed lustily. Jack pulled his grandmother's apron and said in disgust: "Come on, granny, he's just trying to make us think he laid an egg!"—Isobel Fraser, 918 E. Market St., Logansport, Ind.

Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 In a state of discord; out of harmony
5 Woman's name
9 A fruit
14 Combining form signifying equal
15 Hebrew measure
16 Strike out
17 Character in Idylls of the King
18 Climbing or trailing plant
19 Fastening device
20 Petition; entreat
21 Native of a European republic
22 Note of the scale
23 The bitter vetch
24 Showers in fine driving icy particles
26 Entangles
28 Past; gone by
29 Having the character of an originator or parent
33 Beverage
36 Tree or shrub of the genus Rhus
38 Ancient Italian goddess of the wood
39 Genus of trees
41 A soft twilled silk fabric
43 Bow of a vessel
44 One of the Muses
46 American explorer in the Northwest
48 Printer's measures
49 Sentinels
51 Seafaring man
53 Perches
54 Discolors
57 Exclamation
60 Bone
61 Agitate
62 Greek letter
64 Badgerlike animal
66 A lure
67 Overcomes with reverential fear
68 Unexpired; existent
69 A molding
70 To mark for omission (printing)
71 Suffers deprivation of
72 Woman's nickname
73 Extent of surface

VERTICAL

1 Any monkeys
2 Two-faced deity in Roman religion
3 One of Ezra's chief men (Ezra viii)
4 To free; disencumber
5 Excessively eager to possess
6 Leaves out
7 A tear
8 An area ten meters square
9 Deserved
10 A high priest of Israel
11 Characterized by energetic activity
12 River flowing into the Baltic Sea
13 Mesh fabric (plural)
21 Any long and slender support for an object (plural)
22 Deface
25 Babylonian god of the watery element
26 Species of South American parrot
27 Clip off suddenly
29 Removes, as the rind of anything
30 Weed of grainfields (Biblical)
31 At another time
32 Rules made by a controlling authority
33 Distinguished aviators
34 Space between the eye and bill in birds
35 Ardor born of enthusiasm
37 Hybrids
40 Coins of an Asiatic kingdom
42 People of an ancient race of Asia Minor and Syria
45 Birds
47 River in Germany
50 A pronoun
52 Japanese measure of distance
54 Inclosures for domestic animals
55 Fresher
56 Slab used as a gravestone (archæology)
57 Verbal
58 Circle around the sun or moon
59 Genus of birds
61 Man of gravity and wisdom
63 On the ocean
65 The day before a saint's day
66 To cut short
67 Woman's name

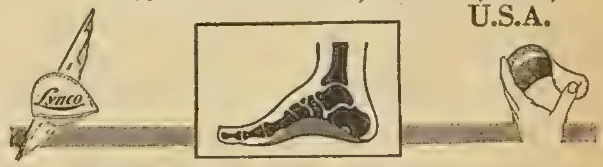
Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page seventy-six

YOUTHFUL FEET AGAIN

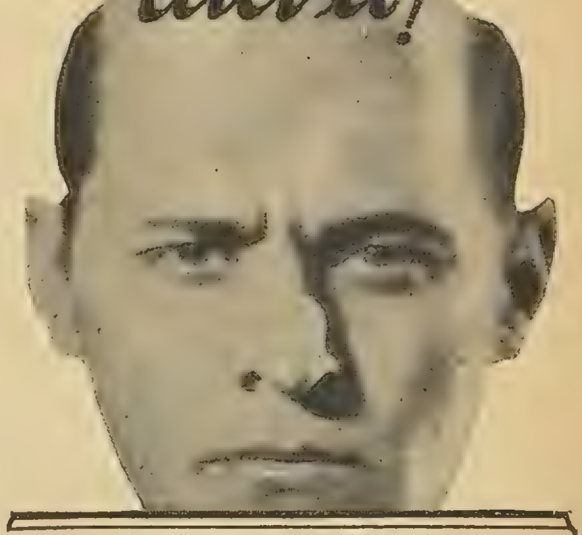
FOOT HEALTH FOR YOU WITH Lynco
TRADE MARK
MUSCLE BUILDING ARCH CUSHIONS

Feather-light . . . made of cellular rubber and soft leather . . . scientifically designed to relieve aching arches . . . fits any shoe. . . .

See Your Chiropodist, Shoe Dealer, or Write Us
KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., INC.
595 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I.,
U.S.A.



Dandruff did it!



End dandruff before dandruff ends your hair. Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. This remarkable preparation has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. It is endorsed by doctors and nurses the world over and is used professionally in thousands of barber shops and beauty parlors.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Buy a retail size at your nearest drug or department store today and tomorrow enjoy the sensation of a really clean and healthy scalp.

The coupon below will bring a generous free sample.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send me a generous free sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Name________________

Address________________

A Feast for the FOURTH

By ETHEL SOMERS

Macaroni in ring molds offers many decorative ideas.

THE patriotic red, white, and blue is, no doubt, as hard to accomplish in the menu as any set of colors; still, it may be effectively done.

Since flags are used with the foods, the centerpiece had best be floral, and nothing quite equals the combination of red and white carnations with a profusion of blue bachelor buttons or deeply colored delphiniums.

For those who would avoid the crowded picnic grounds, a red, white, and blue menu served on white damask will be a Fourth of July treat.

Fruit Cocktail
Cream of Celery Soup   Saltines
Macaroni Mold   Gravy Accompaniment
Corn Sticks   Butter
Radishes, Celery, and Ripe Olives
Patriotic Salad
Ice Cream   Checkerboard Cake   Coffee

Molded Macaroni Ring

3 cups cooked macaroni
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ to ½ pound grated American cheese
2 eggs, well beaten

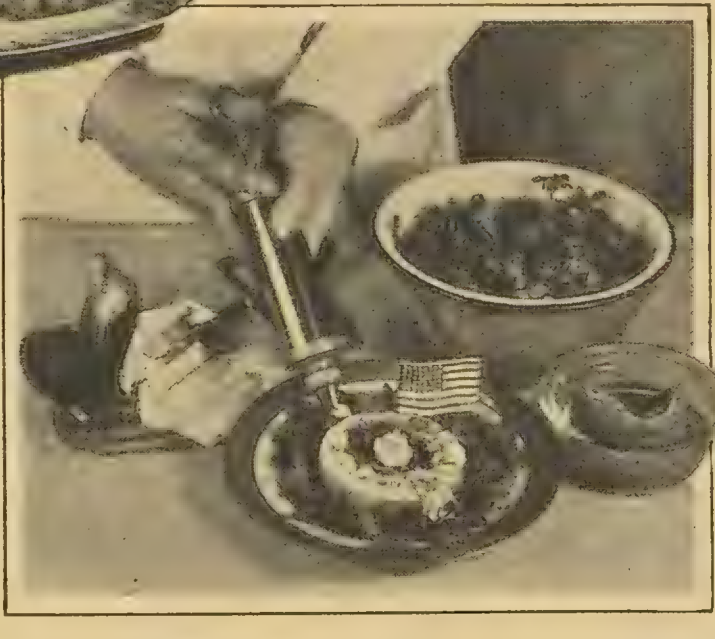
COOK the macaroni tender in boiling salted water. (Three-fourths cup of raw broken macaroni will equal approximately three cups when cooked.) Combine the ingredients and pack into an oiled mold. Steam over hot water until set, or about forty minutes, or bake in a slow oven (325° F.) until firmly set but not browned. Modernistic molds made to fit the trays of a freezing chamber will produce a macaroni ring of a decided boat shape. With flag mounts and cheese masts, this is a particularly appropriate mold for the Fourth of July.

Gravy Accompaniment

1 pound raw meat, ground (½ pork shoulder and ½ round steak is an ideal combination)
1 small onion, minced
2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups tomato purée, or
1 cup concentrated tomato soup, diluted with a cup of water

HEAT the fry pan. Add the fat, minced onion, chopped meat, and flour. Stir and chop until the whole is thoroughly blended and well browned. Add the tomato purée, which is nothing more than sieved, seasoned tomatoes, or the canned soup, which is already seasoned. Simmer gently twenty to thirty minutes and serve with the macaroni mold. If a spicier sauce is desired, chili pepper may be added to the finished product according to taste.

The patriotic salad, below, is an appropriate service.



Patriotic Salad

2 bunches chilled cress
6 pineapple slices (fresh or canned)
1 green pepper
1 pimiento
1 ounce cream cheese
1 tablespoon cream
3 celery hearts
6 flags

WASH thoroughly and chill the ingredients, chopping the green pepper, celery, and pimiento fine. Cut the pineapple ring in segments and arrange in a circle on a bed of chilled cress arranged on a cold salad plate. Fill the center cavity of the pineapple ring with a mixture of chopped celery, pimiento, and green pepper. Blend the cream cheese and cream and place a rosette of the mixture in the center as a mount to hold the flag and one on each side (see picture) to provide additional cheese flavor. Arrange the remaining pimiento, celery, and green pepper in alternate circles to simulate red, white, and blue stripes. Insert the flag and serve with red, white, and blue dressing.

FOURTH OF JULY menus will be further enhanced by adding the tasty side dishes suggested in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Delicious salads, sandwiches, ice creams, and colorful drinks are a few of Miss Somers' booklet recipes that will add to the holiday meal. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them today, and please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.
☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name..

Street or R. F. D.............................

City..................State.. 7-5-30

Red, White, and Blue Salad Dressing

½ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
⅔ teaspoon sugar
⅓ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped blanched almonds
1 tablespoon finely chopped cress
1 tablespoon chopped fresh or maraschino cherries

PUT the salad oil, fruit juice, salt, and paprika into a bottle and shake until thoroughly blended. Add the other ingredients. Shake or mix thoroughly before using.

White Loaf Cake

(Fruited with red, white, and blue)

½ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
2 cups pastry flour
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt (if shortening is unsalted, double the amount of salt)
5 egg whites
½ tablespoon lemon juice
1 pound candied or thoroughly drained maraschino cherries
1 pound raisins
½ pound candied pineapple, if desired

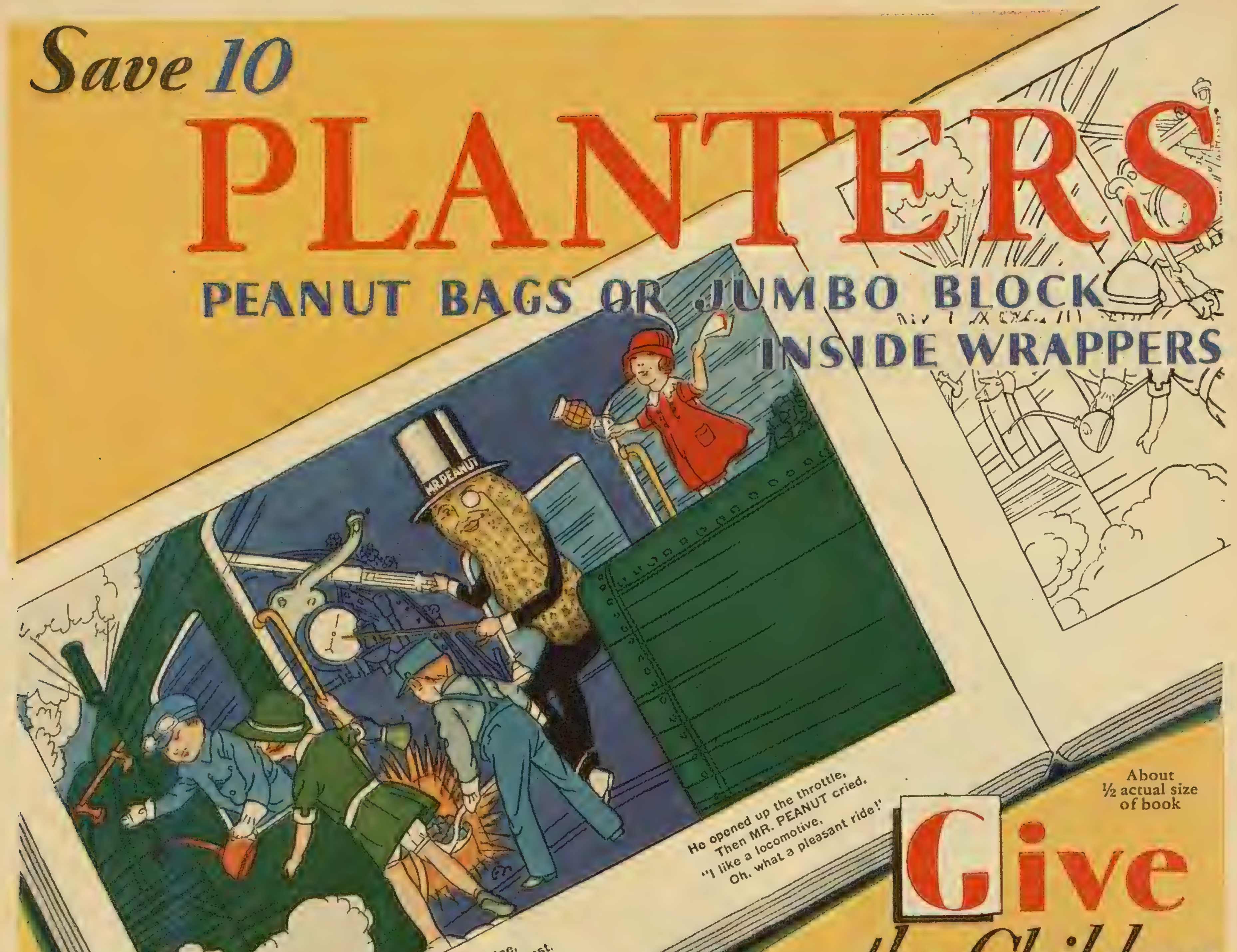
AFTER creaming the butter, gradually work in the sugar. Add the lemon juice. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times. Prepare the fruit and sift one-fourth of the dry ingredients over the fruit. Mix until well floured. Beat the egg whites stiff. Alternately mix in additions of the egg whites and sifted dry ingredients into the butter-sugar mixture. Lastly fold in the floured fruit. Pour into an oiled bread pan which has been lined with oiled wax paper. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) for one and a half hours. Then increase to 300° F. for about fifteen minutes to brown delicately.

Checkerboard Cake

MIX the ingredients as for white loaf cake, omitting the fruit. Divide the finished dough into two equal parts, adding red coloring to one. Using a pastry bag with a plain round point, or a spoon and spatula, arrange the dough in uniform red and white stripes in an oiled and floured cake pan. Repeat these stripes in layers, alternating the colors in checkerboard fashion.

Bake as for white loaf cake. Frost with white icing and decorate as your fancy dictates.

Save 10
PLANTERS
PEANUT BAGS OR JUMBO BLOCK INSIDE WRAPPERS


MR. PEANUT
They hurried to the engine,
The cab was reached at last.
The engineer was waiting.
He said to them, "Hold fast!"
He opened up the throttle,
Then MR. PEANUT cried.
"I like a locomotive,
Oh, what a pleasant ride!"

About
½ actual size
of book

Give the Children MR. PEANUT'S 32 PAGE ... PAINT BOOK

Planters
PENNANT
brand
SALTED PEANUTS
"THE NICKEL LUNCH"
5¢
Planters
SALTED PEANUTS
5¢
PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.

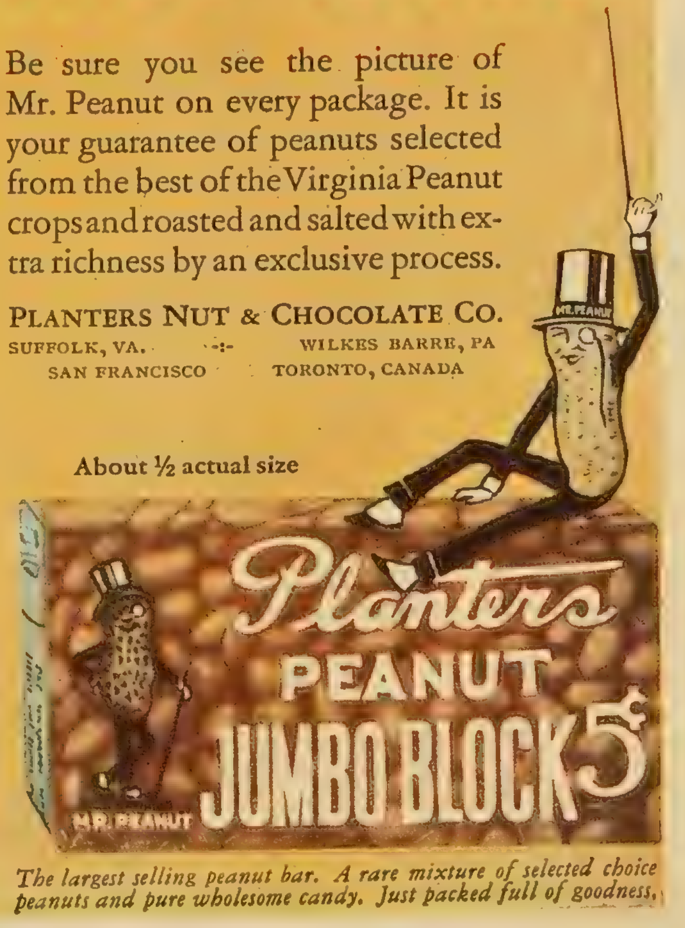
YOU can easily get a copy of MR. PEANUT'S lively travel Paint Book for any little boy or girl. Save your empty Planters Peanut Bags and the inside waxed wrappers from your Jumbo Blocks. When you have ten in all send them with the child's name and address to Planters Nut and Chocolate Co., Wilkes Barre, Pa. No money needed—just the bags or wrappers.

Food experts say that PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS are nourishing satisfying food. For growing boys and girls as well as for older people they provide fats and body-building protein to balance energy-giving candy. Remember, Planters Peanuts are wholesome, digestible non-fattening food. And they are every bit as tasty either as a special treat or a handy, economical lunch.

Be sure you see the picture of Mr. Peanut on every package. It is your guarantee of peanuts selected from the best of the Virginia Peanut crops and roasted and salted with extra richness by an exclusive process.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
SUFFOLK, VA. WILKES BARRE, PA
SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO, CANADA

About ½ actual size


MR. PEANUT
Planters
PEANUT
JUMBO BLOCK 5¢
MR. PEANUT

The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness.

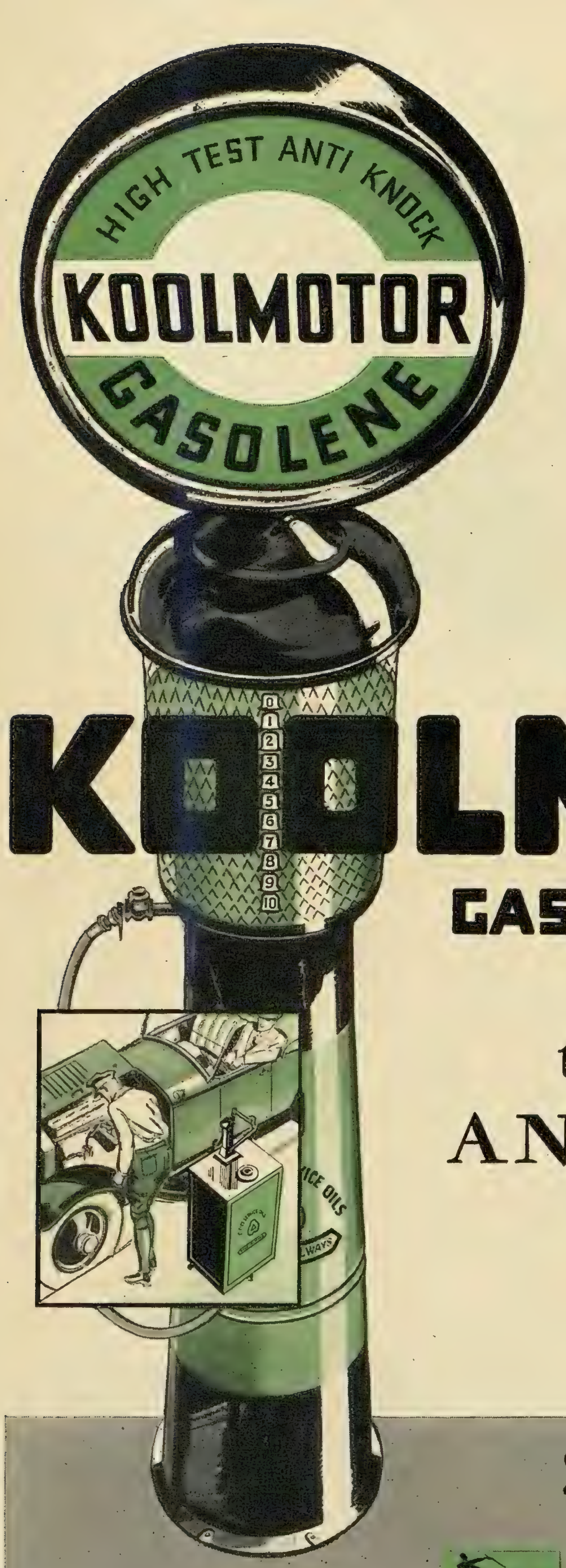
WISE motorists do not depend *solely* on anti-knock gasolene to prevent engine knocks. They place part of the burden of maintaining anti-knock performance on their oil.

Koolmotor Gasolene and Oil combine to give perfect anti-knock performance.

Koolmotor Gasolene—the *original* high test, anti-knock green gas—is refined from crudes that contain inherently high anti-knock qualities. Special processing at the refinery and careful testing in the laboratory insure Koolmotor's ability to give knock-free performance.

The final and most conclusive proof is furnished by actual road tests where Koolmotor is forced to climb the steepest hills and respond to impulsive pressure on the accelerator without knocking. You can feel sure that, before a single gallon of Koolmotor Gasolene is ever offered for your use, it has proved in many ways its ability as a real anti-knock motor fuel.

Koolmotor Oil—the *perfectly balanced* motor oil—lends valuable assistance in producing anti-knock performance. It maintains its body at high temperature and prevents oil from working up past the pistons and forming carbon—a condition which increases fuel knocks.



KOOLMOTOR

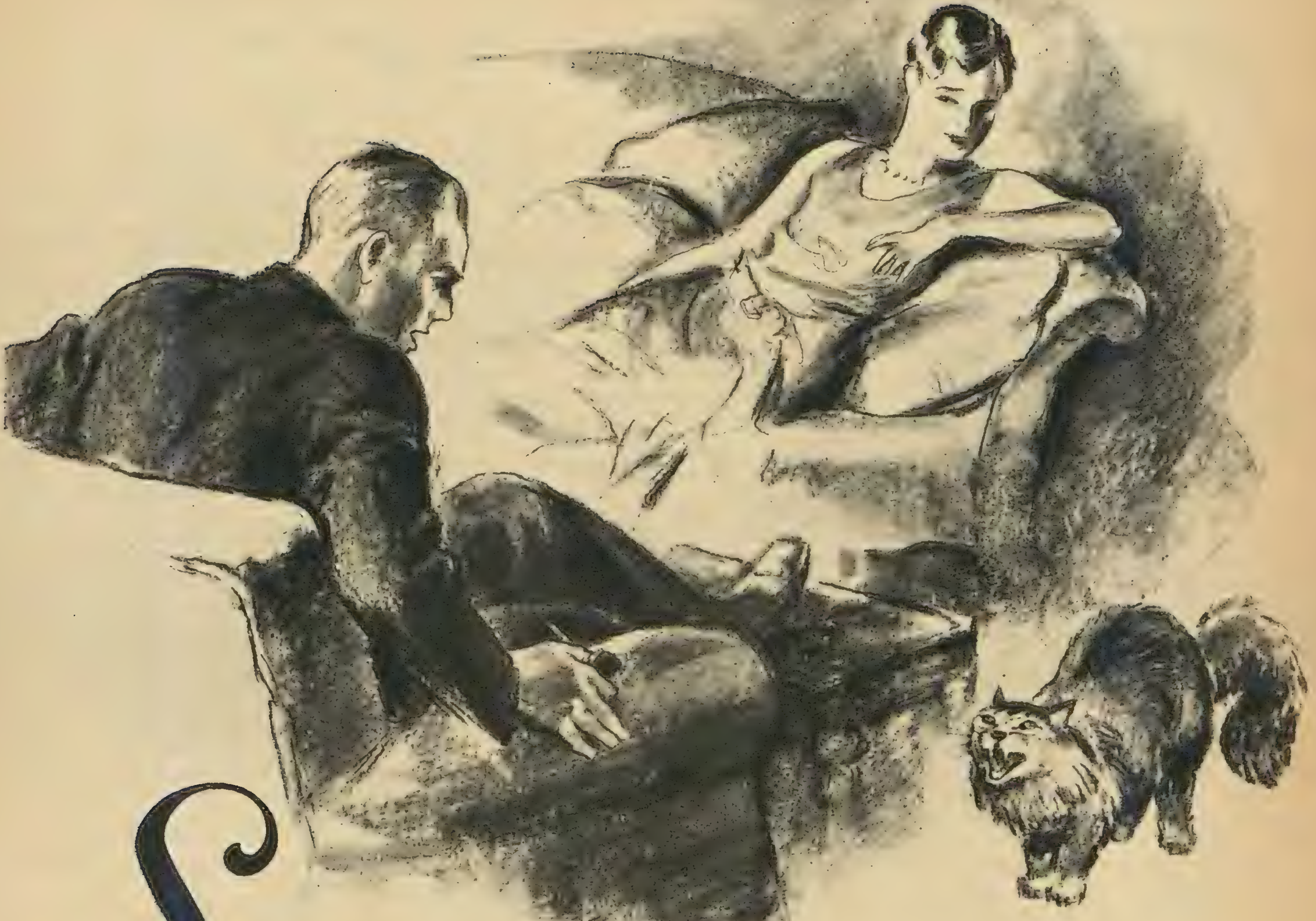
GASOLENE AND OIL

combine
to give perfect
ANTI-KNOCK
performance

CITIES SERVICE OILS
ONCE - ALWAYS

CITIES SERVICE OIL COMPANY
60 WALL STREET NEW YORK

Cities Service Radio Concerts, Fridays 8 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Featuring Cities Service Orchestra, Jessica Dragonette and the Cities Service Cavaliers—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast network of 33 Stations



FOUR feet away she halted, looked up at him malevolently, displayed her gleaming teeth, and hissed at him viciously.

Snug HARBOR

The Story of a Lie That Came Home to Roost

By

FRED MACISAAC

for many years a newspaper man in New York and Boston; once press-agent for the Boston Opera. Now he has a home in Los Angeles, writes fiction and movie scenarios, and does a lot of traveling.

Pictures by HARRY LEES

YOUNG Mrs. Santley lay upon the deep soft cushions of an antique divan, the wine-colored velours of which was in tune with a small vivid brunette. Her dinner dress, a pleasant shade of yellow, was effective despite the fact that it had cost only nineteen-fifty in an East Eighty-sixth Street shop.

Mrs. Santley was a piquant young person, dark of eye, wistful of mouth, discontented with her nose because there was a slight bump in it, proud of exquisite little ears for the benefit of which her black hair was cropped like a boy's, and satisfied with her figure, the charming lower extremities of which happened at the moment to be liberally displayed.

Young Mr. Santley lolled upon a low and excessively overstuffed chair and his feet were elevated upon a cushioned bench which placed the soles of his shoes where Mrs. Santley could not help but notice that they were badly in need of repair.

The big drawing-room in which they were installed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

was cluttered with antiques, objects of art, and other evidences of long-established opulence. The mahogany grand piano had preposterously fat legs upon which a wood carver had wasted too much time. On the walls hung oils in costly frames whose subjects left the Santleys cold. They admired unreservedly the royal Saruk carpet which they suspected of being worth a fortune.

From their nests they could see through a huge observation plate-glass window a winter gray and dismal stretch of ocean flecked with white-caps kicked up by December zephyrs. It looked cold out there, but the young Santleys were snug and cozy. Down below was a roaring furnace whose coals were not being paid for by the youngsters. In the kitchen was a cook whose wages did not come out of their pockets.

Mrs. Osborne had worn black for a quarter of a century.

Mrs. Santley moaned with satisfaction. Mr. Santley removed the brier pipe from his mouth and stretched luxuriously.

Phœbe gazed at him adoringly. Such a clean-cut, handsome, nice big boy, and beyond question a genius. It was really a crime that, at the age of twenty-three, he had been captured by an unscrupulous woman, but she was endeavoring to make up to him by loving-kindness for having hog-tied him.

"Take your feet off the bench, darling," she implored. "The soles of your shoes are breaking my heart."

He chuckled. "Three months of this will buy me new ones. What a break for a couple of bums."

Phœbe manufactured two exquisite dimples. "Just pigs in clover," she answered. "It's the first decent thing Aunt Dora ever did for us and in this her motive wasn't unselfish."

"Bother her motive. We pay no rent and get free food. I love your Aunt Dora. I hope she finds the French Riviera to her taste. I trust she makes congenial friends over there and stays six months. If my prayers ever worked— Here comes the damn cat!"

There had arrived upon the scene an impressive personality. She was a very large, excessively plump, and objectionably complacent creature. Her blue-gray fur was phenomenally silky and exceedingly thick, her head was heavy but unbowed. Around her neck was a rampant ruff, her whiskers bristled arrogantly, her tail was proudly erect. Her progress had the deliberation and the dignity of a queen.

She sought the geometrical center of the Saruk carpet, patted it with an oversize paw, circled it slowly, and finally deposited herself upon it, after which she bent upon the Santleys a gaze of mingled suspicion and disdain.

The name of the haughty Persian, appropriately, was Regina.

"You beautiful, beautiful thing!" gushed Phœbe. "Ted, her eyes are like pansies, so they are."

"THERE is a baleful glitter in those pansy eyes," he retorted. "Her state of mind toward us is poisonous. Babe, if I thought your love for me would survive it, I'd kick her."

"Don't you dare!" cried Phœbe shrilly. "And be careful what you say. She can tell from your tone that you are being unkind."

"How about her attitude toward me, eh?"

"You've got to promise me you won't even slap her, not if she scratches you."

He chuckled. "I promise to treat her like a rich relative—which, practically, she is."

"Of course she is, darling. She is responsible for our being here. She is our good angel."

"But I don't promise to like her. Why do women go batty over cats? Look at that one. Nothing but a mess of fur and claws; no brains and a disposition like a fiend of hell."

"Hush," pleaded Phœbe rather anxiously. "She's listening."

"Let her. She has no appreciation, no gratitude, no sense of duty, no loyalty. From the day she was born your Aunt Dora has petted her, fussed over her, and has been a slave to her whims. Does she miss her? Only because we don't humor her as your aunt did. Catch me letting the beast sit on the breakfast table and lap cream while we drink our coffee. And how furious she was when I chucked her on the floor. The scratch I got when I stopped her from sleeping across my legs in bed still stings.

"Trouble with Regina is that she has been overindulged. She's old and much too fat. We ought to starve her for about a month and restore her to your aunt in a decent physical condition. Of course nothing can be done about her diabolical disposition—"

HE stopped because Regina had lifted herself to her feet and was moving toward him purposefully. Four feet away she halted, looked up at him malevolently, opened her mouth wide, displayed her gleaming teeth and her scarlet tongue, and hissed at him viciously, after which she turned and, with every appearance of rancor, marched out of the drawing-room.

"There!" exclaimed Phœbe. "She understood every word you said and she hates you."

Ted was slightly startled, but he laughed it off.

"She hates everybody except herself," he retorted. "She doesn't exactly fawn on you, baby. Who's coming down tonight?"

"Mary and Tom Dwenning for an evening of bridge."

"This joint will make their eyes pop. Phœbe, are you sure your aunt is going to leave you her money?"

"Unless I do something to offend her. I'm her only relative and she doesn't believe in leaving her fortune to charity as at present organized."

"We could use something on account," he said, smiling. "You'd think she would come through with a birthday check for her relative whose husband is a struggling young author."

"She told me not to expect a cent of help when I married you. You know that."

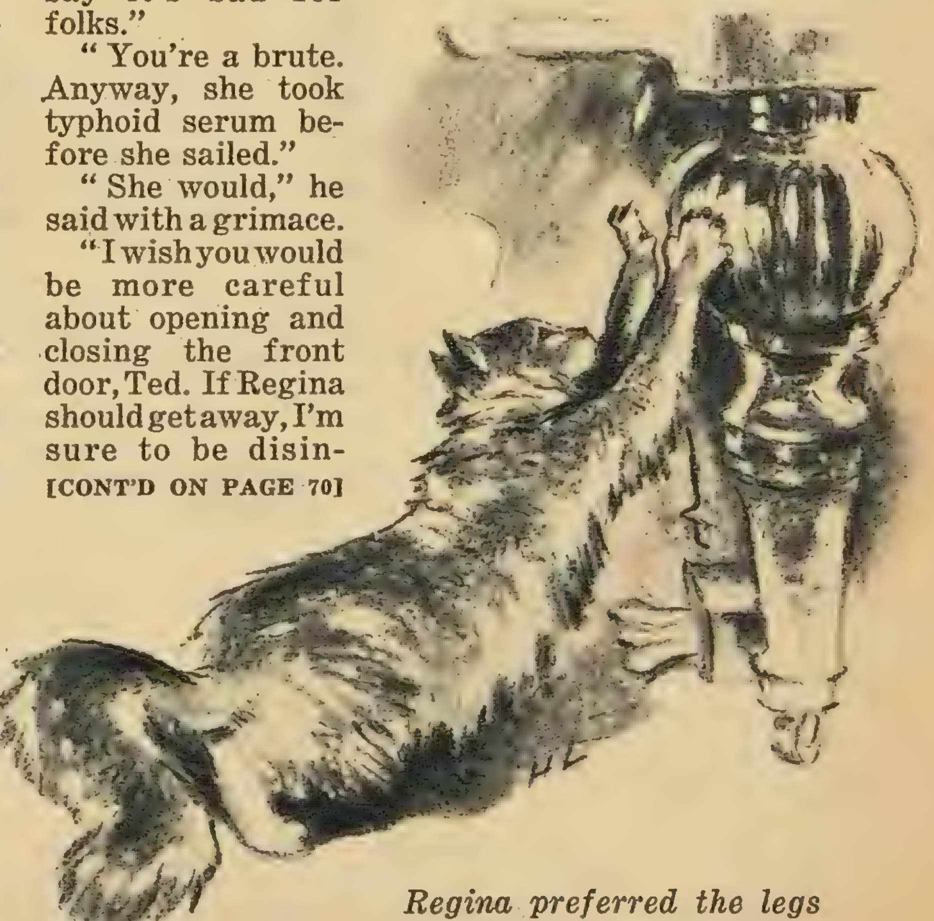
"Oh, sure. I'm just talking. Well, being a Prohibitionist, she'll have to drink water over there and they do say it's bad for folks."

"You're a brute. Anyway, she took typhoid serum before she sailed."

"She would," he said with a grimace.

"I wish you would be more careful about opening and closing the front door, Ted. If Regina should get away, I'm sure to be disin-

[CONT'D ON PAGE 70]



Regina preferred the legs of the piano.

A Record Rental for Subleases

in the New 500-Room Section

of CHICAGO'S

MORRISON HOTEL

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3,450 rooms.

$140,000 a year rental will be derived from subleases of stores in this particular section alone. Of this amount, $100,000 a year will be paid by the Bond Clothing Company for a period of 50 years, or a total of $5,000,000 paid by this well known company.

These amounts are, of course, entirely separate from other income now derived by the hotel from subrentals, which have so long contributed heavily toward the moderation of the rate-scale.

The new section will have individual decorations. Every floor will have its own color-scheme, with the bathroom fixtures tinted to match the colors on that floor; several floors, also, will contain kitchenettes. These are unique features in a hotel of this size.

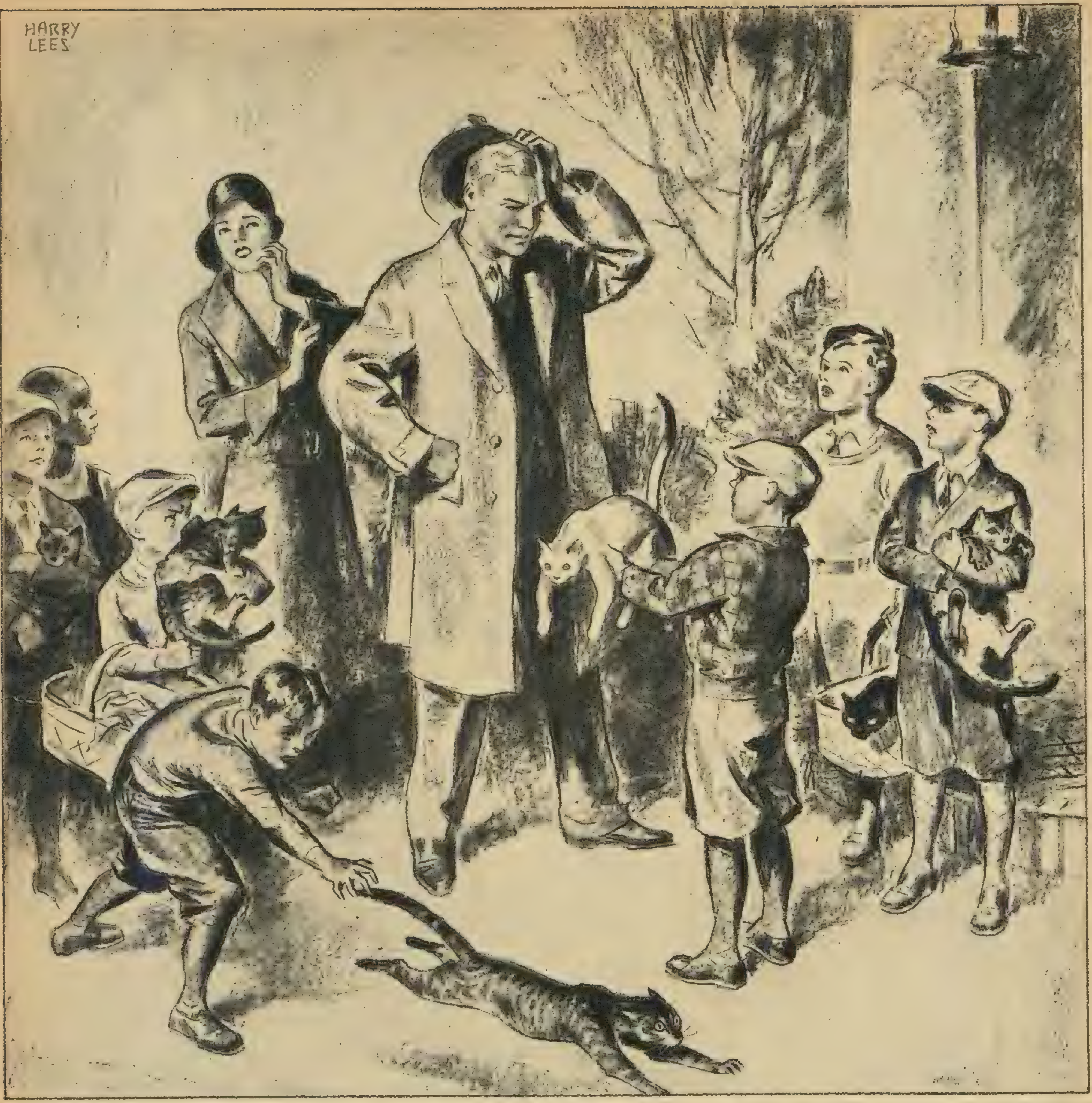
As in the other sections, every room will be outside, with bath, running ice water, telephone and bed-head reading lamp. When this section goes into service, it will carry our north frontage considerably closer to the Dearborn intersection, and bring nearer the realization of our purpose—the largest hotel in the world.

Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50
241 Rooms, $3.00
480 Rooms, $3.50
457 Rooms, $4.00
245 Rooms, $4.50
189 Rooms, $5.00
15 Rooms, $6.00
35 Rooms, $7.00
21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00
6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and **TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



When they arrived home they found half a dozen urchins awaiting them with every variety of cat.

SNUG HARBOR
Continued from page sixty-eight

herited. This is a wonderful proposition for us, especially at this time."

"Right, Phœbe. Rent day looming, no checks in sight, and the weather man predicting snow. I appreciate her planting us here to take care of the cat. I realize our responsibility. I'm not going to beat Regina or throw her out of the house, but bad names will never hurt her."

"You are incorrigible," she declared. "You'll have to march up to town tomorrow and hire a cook. I suppose aunt will complain because Hannah is walking out on us, but so long as Regina is all right she won't be too annoyed."

"Just because we play cards on Sunday, Hannah's religious principles force her to quit a soft job."

"I argued with her. It's no use."

Ted rose reluctantly. "Babe, much as I enjoy your company, duty calls. The creative urge is upon me. I'm going aloft."

"Please type me out a new dress and some party slippers. And write yourself a new pair of shoes while you are about it. I'll go after Regina and try to make friends with her."

"Mine is the easier task," he said with a laugh. "Put on thick mittens if you intend to pat that porcupine."

There were no nicer kids in New York than Phœbe and Ted Santley, according to those who knew them. Of course, they had been insane to marry with no income and slim prospects, and everybody would have loved to help them if they hadn't been so absurdly proud. They lived in two furnished rooms on the upper West Side and refused invitations because they had nothing to wear, and people suspected that sometimes they missed meals, but they did seem riotously happy.

As a matter of fact, the Santleys were happy. If one must undergo poverty, the best time is when one is very young. Impecuniousness matters little to those who live with Hope. Ted and Phœbe knew that their financial difficulties wouldn't last long, because at any moment Ted would sell his novel or Aunt Dora would make them an allowance or Phœbe would pick up on the street a pocketbook stuffed with thousand-dollar bills dropped by someone so rich he wouldn't know he had lost it.

Occasionally their assurance was strengthened by a small check from a magazine, and they had been married for a whole year and had not starved.

Nevertheless they were foresighted enough to realize that a hard winter was coming and they accepted eagerly the extraordinary proposal from Aunt Dora. For years she had been longing to spend a winter on the Riviera, but her responsibility to Regina chained her to Southampton. In Ted's opinion, her passion for the Persian amounted to a mania.

Aunt Dora departed after an affecting farewell to Regina, whose indifference to the emotion of her mistress was disgusting. She left behind her twelve written pages of instructions regarding the habits, customs, and privileges of the beast, and she forbade Phœbe to accompany her to the ship lest Regina be lonesome.

THE Santleys made themselves comfortable in the fine old mansion. Pleasant young people came down from the city on Saturdays and Sundays. The house became acquainted with the tinkle of ice in a cocktail shaker and the occasional rattle of poker chips. When Hannah's soul became periled from association with the ungodly and she departed with ominous shakes of the head, Ted brought down a healthy, husky, and hearty colored woman whose cooking was something to dream about.

For several weeks Regina prowled about disconsolately in search of Mrs. Osborne, mewed plaintively, and refused to recognize the authority of the Santleys. However, she was fed regularly and, after she had indignantly repelled a few advances, was left entirely alone. Cats appear to be less affected by the absence of friends than loss of familiar surroundings and Regina was comforted by the presence of all the well remembered objects.

As there never had been a man in the house, she was suspicious of Ted, who thoughtlessly removed her from chairs and divans in which she had settled herself and would not tolerate her presence upon the breakfast table, where she had always been allowed to plant herself.

However, even the most cantankerous cat requires human companionship, and where things are happening feline curiosity requires her presence. And the memory of animals is not very long. After several weeks, recollections of the good old days of Mrs. Osborne grew dim and finally faded entirely away. As the Santleys were permanently installed, it was intolerable that they should not be of service to her, and there are times when a cat requires a warm lap to lie in and a warm hand to rub her ears or scratch her under the chin.

The day she astonished Phœbe by clambering into her lap while the young woman sat in a big chair peacefully reading, marked the beginning of the change in Regina's attitude. The girl cleverly ignored her pres-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why shouldn't a wholesome habit be agreeable?

Any health habit is more easily established and more faithfully maintained if it is an agreeable one. ∾ That is one of the reasons that Lavoris, as a mouthwash and gargle, has for so many years been of honest benefit to so many people. They like it — thoroughly enjoy its flavor and the unusually cleanly and refreshed feeling that follows its use. ∾ They employ it regularly. Thus they give Lavoris daily opportunity to do the things which Lavoris can do: remove tenacious deposits from teeth and oral tissues; stimulate the tissues, and, by its healing properties, promote an actively healthy condition of the mouth and throat. ∾ If you want to see how effectively Lavoris cleanses, expel the Lavoris rinse upon a white porcelain or vitreous surface or into clear water, where the dislodged mucilaginous deposits, oral debris and food particles are plainly visible. ∾ May we again remind you that, in all matters pertaining to oral hygiene, you "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis Toronto

LAVORIS

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions: In advertising a preparation to the laity as an aid towards maintaining physical well-being we fully realize our responsibilities, consequently we want the doctors to know that it will be our endeavor to harmonize all therapeutic claims for our product with accepted professional opinions and practices. For your information, you will find the Lavoris formula on every bottle. From this you will readily recognize the principle of its detergent action. This is due primarily to the reaction of zinc chloride with the viscid components of the saliva. The mucoid elements are precipitated into a non-adherent coagulum, thus facilitating the free removal of mechanically retained debris, food residue and other deleterious material.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

SNUG HARBOR
Continued from page seventy-one

ence, and after a moment or two the cat rubbed her head against her hand and dumbly pleaded to be caressed.

This made Ted envious and caused him to try to win the animal's confidence. In time he succeeded. No longer was there in the house a discordant personality. Presuming upon good nature, Regina demanded her morning saucer of cream on the breakfast table.

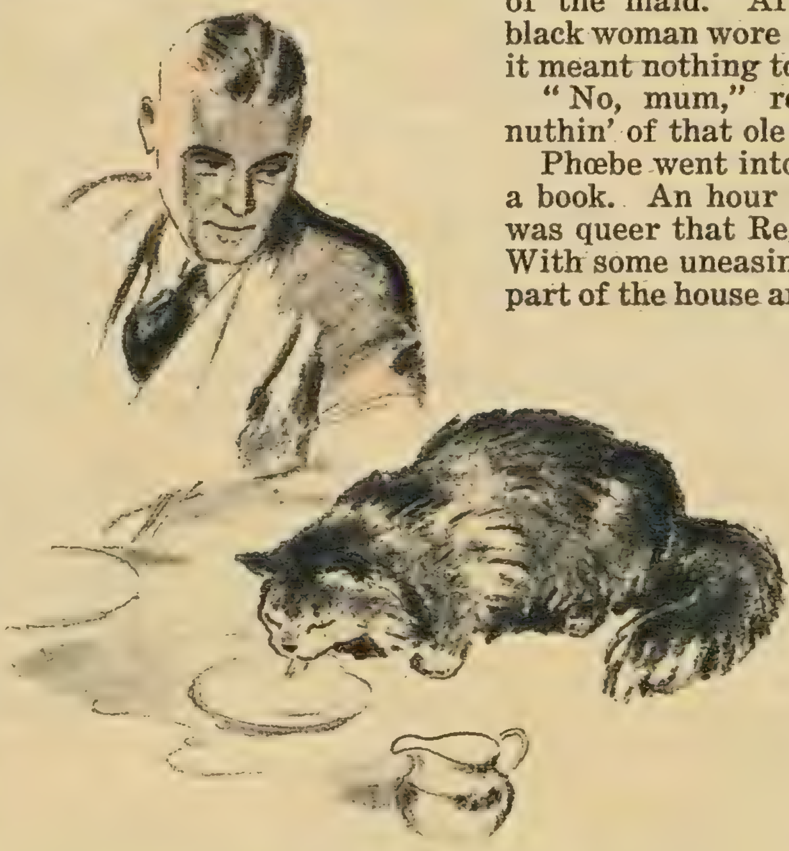
December had merged into January and January brought Ted a good-sized check from a magazine. They celebrated by going to New York and attending a musical comedy, spent the night at a friend's apartment, and returned in the morning to Southampton. When they opened the front door, Regina met them with every manifestation of pleasure.

Phœbe swooped on her and hugged her to her breast, where the cat purred with content. When Ted reached over to scratch her head, she closed her eyes as Phœbe did when she was being kissed.

"We are her people now," the girl declared. "She missed us and she is glad we are home. Isn't she a darling, Ted?"

"Well," he admitted, "I'm getting to like the darn thing, but I'd rather have a dog. When you consider the vast superiority of a dog's intelligence, his faithfulness, his trust—"

"Oh, bother the dog. Regina, you is the most boo-ful baby—"



Regina demanded her morning saucer of cream on the breakfast table.

Ted put his fingers in his ears and ran upstairs.

Now that Santley's thin income did not have to cover rent and groceries, it purchased new clothes for both of them and went into a savings account. Things were looking up and the sky was blue and cloudless—almost. On the eastern horizon was a tiny white cloud, no bigger than a handkerchief, but each day it grew larger and more ominous. It signified the return of Mrs. Osborne and the expulsion from Eden.

Ted knew, after this winter of luxury, that it would be hard on Phœbe to go back to a cheap furnished room, and he wasn't going to like it himself. They secured a reprieve because Aunt Dora was satisfied with their reports upon the well-being of Regina and decided to stay abroad another month.

"I suppose it's too much to expect that she will be so grateful for wet-nursing Regina that she will make you an allowance," said Ted when word came that Aunt Dora was actually sailing on the Roma upon March fifteenth.

Phœbe patted his hand. "I'm afraid so, dear. She is probably overwhelmed now by her munificence toward us, and when she receives the housekeeping bills she will be appalled. We shall be sweetly thanked and asked to take the nearest exit."

"Well, these four months have been a godsend. Do you realize that I have sold three stories since we have been in this house? I firmly believe that we shall be enjoying a decent income in another six months. Editors are beginning to like me."

"And who wouldn't?" she demanded. "I think you are wonderful."

THEY laughed together. She had always thought that he was wonderful.

"Have a little more cream, Regina, and hang the expense," he suggested. "Oh, please do. I insist. That cat is getting so fat she may explode before your aunt returns. That's our only danger."

During the first month of their tenancy the Santleys had taken the responsibility of safeguarding Regina very seriously, but as time passed and the animal adopted them, they dismissed from their airy young minds the possibility that anything could happen to her. Upon the evening of March third they sat around, with Regina in their midst, minus any premonition of disaster.

On the morning of March fourth she breakfasted with them as usual. Ted worked most of the day in his room and Phœbe flitted about happily, doing nothing, and did not become aware that the Persian was missing until late in the afternoon.

"Have you seen Regina, Clorinda?" she asked casually of the maid. Afterward she recalled that the black woman wore a guilty look, but at the moment it meant nothing to her.

"No, mum," replied Clorinda. "Ain't seen nuthin' of that ole cat for hours."

Phœbe went into the library and sat down with a book. An hour later it occurred to her that it was queer that Regina had not entered the room. With some uneasiness she went through the lower part of the house and, alarmed at last, she mounted to the second floor and searched all the rooms except Ted's. While there was an unwritten law that the creative genius was not to be disturbed when his door was closed, Phœbe, by this time, was so frightened that she ventured to knock on the panel.

"What is it?" Ted demanded testily.

"Is Regina in there with you?"

"Certainly not. Do you suppose I come up here to play with the cat?"

PHŒBE threw open the door and stood like a pale wraith on the threshold.

"Then she's gone!" she cried tragically. "She's not in the house."

Ted laid down his pipe. He had been sitting behind his machine with his hands behind his head, smoking and, presumably, thinking.

"Nonsense," he said carelessly. "Know what you've done? You've chased away a dandy idea that I was just going to catch hold of."

"You come out of there, Ted Santley, and catch hold of that cat!" she cried wildly. "She has escaped, I tell you, and if she has gone, what are we going to do?"

Her voice lifted shrilly and broke on the last word.

They began at the attic and ended their search in the cellar. They poked in every closet and looked into every bureau drawer.

They went through the house so carefully that a flea could not have concealed its presence, but they did not find Regina.

When they finished Phœbe threw herself face downward on the divan in the drawing-room and wept as though her little heart were breaking while Ted stood over her, patting her shining black hair and endeavoring to suppress his own alarm.

"She can't have gone far," he assured her. "She'll come back. Cats always come back."

"She won't," mourned Phœbe. "Don't you know that anybody who saw that beautiful thing would steal her? How shall I face Aunt Dora?"

"She won't be here for weeks yet and meantime we'll find Regina. Wait a minute."

He strode into the kitchen and bore down upon Clorinda who stood at the kitchen table cleaning a chicken. Pointing an accusing forefinger at her, he made his charge.

"You let that cat out. Don't try to lie. Tell me exactly how and when she got away."

The colored woman bristled and then wilted.

"Ah couldn't help it, suh. Ah chased her across the yard and she jumped the fence and went lickety-split over the fields."

"You did! And how did she get out of the house?"

"Ah opened the kitchen door for a minute and something was burning on the stove. She done shot through that door when Ah was going back to close it."

"What time was that?"

"Ah guess it was 'bout noon."

"Why didn't you inform Mrs. Santley?"

"Ah was feared to. You folks ain't reasonable 'bout that ole cat."

Ted brought his fist down with a bang upon the kitchen table.

"You're fired!" he shouted.

"Ah was goin' to quit anyway," she retorted sullenly.

Accompanied by Phœbe, he left the house in haste in pursuit of a cat which had many hours' start on him. The Osborne house was well out of town, in a neighborhood which was mostly abandoned in winter or left to caretakers. The Santleys searched the grounds of every establishment for half a mile around, questioned the few persons they encountered, peered under every hedge, and craned their necks beneath every tree. Heedless of the cold, they prowled over the countryside for hours and finally tramped into town and wandered forlornly up and down the streets.

Secretly Ted agreed with the theory of his wife, persistently voiced, that some motorist had discerned the bewildered creature, picked her up, and made off with her.

THE world of out of doors was unknown to Regina, for Aunt Dora, who lived in terror that she might run away, had never let her out of the house. Being informed by the "vet" that the health of cats required that they eat some grass and sharpen their claws on the bark of trees, she was in the habit of bringing grass into the house and placed an unbarked log in the cellar for claw-sharpening purposes. Regina preferred the legs of the piano.

If there ever was a little animal unfit to cope with the dangers of Outside, it was Regina. A stray dog might make an end of her or, blinded by glaring headlights, she might be run over by a motor car. Ted hoped that she had been picked up by someone who would hold her for a reward.

About ten in the evening they returned sadly to their residence. Had the cat belonged to them they would have been sufficiently melancholy, but their distress was augmented by a profound consciousness of guilt.

FOR months they had lived cost free and in a style to which they were not accustomed, with no other responsibility than Regina's keep, and this had proved to be beyond their capability. There was no excuse for what had happened, no explanation which would placate the wrathful Aunt Dora, who had always considered Phœbe a scatterbrain and Ted a ne'er-do-well and who had placed them in charge with some misgivings.

To be fair to the youngsters, they were not concerned at the moment with the ruin of Phœbe's expectations from her aunt; they were panic-stricken in consideration of the anguish of Mrs. Osborne.

Ted phoned advertisements to the principal local and New York newspapers regardless of expense and did his best to console Phœbe who was sunk in the twin abysses of despair and remorse.

In the morning they drove the criminal cook to the railroad station and spent the remainder of the day cruising about the township. They rang doorbells by the hundreds. They stopped all children they met on the roads and promised liberal rewards for the recovery of Regina. When, finally, they arrived home they found half a dozen enterprising urchins awaiting them hopefully with every variety of cat except Persian.

All evening Ted answered phone calls from persons who had picked up stray cats or who had pets they wished to dispose of. Ted spent several days visiting addresses whose owners' descriptions of their animals were in the least degree promising.

Phœbe lost her appetite and developed dark circles under her eyes. Ted, usually merry, grew irritable and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It keeps teeth WHITE

THE girl with a lovely smile goes places and does things.

And it's her pearly WHITE teeth that bring such thrilling charm to her smile.

Why not have a bright, winning smile? Every day chew Dentyne—the delicious gum, especially made to keep teeth white. It's the highest quality gum you can buy.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

SNUG HARBOR
Continued from page seventy-three

harassed. The ads ran out and were renewed and the reward lifted to fifty dollars. Cat fanciers joined the pestering throng.

As days went by, the atmosphere of the home turned into an indigo fog. Being human, they had passed from disinterested concern for Aunt Dora to consideration of the effect of the catastrophe upon themselves. Mrs. Osborne was sixty-eight and frail and it was reasonable to suppose that some time within the next five years she might go to her reward and leave a fair-sized fortune to Phœbe.

“Not now,” the young woman assured her husband. “She will hate me for the rest of her life and leave all her money to a cat hospital.”

“I suppose so,” he admitted dolefully. “It would be bad enough if Regina had sickened and died despite expert medical attention, but it will drive your aunt crazy to think that the poor thing is lost and wandering about or in the hands of persons who illtreat her. By Jove—”

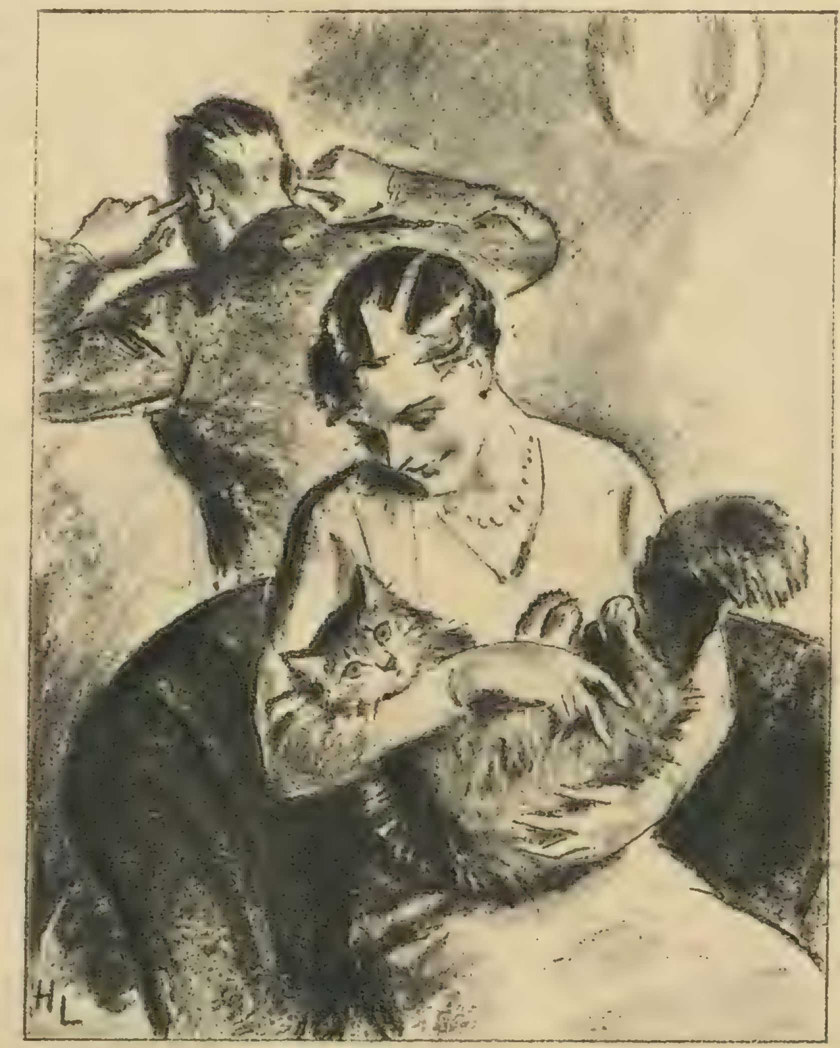
“What?”

“She was an old cat. Maybe she was sick and crawled into a hole somewhere to die. If anybody had her, that fifty-dollar reward would have smoked him out.”

“You know she was well and she just ran away.”

“Well, nobody else knows it. The cook who let her out has vanished. Phœbe, Regina has been gone ten days and she is not coming back. I believe she is dead.”

“Then we would have found her body.”



“Regina, you is the most boo-ful baby—” Ted put his fingers in his ears and ran upstairs.

“The country around here is pretty big. We couldn't look everywhere. Suppose we pretend to have found the body. No marks on it. She just died of old age. She never got out of the house. We found her behind an old barrel in the cellar.”

“Ted!” gasped the shocked Phœbe. “We couldn't lie to Aunt Dora.”

He looked abashed. “I suppose not, but if a little mendacity makes for her peace of mind, my conscience will permit it. Wouldn't she feel much better to know that Regina lived her allotted time, surrounded by every comfort, than to think that her pet may still be suffering and she can't get to her to help her?”

“I know I would,” Phœbe admitted. “Do you think she would believe us?”

“We'll make her believe us,” he said enthusiastically. “Let's have a funeral—dig a grave under the rose trees and put up a headstone: ‘Here lies Regina Osborne, beloved cat of Mrs. Dora Osborne. Departed this life in the fullness of her age, March fourth, 1930.’”

A GHOST of a smile flitted across the face of young Mrs. Santley.

“Aunt would like that. It is what she would have done. It would show we meant well.”

“Sure. Phœbe, do you think she would be ghoul enough to open the grave?”

“Oh, I don't think so.”

“Well, I'll find a dead cat and bury her and I'll order a little headstone right away.”

“I'm—I'm scared,” said Phœbe, and burst into tears.

They were waiting for Aunt Dora when the Roma docked. They were pale and nervous, but the die was cast and their rôles had to be played. They had neglected to secure customs passes and they had to wait outside the rail until the passengers had undergone inspection, and Aunt Dora's appearance was so changed that they almost failed to recognize her.

Mrs. Osborne had been a woman who had worn black for a quarter of a century and who gave the impression of having arrived in this world at the age of sixty carrying a rusty black umbrella. The well groomed elderly woman in a smart Paris traveling suit of dark blue who wore a modish hat and whose cheeks were suspiciously pink bore little resemblance to Phœbe's Aunt Dora, but that was who she turned out to be. Ted gazed at her aghast, while Phœbe murmured, awe-struck: “Good Lord, she has had her eyebrows plucked.”

AUNT DORA embraced the girl and kissed her affectionately.

“Auntie,” exclaimed Phœbe, “that's Worth's *‘Dans la nuit’!*”

The traveler laughed cheerfully. “Why not? It's lovely perfume and I paid for it myself. What's the matter, children? You look perturbed.”

“You look marvelous,” declared Ted. “And ten years younger.”

“I feel twenty,” declared Mrs. Osborne. “Phœbe, I've had the time of my life, and I'm going back next year if you will keep my house for me again.”

Phœbe began to tremble. “We would like it f-f-fine,” she managed to reply.

“Well, let's be getting home. I'm mad to see Regina.”

While Ted drove the car and the ladies sat in the back seat with their arms entwined, Phœbe falteringly broke the sad news. His eyes fixed steadfastly upon the road, his ears anxiously alert, he heard his wife timorously narrate the tragedy. He heard Mrs. Osborne groan and then the two women wept harmoniously.

“I assure you we had come to love her just as much as you did,” said Phœbe brokenly. “Ted was devoted to her. We felt as badly as if we had lost a ch-ch-ild.” Sobs.

“She was my child,” mourned Aunt Dora.

“And we gave her a funeral,” continued Phœbe. “We put her in a nice little coffin and we buried her in the rose garden. We thought you would approve.”

“I do, I do, darling. It was so sweet of you.”

“And nothing would do Ted but to have a headstone with an inscription. He said she was almost a human being and he thinks she had a soul.”

“Of course she had. Ted, I appreciate your attitude.”

“Phœbe has been in tears ever since she died.” Ted threw that statement in to add verisimilitude to an outrageously untruthful narrative.

“My dear children,” sighed Aunt Dora. “Well, I suppose she couldn't live forever. In a way, I'm glad it happened when I wasn't at home, but the house will be horrible without Regina. I don't know what I shall do. I shall be so lonesome. Phœbe.”

“Yes, Aunt Dora.”

“I fear I never really understood your husband and I did feel that you made a mistake in marrying so young, but you are both so nice. Would you and Ted consider staying on with me for a few months? I'll try to make it pleasant for you.”

To her aunt's astonishment, this caused Phœbe to break into hysterical sobs and the old lady drew her head upon her own bosom.

Ted muttered something. He was calling himself a dirty dog.

"There, there, dear," soothed Aunt Dora. "All I have will be yours some day. Why can't you make your home with me now?"

"Are you sure my typewriter wouldn't annoy you?" asked Ted anxiously.

"In a big house like that? Of course not."

"It's up to Phœbe," he evaded.

"We couldn't," the girl cried passionately. "It would be an imposition. You know we can't, Ted."

"Of course you can," said Mrs. Osborne with determination. "We'll consider it settled."

During the long drive to Southampton, Aunt Dora babbled on about the new arrangement and regaled them with anecdotes regarding the virtues of the late lamented Regina which made it obvious that they were only substitutes for the Persian cat. Phœbe murmured something now and then and Ted knew that her conscience was devouring her. His own conscience could not be said to be peacefully reposing. Another six months with no bills to pay would set him on his feet, but Phœbe would confess within three days, so it was out into the cold world for the Santleys.

He turned into the Osborne driveway and drove up to the house.

"First," commanded Aunt Dora, "take me to her grave."

THEY led her to the little mound under the rose trees. Ted kept a sharp eye on his wife, who gave evidence of being ready to swoon. Mrs. Osborne read the inscription upon the litte headstone and tears rolled down her rouged cheeks and stained them with mascara from her eyelashes.

"How lovely of you, Ted, to do this," she murmured. "The inscription is so sweet. My poor Regina, my pet, my darling! Oh, take me into the house."

She left them in the hallway to seek her chamber, and the criminals confronted each other.

"It's horrible!" cried Phœbe. "I can't let her go on believing that the nasty old dead cat you buried is Regina."

"It's too late to tell her the truth," he protested. "Buck up, baby."

"Of course we can't remain here under the circumstances," she said flatly. "I can't look her in the face. And she's so changed. She has come back such a dear."

"Never saw anything like it. Auntie must have met live ones on the Riviera. Well, we'll decline her invitation, pack up, and leave in the morning."

Phœbe wagged her head sadly. "If we had told her the truth she might have forgiven us and invited us to stay just the same. You know what a help it would be to live here a little while longer."

"How could we know that she would come back a human being? Heck, it's too bad and too late."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

LIQUID WAY IS SAFE FOR CORNS TRY IT!

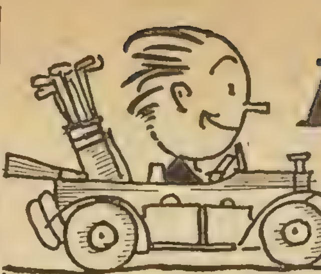
GETS-IT
FOR CORNS and Calluses

HERE is a new and totally different way to remove a corn or a callus. One drop deadens pain. Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance.

The corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. No more dangerous cutting.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter how old or how painful.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

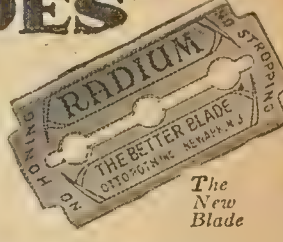


for a happy vacation

Hail! Hail! Everybody's going—The wife, the kiddies, the car, golf and fishin' tackle and more important—a pack of new Radium Blades. We're off for the woods and the trout streams—an' later we'll tell you how big the one was we didn't catch—and how the keen double edged new Radium Blades made shaving a regular sport in camp.

RADIUM BLADES

are the work of experts in razor blade making. Quality never varies. Buy them at Drug, Hardware, or Sporting Goods stores; or send 38c for 5, or 75c for 10 to Otto Roth Inc., the Radium Cutlers, 15 E. Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebush & Hilger Ltd., Distributors, N. Y. C.



The New Blade

MENTHOLATUM
MENTHO
MC

cools SUNBURN

LUCKY TIGER

A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors. TRY IT TODAY!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

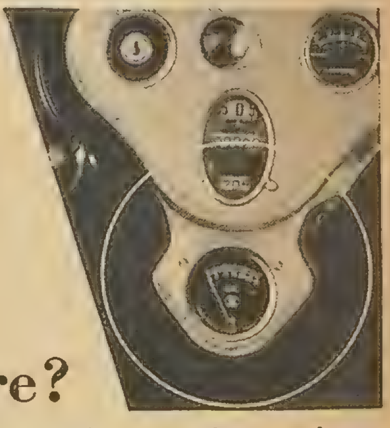
Electrical Engineering

Training for men of ambition and limited time. Concise, comprehensive course in Theoretical and Practical Electrical Engineering including Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct motors, install wiring, test electrical machinery. A thorough course designed to be completed in one college year.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS' successful experience assures you maximum training in minimum time.

Send for free catalog

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
407 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.



How's Your Oil Pressure?

The Tiffany Oil Gauge is a great convenience for necessary, constant checking of motor lubrication. With it, you check your oil circulation AS YOU RIDE.

Install the new Tiffany Oil Gauge and save yourself the repair cost of burned out bearings, scored cylinders . . . and a lot of inconvenience. Easily and quickly installed. Matches other instruments and completes panel. Get this "double check" insurance from your dealer today. (If not at your nearest dealer's, send coupon)

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corp.,
(Tiffany Division),
40 Britannia St., Meriden, Conn.

Send me the new guaranteed TIFFANY OIL GAUGE for my Model "A" Ford. $3.00 enclosed.

Name..

Address..

My Dealer's Name..

SNUG HARBOR
Continued from page seventy-five

They assembled for tea in the drawing-room. Aunt Dora had changed to a French tea gown, too young for her, but a work of art; and her hair gave evidence that she had learned how to dress it. She was sad but composed, and she seated herself behind the tea table and rang for the service.

Phœbe, who was seated so that she faced the door, saw it open and the new Negro maid, grinning widely, peered in, and then something else appeared at the half-open door. It was a blue-gray Persian cat, with eyes like pansies. She was propelled into the room. She was thin, but there was no doubt in the world of her identity. Regina!

The maid entered carrying the tea tray.

"I guess there ain't no doubt it am your cat, missy," she said brightly.

Phœbe's education had not prepared her to face such a situation.

"Ted, oh, Ted!" she wailed in anguish.

Regina looked about the familiar room and recognized a familiar face. With a joyful mew, she tore across the rug, sprang into Phœbe's lap, climbed upon her bosom, and placed a soft paw on each of her shoulders. Home again.

"There is no God," muttered Ted, appalled.

Aunt Dora stared, dumfounded, and then real color sprang into her cheeks and her faded blue eyes began to glitter. She found her tongue.

"It's Regina!" she exclaimed, rising and overturning the tea table. "Phœbe, what does this mean? You said she was dead. I saw a headstone. Was this some brutal joke of your idiot husband?"

Neither Ted nor Phœbe was in a condition to reply, but Mrs. Osborne would deal with them later. She wanted her pet.

"Regina, darling, come to your mother," she commanded and stretched out loving arms.

Regina laid back her ears, narrowed her eyes, opened her little red mouth and hissed at her angrily.

Disregarding the warning signals, Aunt Dora laid hands on her cat, which turned into a demon and scratched her.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Mrs. Osborne, drawing back and gazing ruefully at a long scratch on the back of her hand. "Regina, it's mamma. Come, kitty—"

She advanced again, whereupon Regina, with a dreadful howl, sprang from the breast of the half fainting Phœbe into the middle of the room and streaked it for the hallway. Aunt Dora ran after her.

ACROSS the dining room and kitchen sped the animal and took refuge under the stove. Regardless of her new gown, Aunt Dora dropped upon her knees and stretched her right arm in after her. Regina snarled like a wildcat and her mistress pulled out her arm, upon which was a long, deep, profusely bleeding scratch. Sadly she clambered to her feet and mournfully gazed at her wound. Regina scuttled across the kitchen and vanished into the dining room.

Mrs. Osborne looked after her resentfully.

"Drat you!" she exclaimed. "This is how you repay me for nine years of loving care."

In the drawing-room Ted was angrily interrogating the maid.

"Why didn't you tell us the cat was back?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to be a delightful surprise," replied the Negress.

"Where did she come from?" he asked suspiciously.

"I dunno. I heard her yowling at the kitchen door and I let her in."

"Well, I don't thank you," he growled and she departed muttering.

Ted faced his wife, a piteous heap on the sofa. "Abandon the luggage and make tracks for the station," he proposed.

"No," replied Phœbe stoutly. "We stay and take our medicine. She might have forgiven us for losing Regina, but she will never forgive us for the pack of lies we told. Oh, Regina, you bad cat, where were you all that time?"

Regina had darted into the room and sprung into Phœbe's lap. She was stroking her gently when Aunt Dora made her entrance.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Osborne. "Considering that you must have buried her alive, she seems remarkably fond of you. Ted Santley, will you kindly explain the grave and the headstone?"

SHE impaled him with a glare and he squirmed like a worm on a hook.

"She got away," he confessed, red as a beet and suffering tortures. "We hunted for her for a couple of weeks. We thought she must be dead. We thought—that is, I thought—I made Phœbe consent—we wanted to spare your feelings—"

"So you concocted a monstrous tale about how she had died and you dug a grave and put up a headstone and Phœbe lied to me all the way from New York to Southampton," she said tartly. "I need a cup of tea."

She seated herself behind the tea table and began to pour.

"It was horrible of us to deceive you," said Phœbe in misery. "And, please, Aunt Dora, it is only because Regina has been running wild for weeks that she was mean to you. She still loves you."

Aunt Dora emitted what might be described as a snort. "She wasn't mean to you," she retorted. "I slaved for that cat for nine years and she forgot me in three months. Cats don't love anybody. They take everything and give nothing, but it took me all these years to find it out. Phœbe, there was an adorable Belgian griffon at the hotel in Cannes; the most affectionate little thing you ever saw and I would have brought him home with me except for Regina. Do you want cream and sugar? I forget."

"Aunt Dora," said Ted solicitously, "won't you let me put some peroxide on your wounds? They are bleeding and might get infected."

She frowned at him and suddenly smiled.

"You are a likable scamp," she stated. "I'll be obliged if you will."

Ted ran out of the room, followed by a reproachful glance from his wife, who had no desire to be left alone with her aunt.

"Well," said the old lady dryly, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I'm just too ashamed to say anything. May I go and pack, Aunt Dora?"

"You may not," she replied emphatically. "I have gotten out of the habit of living alone and Regina won't be the company for me she used to be. I want you two monkeys to remain here and amuse me."

"But, Aunt Dora—after what we've done?" gasped Phœbe.

Aunt Dora yielded to laughter. She laughed steadily for several minutes and Phœbe joined her, though her laughter was hysterical.

"Because of it," explained Aunt Dora at length.

THE END

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 54 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 63

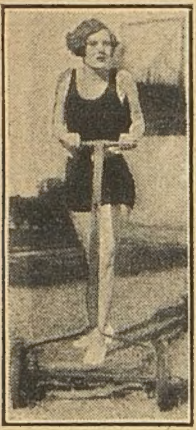
Policeman's badge on wrong side.
His cap is reversed.
Five fingers on his left hand.
No opening in the front of his coat.
Stocking missing from boy's left leg.
Boy in the middle has two left hands.
Pillars of the porch do not match.
Chimney is directly over the doorway.
Shutters, but no windows on first floor of house.

A	J	A	R		C	O	R	A		M	E	L	O	N
P	A	R	I		O	M	E	R		E	L	I	D	E
E	N	I	D		V	I	N	E		R	I	V	E	T
S	U	E	■	L	E	T	T	■	M	I	■	E	R	S
	S	L	E	E	T	S	■	M	A	T	S			
			A	G	O	■	P	A	R	E	N	T	A	L
A	L	E	■	S	U	M	A	C	■	D	I	A	N	A
C	O	L	A	■	S	U	R	A	H	■	P	R	O	W
E	R	A	T	O	■	L	E	W	I	S	■	E	N	S
S	E	N	T	R	I	E	S	■	T	A	R			
			S	I	T	S	■	S	T	A	I	N	S	
O	H	O	■	O	S	■	S	T	I	R	■	E	T	A
R	A	T	E	L		B	A	I	T		A	W	E	S
A	L	I	V	E		O	G	E	E		D	E	L	E
L	O	S	E	S		B	E	S	S		A	R	E	A

SUNSHINE BATHS

By

EILEEN BOURNE



DR. SUNSHINE is the nice big boy friend we'd like to see the girls dating up for the summer. Every girl of you! In fact, we're for you pursuing him in good old cave-woman style. No repressions about the becomingness of the pursuit. Go get the gentleman's attention. If you use a little sense about not letting him burn you up, you'll be a better-looking girl for the flirtation.

Don't try to get his attention through windowpanes. He'll come through them, but his style will be cramped. He can't show his best wares with a glass between him and his audience. Scientists have proved that the sunlight through windows is filtered, the outdoor not—therefore more vital.

Meet him, then, in the wide open spaces—in the mountains, at the seashore, in city parks, in back or front yards or on roof tops. Get on chummy terms with him this summer on every possible occasion you can manage, Saturday afternoons, Sundays, vacation periods. If he doesn't carry you over into the next season a much energized person, then every authority since Hippocrates, father of medicine, is crazy.

With sunlight, as with reducing, husband collecting, and everything else, human beings are likely to go to extremes. Don't be a silly and try to drink up the whole season's supply of elixir in one or two huge gulps. Don't expose yourself to the sun all day first time out. A few minutes the first day, a few more the next. Then, as you gradually become browned, tanned, or hardened, you may expose yourself for longer and longer periods. If you belong to the red or blonde gentry you had better go meet your sunning engagements armored with protective emollients, plenty of which—creams, oils, lotions designed for complexion saving—are on the market. And a word about hair protection, too. A moderate amount of sunlight is excellent for the hair, a germicide, a stimulant. But too much may bleach the hair and produce a texture like dried straw.

If you have one day at the beach a week, say, begin by using only the morning or midafternoon hour for your sun bath. Keep out of the noonday rays. There are certain conditions of ill health and some types of skin upon which the intensity of the seaside rays may be harmful.

For the general run of us in normal health, however, a burn or a great crop of unbecoming freckles are about the only dangers run, and those only when caution is thrown to the hot winds and no protective film is furnished the skin. While there is no comparison between the vital benefits of outdoor sunlight and the " canned " rays, still, if outdoor sunshine is not feasible, there is no need to scorn the artificial substitute.

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Liberty's New Book of Beauty,
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's New Book of Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name. . . . .
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. . . . .

City. State. 203

BOYS! get all your sporting equipment free!

Tom Owens (Ga.) gives his new free swimming suit a ducking.

How'd you like to have a racket like Ed Hoffman's (Mich.)?

YOU'D be surprised to know how many regular fellows are enjoying themselves with free baseball equipment. Boys everywhere at swimming holes, pools and lakes are using slick swimming suits which didn't cost them a penny. Besides they are earning their own incomes week in and week out doing something they really like to do—in their spare time—in their own neighborhood.

What those boys are doing, *you* can do. You too can earn money and get free prizes such as bicycles, equipment for every kind of sport, camping outfits, musical instruments, and almost anything else you can think of that boys like.

Make Money the Very First Week!

All you have to do is mail the coupon below. Immediately we will send you complete information and show you how to start earning money the very first week. We will also send you our big illustrated catalog of more than 350 free prizes.

Don't fail to take advantage of this great opportunity! Mail the coupon today!

7-5-30

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
220 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen. I want to make money and earn prizes.

Name. . . . . *Age*. . . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

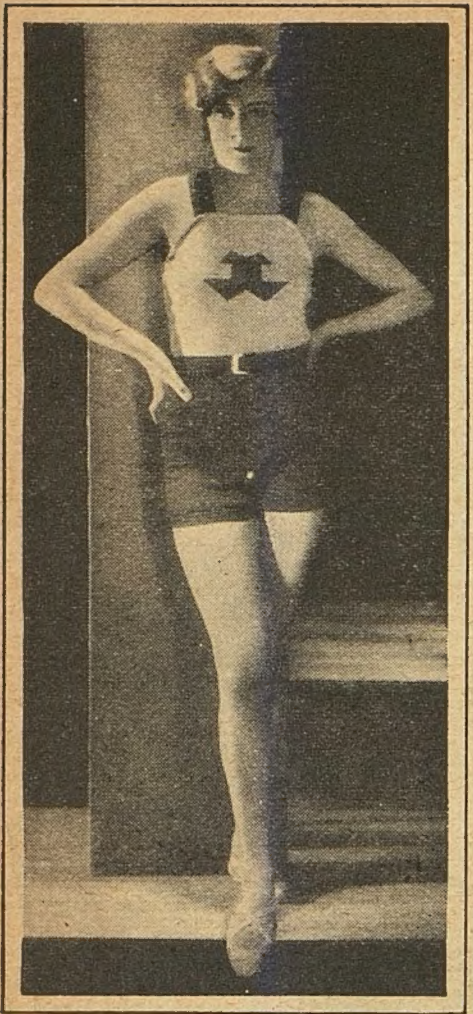
. . . .

MAIL THIS TODAY!

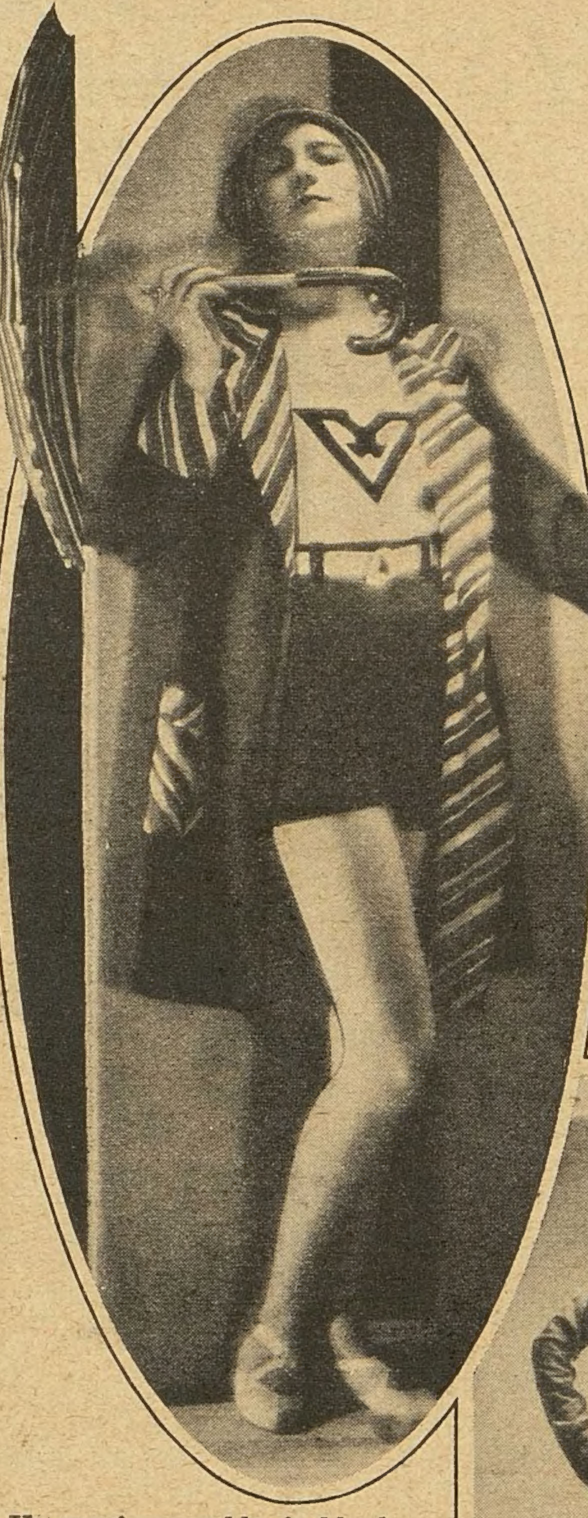
BATHING Beauty

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

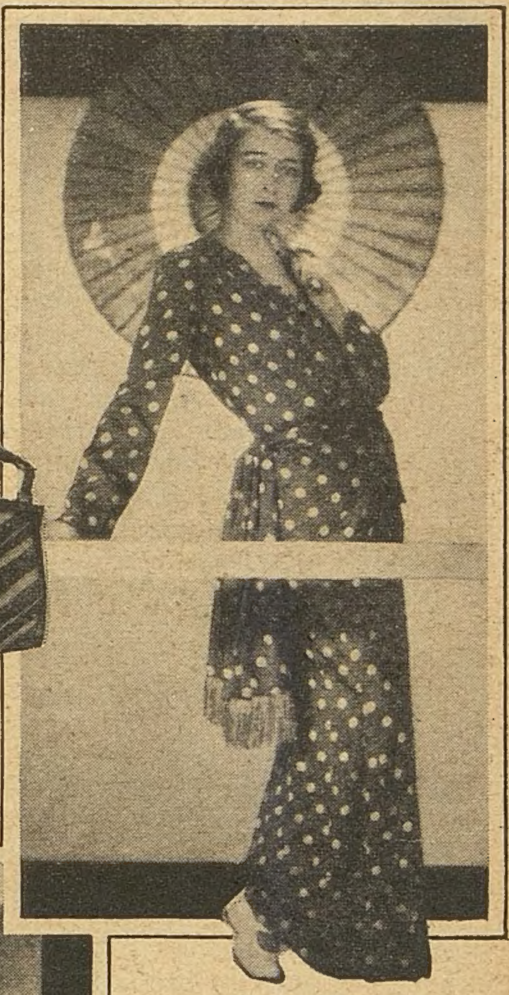


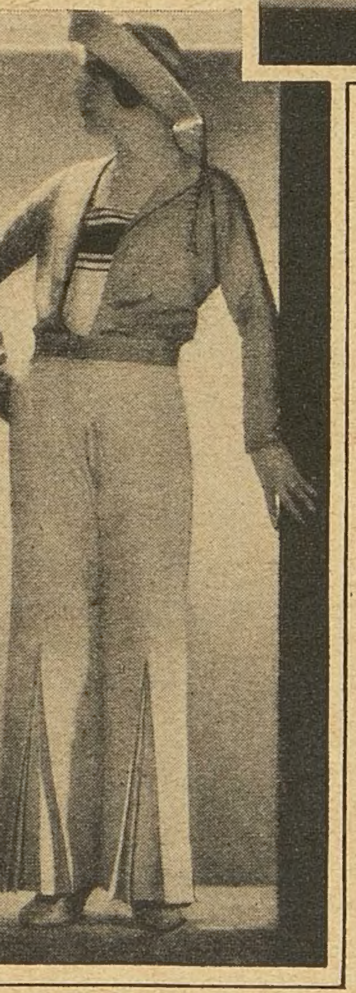
This sartorial trifle in blue and white from Hermes is the smart swimming suit.



Hermes' ensemble, in black and white jersey, for both beach and water.

Jane Regny designed the dotted-silk beach pyjamas at the right.





Linen, shantung, and tricot are combined in this Rochas ensemble for beach wear.

Paris.

FASHIONS require a lot of dexterity of late. One has to be a sort of human chameleon to be chic all the time and everywhere—a demure and dainty lady in the morning, a siren in the afternoon, and a sophisticate at night; at play, just a happy-go-lucky, boyish young thing. Quite a repertoire, *n'est-ce pas?*

Don't go near the water if you cannot take on the personality of the 1930 bathing beauty, says Paris. For one-piece swimming suits, stripped to allow action of the most strenuous sort, are most fashionable. A good many smart young things carry their water spirit on to the beach also, by wearing pyjamas built on masculine lines. Others wear knee-length beach coats.

Paris takes her smart color schemes of town down to the sea with her. Black and white swimming suits, navy and white, lacquer red, Irish green, and the very new brown and white are colors for both water and sands.

NOT so much tanning goes on as last summer, but many of the bathing suits are backless, like the Hermes model in our first photograph. The trunks and straps of the décolleté are made of marine-blue tricot, while the bodice is of white tricot.

The Hermes bathing ensemble in the oval photograph is good for all day and everything you do on the *plage.* It is made of black and white jersey. The actual swimming suit is half black and half white, with a belt of white and an incrusted motif of black. The coat is made of black jersey and has a collar, revers, pockets, and cuffs of black and white striped jersey. The hat and bag are made of this stuff, the latter being lined with rubber, with a wooden handle that matches the handle of the parasol.

Something boyish in Parisian pyjamas is shown in the lowest photograph. Marcel Rochas made the fitted white linen trousers after the Mexican pattern by putting plaited godets into the front and sides of the legs from knee to instep. The jacket is of green shantung, and the green-striped bodice is the upper part of the tricot swimming suit, the lower half being striped trunks.

WOMEN who want to keep their lady-like personality on the beach wear pyjama suits like that designed by Jane Regny, shown in our right-hand photograph. It is made of red silk with white dots.

* * *

Damask satin is the newest thing in materials for the evening gown.

So you may have your cocktails on the beach, Mary Nowitzky provides a beach ball of cork that opens up to show a cocktail shaker and glasses inside.

Brown erect-pile velvet in monk and seal tones is an evening material that Paris sponsors for fall.

Look out for your hemlines! Dance and dinner dresses in midseason fashion shows do not quite reach the ankle.

WAXFREE
HAVOLINE
WAXFREE OIL

Wax turns candle-hard with cold. Wax turns water-thin with heat and has no lubricating value. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin-base oil for the best year-round lubrication

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Like grease on a sizzling griddle, ordinary motor oils "burn up" under extreme midsummer engine heat. Not so the New Waxfree Havoline. It is the first 100%-distilled unblended paraffin-base oil . . . free from wax, free from quick burning volatile elements. Its summer grades possess greater heat resistance than any other oil of the same body at high motor temperatures. That *guarantees* sturdier lubrication, more power, greater mileage, *fewer crankcase drainings* on your hardest, hottest trips. There is a correct grade for every car and every climate.

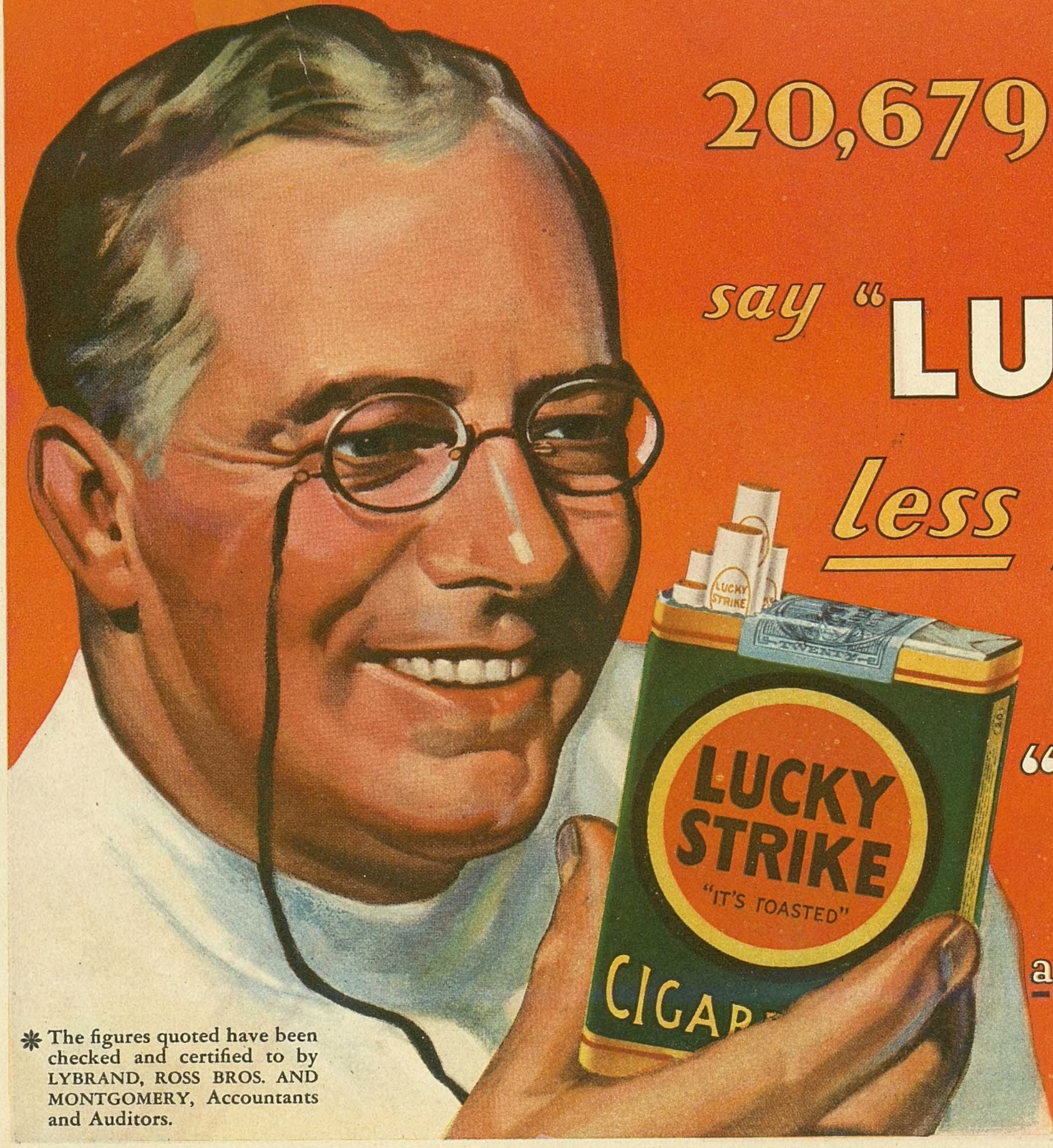
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, *General Offices:* Lawrenceville, Ill. • *In Canada:* Havoline Oil Company of Canada, Ltd., 67 Yonge St., Toronto, 2, Ontario

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL

© 1930, Indian Refining Co.

35c A QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada


LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
20
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGAR

20,679* Physicians

say "LUCKIES are *less irritating*"

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection · against irritation · against cough

* The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. AND MONTGOMERY, Accountants and Auditors.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.